

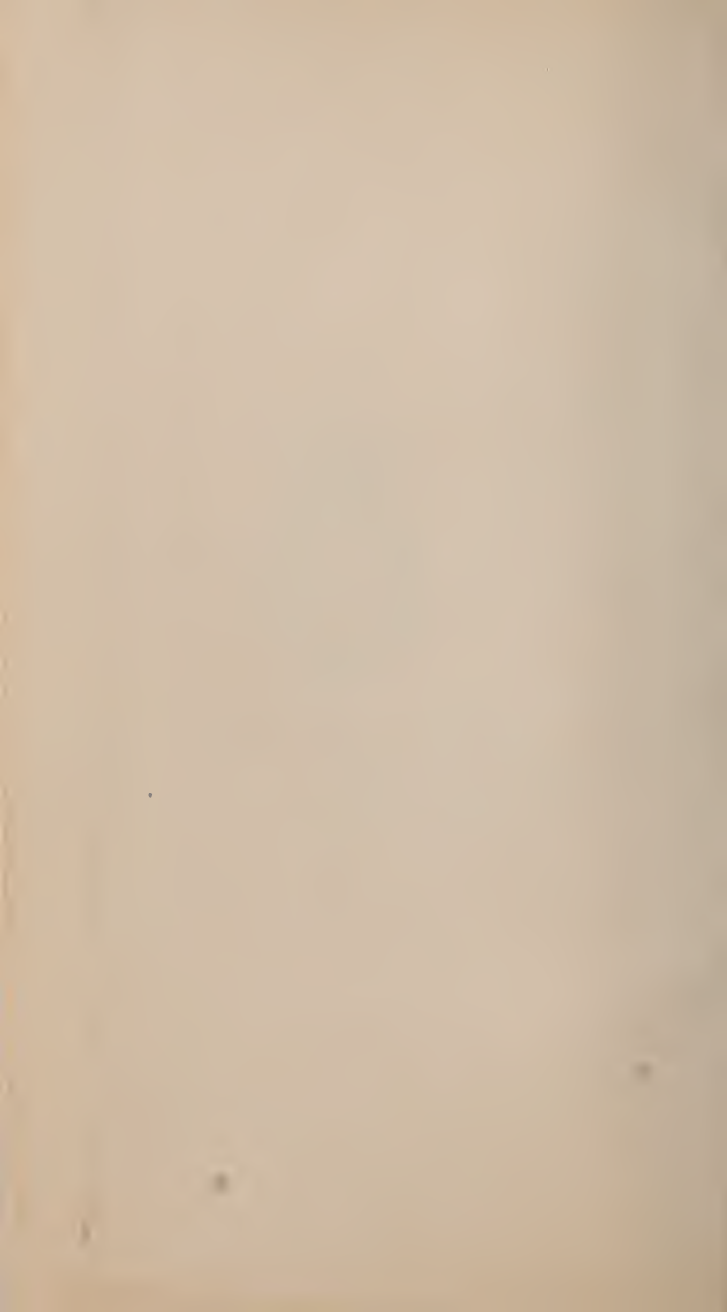




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**FRIEND OF YOUTH;**

OR

**NEW SELECTION OF LESSONS,**

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

FOR

**SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES,**

TO

IMBUE THE YOUNG

WITH

**SENTIMENTS OF PIETY, HUMANITY,**

AND

**UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE.**

✓ \_\_\_\_\_  
BY NOAH WORCESTER, D. D.  
" \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**BOSTON :**

**PUBLISHED BY CUMMINGS AND HILLIARD,**

**Boston Bookstore, No. 1 Cornhill.**

**1822.**

BJ 1631  
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50448

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

*District Clerk's Office.*

Be it remembered, that on the fifth day of August A. D. 1822, and in the forty-seventh year of the independence of the United States of America, Noah Worcester, D. D. of the said district has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

“Friend of Youth; or new selection of lessons, in prose and verse, for schools and families, to imbue the young with sentiments of piety, humanity, and universal benevolence. By Noah Worcester, D. D.”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;” and also to an act, entitled “An act supplementary to an act, entitled An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

JOHN W. DAVIS,

*Clerk of the district of Massachusetts.*



## RECOMMENDATIONS.

The following recommendations are from *three* Professors of Harvard University, *twelve* Ministers of the Gospel, and T. G. Fessenden, Esq.

*Harvard College, August 20, 1822.*

SIR,

Having examined with attention the Book which you are now publishing under the title of "FRIEND OF YOUTH," we have great satisfaction in recommending it to the use of families and the higher classes in schools, as being eminently calculated for these purposes by the variety of interesting matter it furnishes, and the excellency of its religious and moral design. Believing it to be better calculated than any other selection with which we are acquainted, to interest young readers, and to give a right direction to their minds, we hope it will be duly estimated by the public, and generally introduced into our academies and schools.

HENRY WARE.  
LEVI HEDGE.  
SIDNEY WILLARD.

*Rev. Dr. Worcester.*

WE the subscribers, Members of the Association in and about Cambridge, having had opportunity of examining the School Book, lately compiled by Rev. Dr. Worcester, entitled, "Friend of Youth," are of opinion, that it is calculated to inform the young mind on various useful and important subjects, and is favorable to the cause of humanity, virtue and piety; and we do accordingly recommend it to the use of the higher classes of the schools of our favored country.

CHARLES STEARNS.  
E. RIPLEY.  
JONATHAN HOMER.  
JOHN FOSTER.  
SAMUEL RIPLEY.  
THOMAS B. GANNET.

THE subscribers have perused a small volume entitled "Friend of Youth," or new selection of lessons in prose and verse, for schools and families; by NOAH WORCESTER, D. D.—We have been pleased with the design, the spirit, and the execution of the work. The lessons are happily calculated to engage the attention of the reader, and mingle entertainment with instruction; extended views of the works of nature and Providence awaken a devout regard to the Supreme Creator, Governour, and Preserver of all; and a variety of striking remarks on the duty, the interests, and the circumstances of man, serve to call into exercise the sentiments and the purposes of humanity and universal benevolence.

We hope that the book may be adopted in schools and introduced into families, and that the endeavours of its author to promote peace,

charity and youthful knowledge and virtue, may meet with encouragement and be crowned with success.

THADDEUS MASON HARRIS.

EDWARD RICHMOND.

THOMAS GRAY.

JOHN CODMAN.

LEMUEL CAPEN.

Dorchester, Mass. August, 16th 1822.

My dear sir,

Brookline, 16 August, 1822.

Your "FRIEND OF YOUTH" I have read with great satisfaction. From the soundness of its principles, the purity of its style, and its judicious variety, it appears to be admirably adapted to its objects. Unlike those school books, which inculcate false sentiments of honour, and which abound in unqualified commendation of martial exploits, it breathes the genuine spirit of the gospel, "peace on earth and good will toward men." As such it deserves to become a standard work in our schools. With hearty good wishes for the success of all your benevolent projects, I am your friend and brother.

JOHN PIERCE.

Rev. Noah Worcester, D. D.

Sir,

Boston, August 19, 1822.

My friend, Mr. Gould, some days since, gave me for perusal, a work which I understand was written and compiled by you, entitled "FRIEND OF YOUTH." I have read it with much pleasure, and am happy to give my sincere approbation both to its design and execution. The *pacifist spirit*, which it breathes throughout, adds greatly to its value in my opinion, as well as gives it a decided advantage over most books of a similar sort, which I have ever perused. War, the great stigma and scourge of humanity, has its strongest and I believe only tenable fortress, founded on public opinion, improperly biassed by wrong modes of education. If children were early and universally taught to regard war with that abhorrence, which is justly its due, it would soon cease to exist, except in the annals of what would then be considered as barbarous ages. What is now considered as a glorious mode of terminating public controversies would then stand lower in public estimation, than trial by ordeal, judicial torture, wager of battle, &c., once deemed as hereditary appendages to poor depraved humanity, as war is now thought to be by its warmest and most sanguinary advocates. Any services in my power to promote the circulation of the "Friend of Youth" will be most cheerfully rendered.

With the highest esteem and respect,

Your obedient servant,

THOS. G. FESSENDEN.

Rev. Noah Worcester.



## INTRODUCTION.

MANY books have already been compiled for the use of schools and families. But such is the progress of knowledge and sentiment, that books composed or compiled by men are ever susceptible of improvement; and a frequent change of books for reading in schools is of greater importance than is generally imagined.

In selecting and preparing materials for the Friend of Youth, it was my aim to compile a work both useful and entertaining, adapted to the capacities of the higher classes in common schools, and worthy of a place in family libraries. Should this book be found acceptable to the public, a smaller work may be expected for the lower classes in schools, and for little children in general.

In copying from various authors, liberty has been taken to abridge, by the omission of such paragraphs, sentences, or clauses, as were deemed incompatible with the design of the work, or not intelligible to children.

I have thought it improper to admit any passages which were tinctured with obscenity or profaneness; or which have the appearance of countenancing irreverence towards God, or cruelty to man or beast. Children have opportunities more than enough for becoming acquainted with the dialect of the irreligious, licentious, and profane, without the aid of a preceptor, or the sanction of a school book.

In this compilation, it has been a particular object to imbue the minds of the young with just conceptions of God, as a Father, whose tender mercies are over all his works, with

benevolence towards all mankind, as brethren of one family, and with humane sentiments towards the various tribes of animals, as the creatures, and the care of God.

Two numbers of the work were extracted from the discourses of our Savior. These are exhibited in Dr. Campbell's translation ; not from any disrespect for the common version, but from a belief that the novelty of style and expression would excite in children more attention to the import of the passages, than if expressed in a form of words already familiar to their minds. This belief was derived from experience, and from observation.

For borrowed articles, credit is given to their respective authors, or to the works from which they were taken. But to prevent any misapprehension, it may be proper to observe, that when a Number contains both prose and verse, and the name of the poet only is given, he is not to be regarded as the writer of the prose in the same Number.

If I have not unintentionally departed from my own purpose, the work will be found free from every thing which would indicate the dominion of party spirit in the compiler, either in respect to politics or religion.

Though I have not been sparing of labor to render the work both useful and pleasing to the young, and inoffensive to all good people ; yet it is to be expected that different persons will judge differently as to its claims to public patronage. But whatever may be its merits or its defects, it is now respectfully submitted to the examination of my fellow citizens.

N. W.

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TABLE OF THE UNITED STATES,

Showing the number of *square miles* in each state; the *population* in 1820; the *population to a square mile*; the number of *slaves*; and the number of *representatives* in congress.

	<i>Sq. m.</i>	<i>Pop.</i> <i>in 1820.</i>	<i>Pop. to</i> <i>Sq. m.</i>	<i>Slaves.</i>	<i>Rep.</i>
1. Maine	32,600	298,000	9	0	7
2. New Hampshire	9,500	244,000	26	0	6
3. Vermont	10,200	236,000	23	0	5
4. Massachusetts	7,500	523,000	70	0	13
5. Rhode Island	1,350	83,000	61	48	2
6. Connecticut	4,700	275,000	58	97	6
7. New York	46,000	1,373,000	30	10,008	34
8. New Jersey	8,300	278,000	34	7,555	6
9. Pennsylvania	44,000	1,049,000	24	211	26
10. Delaware	2,100	73,000	35	4,509	1
11. Maryland	14,000	407,000	29	107,398	9
12. Virginia	64,000	1,055,000	17	425,153	22
13. North Carolina	48,000	639,000	13	205,017	13
14. South Carolina	28,000	503,000	18	258,475	9
15. Georgia	60,000	341,000	6	149,642	7
16. Alabama	46,000	128,000	3	41,879	2
17. Mississippi	45,000	75,000	1 $\frac{2}{3}$	32,814	1
18. Louisiana	48,000	153,000	3	69,064	3
19. Tennessee	40,000	423,000	9	80,107	9
20. Kentucky	42,000	564,000	13	126,732	12
21. Ohio	39,000	581,000	15	0	14
22. Indiana	37,000	147,000	4	190	3
23. Illinois	52,000	55,000	1	917	1
24. Missouri	60,000	67,000	1	10,222	1
<i>Total nearly</i> 790,000					212

Population of the 18 principal towns in 1820.

<i>Towns.</i>	<i>Pop.</i>	<i>Towns.</i>	<i>Pop.</i>	<i>Towns.</i>	<i>Pop.</i>
New York	123,700	Salem	12,700	Norfolk	8,500
Philadelphia	103,000	Albany	12,600	New Haven	8,300
Baltimore	63,700	Richmond	12,000	Savannah	7,500
Boston	43,300	Providence	11,800	Portsmouth	7,300
New Orleans	27,200	Cincinnati	9,600	Newport	7,300
Charleston	24,800	Portland	8,600	Pittsburg	7,200

The total population of the United States, in 1820, including the territories of Michigan and Arkansas, and the District of Columbia, was 9,638,166.

## ERRATA.

Since the Numbers were printed, some errors have been discovered. In No. 7. p. 12. this important text, "Happy the clean in heart; for they shall see God," was unintentionally omitted.

Page 18, line 10, in some copies *th* is lost in *breath*; and in the last line of the same p. *and* is repeated.

- " 35 " 19, read *unfrequent*.
- " 55 " 1, in some copies *f* is lost in *of*.
- " 91 " 25, for *have* read *had*.
- " 94 " 30, for *Then* read *The*.
- " 136 " 14, for *horses* read *houses*.
- " 206 " 23, for *Baudinot* read *Boudinot*.
- " 208 " 12, for *their* read *there*.
- " 234 " 20, for *are* read *is*, for *effects* read *effect*.
- " 285 " 2, from bottom, in some copies *t* is lost in *brilliant*.

N. B. Good writers being divided in opinion as to the propriety of omitting *u* in *favour*, *honour*, and a few other words; some diversity in spelling the same words has been admitted in the following Numbers.



## FRIEND OF YOUTH.

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### No. 1. General Rules for Reading.

1. IN *reading*, adopt as nearly as possible such modes of utterance, as would be most natural and proper in *speaking* the same sentiments to your hearers.

2. Read with such deliberation, as to pronounce distinctly every word and every syllable.

3. Read so loud that all your hearers may clearly understand what words you attempt to utter.

4. Endeavour to understand what you read, and to express the meaning of the writer, in a manner both graceful and impressive.

5. Imitate the best readers and speakers, in their modulation of the voice, their accents and pauses, their emphasis and cadence.

6. Read as in the presence of your Maker—grateful for the privilege allowed you—with a desire to correct your errors, and to improve your mind, your heart, and your life,

1. In natural tones of voice for *speaking* well.

So ever *read*—if you would e'er excel.

2. Avoid rapidity and read so slow,

That with *distinctness* every word shall flow.

3. Pronounce so loud, so forcibly and clear,

That all around—except the deaf—may hear.

4. Take heed to know your author's sentiments,—

Then to your hearers clearly give the sense.

5. The most accomplish'd speakers imitate,

Whatever be their rank in church or state.

6. In all you read, let these be your desires,  
 To mend your heart, and do what God requires.  
*Anon.*

---

## No. 2. Invitation to the Young.

THE book which is now put into your hands, is designed to make you wiser and better; to give you some just views of your Maker and his wonderful works, and to teach you the path of duty, and the way to be happy.

You are, therefore, affectionately invited to read it with care, that you may imbibe the sentiments of piety, and virtue, candor and humanity, which you will find recommended by many good writers.

Much, very much is depending on the sentiments which you shall cherish, and the habits you shall form in this season of youth;—much in respect to your own welfare, the happiness of those around you, and the best good of future generations.

To be truly happy, you must be truly good,—avoiding the paths of vice, dissipation and cruelty, devoting yourselves to God, and to the service of your generation by the will of God.

Let your minds be deeply and constantly impressed with a sense of that goodness of God which gave you being, which upholds your lives, which supplies your wants, and which offers you pardon and eternal life in Jesus Christ.

Let a sense of the daily kindness of God to you, induce you to study to please him in all your ways, and to imitate his kindness in your treatment of one another, and in your conduct towards all mankind.

Let it also be impressed on your minds, that the various tribes of animals which are subjected to the use of man, are the creatures of a good God, who requires you to be merciful even as he is merciful, and who cannot but be displeased, if you take pleasure in torturing the creatures of his care.

If either of you needlessly afflict or torment one of your neighbor's horses, or dogs, would he not have reason to be

displeased? How much more then shall God be displeased when he beholds such cruelty exercised towards his creatures?

If any beings, as much above you as you are above the beasts, should torment you for sport, appoint shooting matches, and set you up alive as marks to shoot at,—what would you think of such creatures? Would you not rather regard them as devils, than as good beings?

In what light then should those men or boys be viewed, who find pleasure in making inferior animals miserable? They have no more right to do so, than angels have to make sport for themselves by tormenting mankind.

If you cultivate in your hearts sentiments of piety, benevolence and humanity,—if you make it your delight to please God, to do good to men, and to be kind to inferior animals,—God will bless you with his smiles, and you will find much pleasure in beholding the happiness of others.

But if you indulge a disposition to forget God, to delight in cruelty and mischief,—you will be exposed to the displeasure of God and man, and be deprived of those sublime joys, which result from the exercise of benevolent and humane affections.

Cherish, also, in your hearts a sacred regard for *truth* and *honesty* in all you say and do. Let it never be said of any one of you—“He is known to be a liar, and a dishonest child; no body can place any confidence in what he says, nor trust him any farther than he can be seen.” When children arrive to such a pitch of wickedness, that such things may be justly said of them, they are undone.

But how happy is that child, of whom it may be truly said—“He loves and fears God; he is a friend to every body—he delights in doing good, and in making others happy—he never told a lie in his life—he may be safely trusted with untold gold to any amount:” Such a child will always be respected, and God will be his friend.

It is wished that all who read this book may be of this amiable character; and it is believed that the book contains many things, which, if properly studied and reduced to practice, will contribute much to your happiness, both in this world and in the world to come.—Take heed then *what* you read, and *how* you read.

Read for yourselves, with a sincere desire to get good, and to do good—remembering that the characters you shall form now in youth will probably be as lasting as your existence.

I would resolve with all my heart,  
With all my powers to serve the Lord;  
Nor from thy precepts e'er depart  
Whose service is a rich reward.

O may I never faint nor tire,  
Nor wander from thy sacred ways!  
Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
And give me strength to live thy praise.

*Mrs. Steele,*

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### No. 3. The importance of Letters.

ON taking a view of the several species of living creatures, we may easily observe, that the lower orders, such as insects and fishes, are wholly without the power of making known their wants and calamities.

Others, which are conversant with man, have some few ways of expressing pleasure and pain, by certain sounds and gestures.

But man has articulate sounds, whereby to make known his inward sentiments and affections.

The use of letters, as significative of these sounds, is such an additional improvement, that I know not whether we ought not to attribute the invention to the assistance of a power more than human.

There is this great difficulty, which could not but attend the first invention of letters—that all the world must conspire in affixing the same signs to their sounds,—which affixing was at first as arbitrary as possible.

But be the difficulty of the invention as it will, the use of it is manifest, particularly in the advantage it has above the other method of conveying our thoughts by words or sounds.

We may have occasion to correspond with a friend at a

distance ; or desire, upon a particular occasion, to take the opinion of an honest gentleman who has been dead this thousand years.

Both which defects are supplied by the noble invention of letters. By this means we materialize our ideas, and make them as lasting as the ink and paper.

This making our thoughts visible to the eye, is next to the adding of a sixth sense, as it is a supply in case of the defect of hearing, by making the voice become visible.

Have any painters gotten themselves an immortal name by drawing a face or painting a landscape? What applauses will he merit who first made his ideas sit to his pencil, and drew to his eye the picture of his mind!

By the invention of letters, the English trader may hold commerce with the inhabitants of the East or West Indies, without the trouble of a journey.

Astronomers seated at the distance of the earth's diameter asunder, may confer; what is spoken or thought at one pole may be heard and understood at the other.

The philosopher, who wished he had a window in his breast, to lay open his heart to all the world, might as easily have revealed the secrets of it this way, and as easily have left them to the world as wished it.

This silent art of speaking by letters, remedies the inconvenience arising from the distance of time as well as place; and is much beyond that of the Egyptians, who could preserve their mummies for ten centuries.

This preserves the works of the immortal part of men, so as to make the dead useful to the living.—I shall conclude this paper with an extract from a poem in praise of the invention of writing—"written by a lady."—*Steele*.

Blest be the man! his memory at least,  
Who found the art thus to unfold his breast;  
And taught succeeding times an easy way  
Their secret thoughts by letters to convey;  
To baffle absence and secure delight,  
Which till that time was limited to sight.  
'The parting farewell spoke the last adieu,  
The lessening distance past, then lost to view,  
The friend was gone which some kind moments gave,

And absence separated, like the grave.  
 When for a wife the youthful patriarch sent,  
 The camels, jewels, and the steward went,  
 And wealthy equipage, though grave and slow ;  
 But not a *line*, that might the lover show.  
 The rings and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms—  
 But had she known of melting words and charms,  
 That under secret seals in ambush lie  
 To catch the soul, when drawn into the eye ;  
 The fair Assyrian had not took his guide,  
 Nor her soft heart in chains of pearl been tied.

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#### **N<sup>o</sup> 4. Importance of good Instructors.**

OF the many useful occupations among men, there is perhaps no one more important than that of teaching children ; and this work ought to be regarded not only as important, but truly honorable.

When Instructors are well qualified for their employment, and are faithful in the discharge of their duty, it may be reasonably expected that they will be instruments of promoting the welfare of their pupils, both for this world and the world to come.

Not only the welfare of their immediate pupils, but that of society, and of future generations of men, are connected with this important business ; and so connected that the consequences of one Instructor's conduct may affect millions of the human family, and be as durable as eternity.

It is therefore desirable that Instructors should not only be capable of teaching children to read, to write, to cypher, and to understand grammar and geography, but that they should be qualified to exert a moral influence, adapted to guide their pupils in the paths of virtue and benevolence.

Children are objects of too much value to be exposed to the contaminating influence of an immoral Instructor, whatever share of learning he may possess. A man of profane lips, a contentious spirit, or dissipated habits, should never be permitted to teach a school, until he shall have first reformed himself.

Self government is among the first requisites for a teacher. He who has not acquired the art of governing himself, is unworthy to be intrusted with the government of others.

A school should be governed by the laws of kindness and reason, and not by the laws of cruelty and despotism. When reproof or correction is necessary, it should be administered in such a manner, and with such a spirit, as to evince a sincere regard to the best interests of the child.

“In barbarous ages,” says Dr. Rush, “every thing partook of the complexion of the times. Civil, ecclesiastical, military, and domestic punishments, were all of a cruel nature. With the progress of reason and christianity, punishments of all kinds have become less severe.

“Discipline, consisting in the vigilance of officers, has lessened the supposed necessity of military executions; and husbands, fathers, and masters, now blush at the history of the times, when wives, children, and servants were governed only by force.

“The world was created in love. It is sustained by love. Nations and families that are happy, are made so only by love. Let us extend this divine principle to those little communities called schools. Children are capable of loving in a high degree. They may therefore be governed by love.

“The occupation of a schoolmaster is truly dignified. He is, next to mothers, the most important member of society. Why then is there so little rank connected with that occupation?

“Mothers and schoolmasters plant the seeds of nearly all the good and evil which exist in our world. Its reformation must therefore be begun in nurseries and schools.”\*

One of the first objects of a schoolmaster should be to gain the love and confidence of his pupils, by convincing them that he is indeed their friend, and not their enemy; and that he has a sincere desire to render them respectable, useful and happy.

The more evidence he gives that such is his real disposition, the less occasion he will find for severity in governing his school; and the more useful and happy he will be in his occupation.

\* *Essays, literary and moral.*

O 'tis a lovely thing to see  
 A man of prudent heart!  
 Whose thoughts and lips and life agree  
 To act a useful part.

Such was the Saviour of mankind,  
 Such pleasures he pursued;  
 His manners gentle and refined,  
 His soul divinely good.

*Belknap's Coll.*

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### No. 5. Dialogue between two Scholars— Daniel and John.

*Daniel.* WE are likely to enjoy the privilege of attending school together another season; and as we are among the elder scholars, would it not be well for us to converse a little on the subject, and to form some good resolutions?

*John.* I think it may be useful to us, and perhaps to others. It is indeed a great privilege which we enjoy, and it should be our aim to make the best use of it.

*D.* It seems to be a general opinion of those who have had experience in teaching, that much is depending on the conduct of the elder scholars, as to the happiness of the Instructor, and the good order of the school.

*J.* This is doubtless a correct opinion. When elder scholars are idle, refractory, or vicious, they occasion much trouble and mischief; and their example has a pernicious influence on the younger children.

*D.* Not only the happiness of the master and the welfare of the school, but our own improvement, welfare and happiness, depend much on our being submissive to good regulations, and attentive to our duty.

*J.* Nor is this all. The character of our parents, which should be ever dear to us, is much concerned in the part which we may act.

*D.* That is a very just thought, and one which should have weight on our minds; for instructors are in the habit of forming an opinion of the character and the govern-



ment of parents, from the conduct of their children at school.

*J.* Yes ; I believe it is a common opinion of instructors, that it is easy to govern those children at school, who are well governed at home. And that children, who are vexatious at school, have generally vicious or negligent parents.

*D.* As a general rule this is probably just, though there may be exceptions. At any rate it is easy to see that the character of our parents will be rendered suspicious, if our conduct should be incorrect.

*J.* Their happiness too would be affected. It is ever painful to parents to hear complaints against their children, and gratifying to hear that they behave well at school, and make a good use of their time.

*D.* There are other considerations which should not be overlooked. If we make a good use of our advantages and form correct habits, in a future day, we may be employed in teaching others ; and we should now be careful to treat our instructor as we should reasonably wish to be treated, if in his situation.

*J.* In a large school an instructor usually has much to try his patience, and it behooves the elder scholars so to conduct, as to render his task as pleasant as possible.

*D.* True ; and not only by peaceable and exemplary conduct in school, but also out of school ; and by kind advice to younger scholars, to induce them to diligence, fidelity, and amiable deportment.

*J.* It is a beautiful sight to behold a well regulated school, where mutual love and sincere esteem exist between the teacher and his pupils, and among the scholars one towards another.

*D.* It is so indeed ; and we should be disposed to exert all our influence that it may be so in the school which we attend.

*J.* The thought that God is a witness of our behaviour should never be forgotten. To him we are indebted for life, health, and all our privileges, and to him we must render an account for our use of them.

*D.* Yes ; and a grateful sense of his kindness should induce us to be kind, and to do all we can to please him, and to render those happy with whom we are connected.

*J.* The more we reflect and examine, the more reasons we shall discover to induce us to a circumspect and amiable course, and to employ all our influence for the good of the younger scholars.

*D.* I think we are agreed as to the course which it becomes us to pursue. Let it then be our united and fixed resolution, to do all we can to render our Parents, our Instructor, and our School-mates happy.

*J.* I agree, with all my heart.

Blest are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one,  
Whose kind designs to serve and please,  
Through all their actions run.

*Watts.*

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## No. 6. Improvements in the means of Knowledge.

THE art of communicating thoughts by alphabetical characters was indeed a wonderful discovery; and one which contributed much to the progress and diffusion of knowledge.

Mr. Steele had no good reason to hesitate, in attributing this "invention to the assistance of a Power more than human." For "every good gift" as well as every perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights.

Men are indebted to God for all their faculties—for all their powers of invention—for all their success in pursuit of useful discoveries and improvements. Not unto us, O Lord, but unto *thee* be the glory, should be the language of their hearts.

Since the invention of alphabetical writing, the art of printing has been granted to men by the Divine Benefactor. This also is a discovery of inestimable importance.

Prior to the art of printing, books were scarce and in but few hands. Every copy of any work was written out with a pen, or some instrument which answered the same purpose.

To copy with the pen the whole Bible, or any book of equal size, was a long and laborious task ; the copies must have been few, and their price great. The rich only could pay for them.

By the help of the printing apparatus, thousands of copies of the Bible are now furnished with perhaps less labor, than was formerly requisite to furnish a single copy.

Since the art of printing was invented, knowledge has increased with great rapidity ; and its blessings have been extended to millions of poor people, who would otherwise have lived and died in savage ignorance.

The means of acquiring useful knowledge have been continually improving. The advances which have been made in our country, within sixty years, afford matter for wonder, and for praise.

In New England, children in general of the present time have probably four fold greater advantages for acquiring knowledge, than were possessed by their grandparents sixty years ago.

Books adapted to the use of schools and to the capacities of the young, have been multiplied and improved ; great advances have been made in the methods of teaching ; schools are in general kept a greater portion of the year ; and the instructors are much better qualified than in former times.

But for all these advantages a strict account must be given to God. Children should remember, that where much is given, much will be required ; and that no advantages will be to them of ultimate benefit, unless they are faithfully improved.

Those who are now children in our schools, will soon supply the places of their fathers and mothers in society. From among them the offices in church and state must be filled ; and they will be the instructors of another generation.

Of what inestimable worth then are the children who now compose our schools ! How important that their minds should be stored with useful knowledge, and their hearts imbued with sentiments of piety and benevolence.

To mark the human from the brutal kind,  
God breath'd in man his noblest gift—*a mind!*

But gave that blessing like the fruitful land,  
 To yield its harvest to the tiller's hand :  
 Left to itself the wildest weeds shall grow,  
 And poisons flourish where the fruits should blow ;  
 This law is nature's, of Almighty plan,  
 And God's command—*that man enlighten man.*

O say, ye candid, liberal and wise,  
 In which of these a nation's safety lies—  
 In youth impressed with what fair lessons yield,  
 Or left more rude than cattle of the field ?

O bless'd instruction ! now thy temples rise,  
 Virtue shall spring like incense to the skies !  
 Thy searching powers the mental mines explore,  
 And gems of genius shall be lost no more.

*Brandon.*

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## No. 7. Divine Instructions by Jesus Christ.

HAPPY the poor who repine not ; for the kingdom of heaven is theirs ! Happy they who mourn ; for they shall receive consolation ! Happy the meek ; for they shall inherit the land ! Happy they who hunger and thirst for righteousness ; for they shall be satisfied ! Happy the merciful ; for they shall obtain mercy !

Happy the peacemakers ; for they shall be called sons of God ! Happy they who suffer persecution on account of righteousness ; for the kingdom of heaven is theirs ! Happy shall ye be when men shall revile and persecute you, and, on my account, accuse you falsely of every evil thing ! Rejoice and exult ; for great is your reward in heaven ; for thus the prophets were persecuted who were before you.

Ye have heard that it was said, Eye for eye and tooth for tooth. But I say unto you, Resist not the injurious.—Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love

your enemies ; bless them who curse you ; do good to them who hate you, and pray for them who arraign and persecute you, that ye may be children of your Father in heaven, who maketh his sun arise on bad and good, and sendeth rain on just and unjust.

For if ye love them only who love you, what reward can ye expect ? Do not even the publicans so ? And if ye show courtesy to your friends only, wherein do ye excel ? Do not even the pagans as much ? Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father who is in heaven is perfect.

And in prayer, talk not at random, as the pagans, who think that using many words will procure them acceptance. Imitate them not, for your Father knoweth what things ye want before ye ask him. Thus, therefore, pray ye :—

Our Father who art in heaven, thy name be hallowed ; thy reign come ; thy will be done upon the earth as it is in heaven ; give us to day our daily bread ; forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors ; and abandon us not to temptation, but preserve us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

For if ye forgive others their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you ; but if ye forgive not others their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Ask, and ye shall obtain ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and the door shall be opened to you ; for whosoever asketh, obtaineth ; whosoever seeketh, findeth ; and to every one that knocketh, the door is opened.

Who amongst you men would give his son a stone, when he asketh bread ? Or a serpent, when he asketh a fish ? If ye then, though evil, can give good things to your children, how much more will your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask him.

Whatsoever ye would that others do to you, do ye also to them : for this is the law and the prophets. Enter through the strait gate ; for wide is the gate of perdition, broad is the way leading thither ; and many are they who enter by it. But how strait is the gate of life ; how narrow the way leading thither ; and how few are they who find it !

Not every one that saith, Master, Master, shall enter the kingdom of heaven ; but he that doth the will of my Father who is in heaven. Many will say unto me on that day, Master, Master, have we not taught in thy name, and in thy name expelled demons, and in thy name performed many miracles ? To whom I will declare, I never knew you. Depart from me, ye who practise iniquity.

Therefore, whosoever heareth these my precepts and doth them, I will compare to a prudent man, who built his house upon the rock. For although the rain descended, and the rivers overflowed, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, it fell not, because it was founded upon the rock.

But whosoever heareth these my precepts, and doth them not, shall be compared to a fool, who built his house upon the sand. For when the rain descended, and the rivers overflowed, and the winds blew, and dashed against that house, it fell, and great was its ruin.

*Campbell's translation.*

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### A Paraphrase on Matthew vii. 12.

*“ Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.”*

Precept divine ! to earth in mercy given ;  
 O sacred rule of action, worthy heaven !  
 Whose pitying love ordained the blest command  
 To bind our nature in a firmer band ;  
 Enforce each human suff'rer's strong appeal,  
 And teach the selfish breast what others feel ;  
 Wert thou the guide of life, mankind might know  
 A soft exemption from the worst of woe ;  
 No more the powerful would the weak oppress,  
 But tyrants learn the luxury to bless ;  
 No more would slavery bind a hopeless train  
 Of human victims in her galling chain ;  
 Mercy the hard, the cruel heart would move  
 To soften misery by the deeds of love ;

And av'rice from his hoarded treasures give,  
Unask'd, the liberal boon, that want might live ;  
The impious tongue of falsehood then would cease  
To blast, with dark suggestions, virtue's peace.

*Miss Williams.*

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## **No. 8. All Animals the work and care of God.**

It is of great importance that children should regard all animals as God's creatures, and as the objects of his tender care. The following passages of scripture may be of use to impress these ideas on their minds.

“And God created great whales and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good.”

“And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.”

“And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth after his kind: and God saw that it was good.”

“And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth on the earth wherein there is life, I have given, saith God, every green herb for meat: and it was so.”

When God was about to destroy the world by a flood, he took care to preserve some of the various tribes of beasts and fowls as well as the family of Noah. The following were his directions to the man who built the ark.

“Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and his female; and of beasts that are not clean by two, his male and his female. Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female, to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth.”

According to divine directions Noah completed an ark for the preservation of himself, his family, and as many beasts and birds as God had appointed.

“In the self same day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah’s wife and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark.”

“They, and every beast after his kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind, and every fowl after his kind, every bird of every sort.”

“And they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh, wherein is the breath of life.”

“And they that went in, went in male and female of all flesh, as God had commanded him; and the Lord shut him in.”

After the waters of the flood had subsided, God said unto Noah and his sons—“And I, behold I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you:—

“And with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth.”

There are other passages of scripture which express God’s tender care towards the creatures which his hand has formed; and by which he intimates the tenderness which men should exercise towards the animals which he has subjected to our use.

“Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.”

“Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.”

“I know all the fowls of the mountain; and the wild beasts of the field are mine.”

“He giveth to the beast his food, and the young ravens when they cry.”

A merciful disposition pertains to the character which God approves:—“The righteous man is merciful to his beast.”

God’s regard for cattle was expressed in the reasons he gave to Jonah for not destroying Nineveh, according to the wishes of the peevish prophet:—

“Then said the Lord, thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not labored, neither madest it to grow, which came up in a night and perished in a night;



“And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons, who cannot discern between the right hand and the left, *and also much cattle?*”

Our compassionate Savior, to encourage in his disciples a becoming hope in God, and to dissuade them from anxious concern about their subsistence, brought to view God’s care even for the sparrows:—

“Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?”

“Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? And not one of them is forgotten before God.”

“And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.”

“Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

As men are of a rank superior to the other tribes of animated beings, when God had created our first parents, male and female, he made them lords of this lower creation.

“And God blessed them; and God said unto them, be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.”

After the flood, the dominion of man over the animal tribes was again announced by God to Noah and his sons; and a grant to use them for food was expressed.

“Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things.”

To the benevolent mind, the kindness of God to all his creatures must be a subject of pleasing reflection; and it should teach men to imitate this kindness. The dominion which he has given to our race over other animals, is a fruit of his benignity to us, which should never be abused.

How depraved then are those of mankind who find pleasure and amusement in torturing, or in causing to be tortured, the animals which are kindly fed by their Maker, the benevolent Father of creation!

“ Lo the young ravens, from their nest exil’d,  
 On hunger’s wing attempt the aerial wild !  
 Who leads their wanderings, and their feast supplies ?  
 To God ascend their importuning cries.”

*Scott.*

Nor to the human race alone  
 Is thy paternal goodness shown ;  
 The tribes of earth, of sea, and air,  
 Enjoy thy universal care.

Not e’en the sparrow yields its brea  
 Till God permits the stroke of death ;  
 He hears the ravens when they call,  
 The Father and the friend of all.

To thee, in ceaseless strains, my tongue  
 Shall raise the morn and evening song ;  
 And long as breath inspires my frame,  
 The wonders of thy love proclaim.

*Liverpool Collection.*

A man of kindness, to his beast is kind,  
 But brutal actions show a brutal mind ;  
 Remember he who made thee, made the brute ;  
 Who gave thee speech and reason, form’d him mute.  
 He can’t complain—but God’s all seeing eye  
 Beholds thy cruelty, and hears his cry ;  
 He was design’d thy servant and thy drudge ;  
 But know that his Creator is thy Judge.

*American Magazine.*

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## No. 9. Cruelty to Animals.

I cannot think it extravagant to imagine that mankind are no less in proportion accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species.

It is observable of those noxious animals which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind and seldom hurt us, unless provoked

or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals, on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that so few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another.

I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing characteristic, of our own nation,\* from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes—bear-baiting, cock-fighting and the like.

We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the license of inflicting pain upon poor animals. Almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures.

I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother, who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversions to a virtue.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports, in particular that of *hunting*.—But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted a live, pigs whipt to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury.

The excellent Plutarch cites a passage of Cato to this effect, “That it is no easy task to preach to the stomach, which has no ears.”

‘Yet if,’ says Plutarch, ‘we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some discretion and measure.’

‘If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with meltings of compassion, without tormenting it. Let us consider that it is in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death.’

\* Britain.

‘It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our kind, but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest.’

History tells us of a wise and polite nation that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering birds.

And of another that expelled a man out of the senate, for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind.

*Pope.*

To this Mr. Pope annexed the following sentiments of Ovid.

‘The sheep was sacrific’d on no pretence,  
 But meek and unresisting innocence.  
 A patient, useful creature, born to bear  
 The warm and woolly fleece that cloth’d her murderer;  
 And daily to give down the milk she bred,  
 A tribute for the grass, on which she fed,  
 Living, both food and raiment she supplies,  
 And is of least advantage, when she dies.  
 How did the toiling ox his death deserve;  
 A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?  
 O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope  
 The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;  
 When thou destroy’st thy lab’ring steer, who till’d  
 And plough’d with pains thy else ungrateful field!  
 From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,  
 That neck, with which the surly clods he broke:  
 And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,  
 Who finished autumn and the spring began?  
 What more advance can mortals make in sin  
 So near perfection, who with blood begin?  
 Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,  
 Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life.

Deaf to the harmless kid, that ere he dies,  
All methods to secure thy mercy tries,  
And imitates in vain the children's cries !

*OVID*--translated by Dryden.

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## No. 10. Eulogium on Christ and the Gospel.

IN Christ we have an example of a quiet and peaceable spirit, of a becoming modesty and sobriety ; just and honest, upright and sincere, and above all, of a most gracious and benevolent temper and behavior.

One who did no wrong, no injury to any man ; in whose mouth was no guile, who went about doing good, not only by his preaching and ministry, but also curing all manner of diseases among the people.

His life was a beautiful picture of human nature, when in its native purity and simplicity ; and showed at once what excellent creatures men would be, when under the influence and power of that gospel he preached unto them.

I confess that the majesty of the scriptures astonishes me, that the sanctity of the gospel speaks to my heart. View the books of the philosophers with all their pomp : what a littleness have they compared with this !

Is it possible that a book, at once so sublime and simple, should be the work of men ? Is it possible that he whose history it records should be himself a mere man ? Is this the style of an enthusiast, or of an ambitious sectary ?

What sweetness, what purity in his manners ! What affecting grace in his instructions ! What elevation in his maxims ! What profound wisdom in his discourses ! What presence of mind ! What delicacy, what justness in his replies ! What empire over his passions !

Where is the man, where is the philosopher, who knows how to act, to suffer, and die without weakness and without ostentation ?

When Plato paints his imaginary just man, covered with all the ignominy of guilt, and deserving all the honours of virtue, he paints Jesus Christ in every stroke of his pencil : the resemblance is so strong that all the fathers have perceived it, and that it is not possible to mistake it.

What prejudices, what blindness must they have, who dare to draw a comparison between Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, and Jesus, the son of Mary? What distance is there between the one and the other!

As Socrates died without pain and without disgrace, he found no difficulty in supporting his character to the end ; and if this easy death had not shed a lustre on his life, we might have doubted whether Socrates, with all his genius, was any thing but a sophist.

They say he invented morality. Others before him had practised it. He only said what they had done ; he only read lessons on their examples.

Aristides had been just, before Socrates explained the nature of justice ; Leonidas had died for his country, before Socrates made it the duty of men to love their country ; Sparta had been temperate, before Socrates praised temperance ; Greece had abounded in virtuous men, before he defined virtue.

But where could Jesus have taken among his countrymen that pure and elevated morality, of which he alone furnished the precepts and the example. The most lofty wisdom was heard from the bosom of the most furious fanaticism ; and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues honoured the vilest of all people.

The death of Socrates, serenely philosophizing with his friends, was the most gentle that one can desire ; that of Jesus expiring in torments, injured, derided, reviled by a whole people, is the most horrible that one can fear.

When Socrates takes the poisoned cup ; he blesses him that presents it, and who also weeps ; Jesus in the midst of a horrid punishment prays for his enraged executioners. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates are those of a philosopher, the life and death of Jesus Christ are those of a God.

Shall we say that the history of the gospel is invented at pleasure? My friend, it is not thus that men invent ; and the actions of Socrates, concerning which no one doubts, are less attested than those of Jesus Christ.

After all, this is but shifting the difficulty, instead of solving it; for it would be more inconceivable that a number of men should forge this book in concert, than that one should be the subject of it.

Jewish authors would never have devised such a manner, and such morality; and the gospel has characters of truth so great, so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that its inventor would be still more astonishing than its hero.

*Rousseau.*



## No. 11. *Opposition between War and the Gospel.*

THE gospel is a system of morals and religion, designed to render men moral and religious. But war annuls the precepts of religion, repeals the statutes of morality, confounds right and wrong. While war prevails, the gospel cannot have its full effect.

The gospel requires men to do *good*. The very business of war is mischief and damage. The gospel requires men to forgive their enemies. Revenge is often the chief design of war. The gospel commands men to feed the poor and comfort the afflicted.

The sword drinks the blood of the afflicted, robs and plunders the poor, covers him with wounds, and leaves him half dead. Truth and sincerity are precepts of the gospel; and are reputable in the dwellings of peace; but the warrior glories in executing the work of destruction by artifice, by delusion and stratagem.

While the devout Christian sits *pondering* how he may comfort the sorrowful, enlighten the ignorant, and reform the wicked, the man of blood is contriving and plotting, to vanquish yonder army, to ravage the country, covering the fields with the wounded and the dead.

The gospel forbids murder. Yes, it does. But is not this the grand purpose of war? Why else all the swords, and balls, and engines of death? The combination of ten

thousand men, to slay ten thousand, is not less *murderous*, than the resolution of one man to slay one man. Had Cain been a king, and marched an army to destroy his brother, would this have lessened his guilt?

Did God not include kings, when he said, "Thou shalt not kill?" Did he not include their victorious legions? If one man may not commit murder, how many must unite to make it innocent and glorious? May two,—two hundred,—two million? Two million have no more right to murder and destroy, than two individuals.

When pure Christianity shall cover the earth, avarice and revenge will be extinguished; ambition will be dethroned, and war expire. The acknowledged design of the christian religion is to induce men to love their enemies, to be like Jesus Christ, who resisted not evil. Is it possible for such a man, to seize his sword, and rush to the hill of battle? Can he bid the artillery blaze?

Can he become the angel of death, and scatter plague and pestilence round the globe? When rulers all possess this benevolence, who will proclaim the war? When commanders have this spirit, who will order the battle? When the mass of mankind have the spirit of Christ, where will soldiers be found? Where will you find a *man* to slay his neighbour?

The rendezvous is forsaken. The shrill piercing, hoarse rattling instruments; the harsh clattering sounds of martial bands, are silent, as the deserted field of battle, where death riots in dismal solitude. All are gone to the house of worship, to celebrate the jubilee of peace, to join in the song of angels.

*Dr. Parish.*

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## Prospects of Universal Peace.

"My peace I leave with you." *Jesus.*

A day—no distant day shall dawn,  
To chase the clouds that now oppress us,  
When Peace shall call the world its own,  
And heaven's celestial light shall bless us.



Day of God's promise! thee I sing,  
 Thee, every hurrying hour draws nearer—  
 When laurels, drench'd in blood, shall bring  
 Nor fame, nor glory to the wearer.  
 And shall that gloomy mist disperse  
 Which now religion's radiance smothers;—  
 And man embrace the universe,  
 As fellow-pilgrims, friends, and brothers?  
*All* from a common origin—  
*All* to a common country tending—  
*All* born to sorrow—prone to sin—  
 And all—with hopes to heaven ascending.  
 Come, blessed day! foretold by thee,  
 By thee, our Lord, in promise given;  
 Who left "*thy peace*"—a legacy  
 To help us on our way to heaven.  
 O when *that* Peace shall find a home  
 On earth, out-tired with War and Madness;  
*Thy kingdom* will indeed be come  
 In all its glory—all its gladness! J. B.  
*Herald of Peace, No. 11.*

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## No. 12. Pleasures of Spring.

MEN of my age receive a greater pleasure from fine weather than from any other sensual enjoyment. If the art of flying were brought to perfection, the use that I should make of it would be to attend the sun round the world, and pursue the Spring through every sign of the zodiac.

This love of warmth makes my heart glad at the return of Spring. How amazing is the change in the face of nature, when the earth from being bound with frost or covered with snow, begins to put forth her plants and flowers, to be clothed with green, diversified with ten thousand various dyes, and to exhale such fresh and charming odours, as fill every living creature with delight.

Full of thoughts like these, I make it a rule to lose as little as I can of that blessed season; and, accordingly, rise with the sun, and wander through the fields, or lose myself in the woods. I spent a day or two this Spring at a country gentleman's seat, when I feasted my imagination every morning with the most luxurious prospect I ever saw.

But if the eye is delighted, the ear hath likewise its proper entertainment. The music of the birds at this time of the year hath something in it so wildly sweet, as makes me less relish the most elaborate compositions of Italy.

The sight which gave me the most satisfaction was a flight of young birds, under the conduct of the father, and indulgent directions and assistance of the dam. I took particular notice of a beau goldfinch, who was picking his plumes, and pruning his wings, and with great diligence adjusting all his gaudy garniture.

When he had equipped himself with great trimness and nicety, he stretched his painted neck, which seemed to brighten with new glowings, and strained his throat into many wild notes and natural melody. He then flew about the nest in several circles and windings, and invited his wife and children into open air.

It was very entertaining to see the trembling and the fluttering little strangers at their first appearance in the world, and the different care of the male and female parent, so suitable to their different sexes.

I could not take my eye quickly from so entertaining an object; nor could I help wishing, that creatures of a superior rank would so manifest their mutual affection, and so cheerfully concur in providing for their offspring.

*Tickell.*

Nor only through the lenient air, this change  
 Delicious breathes; the penetrative sun,  
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat  
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming *Power*  
 At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,  
 In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay *Green*  
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse  
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint  
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?  
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
And lose them in each other, as appears  
In every bud that blows? If fancy then  
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task;  
Ah what shall language do?

Hail, SOURCE OF BEING! UNIVERSAL SOUL!  
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!  
To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my thoughts  
Continual climb; who with a master-hand  
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.

As rising from the vegetable world  
My theme ascends; with equal wing ascend,  
My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods  
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.  
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour  
The mazy-running soul of melody  
Into my varied verse!—

Still let my song a nobler note assume,  
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man;  
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie  
To raise his being, and serene his soul.  
Can he forbear to join the general smile  
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,  
While every gale is peace, and every grove  
Is melody?  
*Thompson.*

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### No. 13. Proper Sense of Honour.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty or religion, others are prompted to by honour,

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First, those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, those who have a mistaken notion of it. Thirdly, those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful to human nature.

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. These are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage, than by their virtue.

True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. He would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. He would have scorned to betray a secret, intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended on the discovery of it.

Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy.

To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but disposed of

all the money he could make of it in paying off his *play debts*, or, to speak in his own language, his *debts of honour*.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons who treat this principle as chimerical. These are generally persons who, in Shakspeare's phrase, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men"—whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved.

Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic which comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare stand up in a corrupt age for what has not its immediate reward joined to it.

But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue.

*Addison—Guardian.*

The point of honour has been deemed of use,  
To teach good manners, and to curb abuse ;  
Admit it true, the consequence is clear,  
Our polish'd manners are a mask we wear,  
And, at the bottom, barb'rous still and rude,  
We are restrained indeed, but not subdu'd ;  
The very remedy, however sure,  
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure,  
And savage in its principle appears,  
Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.  
'Tis hard indeed if nothing will defend  
Mankind from quarrels, but their fatal end ;  
That now and then a hero must decease,  
That the surviving world may live in peace.

*Cowper.*

**No. 14. Divine compassion illustrated  
by Parables.**

THEN Peter approaching, said to him, Master, if my brother repeatedly trespass against me, how often must I forgive him? Must I seven times? Jesus answered, I say unto thee, not seven times, but seventy times seven times.

In this the administration of heaven resembleth that of a king, who determined to settle accounts with his servants. Having begun to reckon, one was brought who owed him ten thousand talents. But that servant not having wherewith to pay, his master, to obtain payment, commanded that he and his wife and children, and all that he had, should be sold.

Then the servant, throwing himself prostrate before his master, cried, Have patience with me, my lord, and I will pay the whole. And his master had compassion on him, and dismissed him, remitting the debt.

But this servant, as he went out, meeting one of his fellow servants, who owed him a hundred denarii, seized him by the throat, saying, Pay me what thou owest. His fellow servant threw himself at his feet and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee. And he would not, but instantly caused him to be imprisoned, until he should discharge the debt.

His fellow servants seeing this, were deeply affected, and went and informed their master of all that had passed. Then his master, having given orders to call him, said to him, Thou wicked servant; all that debt I forgave thee, because thou besoughtest me. Oughtest not thou to have shown such pity to thy fellow servant, as I showed to thee?

So his master, being provoked, delivered him to the jailers, to remain in their hands, until he should clear the debt—Thus will my celestial Father treat every one of you, who forgiveth not from his heart the faults of his brother. Matthew xviii. 21—35.

He said also, A certain man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me my portion of the estate. And he allotted to them their

shares. Soon after, the younger son gathered all together and travelled into a distant country, and there wasted his substance in riot.

When all was spent, a great famine came upon that land, and he began to be in want. Then he applied to one of the inhabitants of that country, who sent him into his fields to keep swine. And he was fain to fill his belly with the husks on which the swine were feeding; for nobody gave him aught.

At length, coming to himself, he said, How many hirelings hath my father, who have all more bread than sufficeth them, while I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father. and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hirelings.

And he arose and went to his father. When he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and threw himself upon his neck, and kissed him. And the son said, Father, I have sinned against heaven and thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring hither the principal robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his finger, and shoes on his feet; bring also the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. Luke xv, 11—24. *Campbell's translation.*

Father, I see thy sun arise,  
To cheer thy friends and enemies;  
And when from heaven the rain descends,  
'Thy bounty both alike befriends.

Enlarge my soul with love like thine,  
My mortal powers by grace refine;  
So shall I feel another's wo,  
And freely feed a hungry foe.

I hope for pardon through thy Son,  
For all the crimes which I have done;  
Then may the grace that pardons me,  
Constrain me to forgive like thee.

*Rippon's Collection.*

## No. 15. The Greenlander's Proof of a God.

IN conversation with a Danish Missionary, a Greenlander observed—"It is true we were ignorant heathens, and knew little of a God till you came; but you must not imagine that no Greenlander thinks about these things.

"A kajah"—a Greenland boat—"with all its tackle and implements, cannot exist but by the labor of man; and one who does not understand it would spoil it. But the meanest bird requires more skill than a kajah; no man can make a bird.

"There is still more skill required to make a man; by whom then was he made? He proceeded from his parents, and they from their parents. But some must have been the first parents; whence did they proceed?

"Common report says, they grew out of the earth; if so, why do not men still grow out of the earth? And whence came the earth itself, the sun, the moon, the stars? Certainly there must be some Being who made all these things—a Being more wise than the wisest man."

THERE IS A GOD: Why else is man?  
For he could not himself create;  
Before he was, he could not plan,  
Nor was he form'd by senseless fate.

The watch displays its maker's skill,  
Imports intelligence, design,  
In him who by an act of will  
Could thus its various parts combine.

Does then the watch denote a *mind*  
In him who made it tell the hour?  
Can he who knows this be so blind  
As not to see a higher Power!

If watches are not made by chance,  
But prove a preexisting plan;  
Who will the stupid thought advance  
That MIND was not the cause of man?



Do human *minds* and human *hands*  
 Require a less discerning cause,  
 Than human *works* and human *plans*,  
 Constructed by mechanic laws ?

Unhappy men ! who God deny,  
 In heart, in thought, in word, or deed,  
 While his all-bounteous hands supply,  
 The daily bread on which they feed.

*Anon.*

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### No. 16. Loo Choo Islanders.

IN the year 1816, Lord Amherst was sent as an Ambassador from Great Britain to China. While he remained at China, two armed vessels—the frigate *Alcesta* and the brig *Lyra*—which accompanied his Lordship, visited the island called Lewchew, or Loo Choo. The *Alcesta* was commanded by Capt. Maxwell, and the *Lyra* by Capt. Hall.

Capt. Hall and a surgeon of one of the vessels, wrote each of them a narrative of the voyage, and an account of the people of Lewchew. From their narrative the following particulars have been collected.

“The Island of Lewchew is about 60 miles long and 20 broad ; it is situated in the happiest climate of the globe. Refreshed by the sea-breezes which blow over it at every period of the year, it is free from the extremes of heat and cold which oppress many other countries. The people seemed to enjoy robust health ; for we observed no diseased objects, nor beggars of any description.”

“On the approach of the ships, the astonished natives were perched on the surrounding rocks and heights, gazing on the vessels as they entered. Soon after, several canoes came along-aside, containing some people in office, who wished to know to what country we belonged, and the nature of our visit.”

Being informed that the ships had been with an Ambassador to China—that they needed repairs &c.; the natives immediately sent carpenters to assist, but were assured

that there were carpenters on board, and that an asylum was all that they required during the time of the repair, with permission to take on board provisions and water.

An immediate supply of bullocks, pigs, goats, fowls, eggs, and other articles followed this intimation. Supplies of the same description being sent on board as often as was necessary for about six weeks; but the chief authorities who sent them, refused any pay or remuneration whatever.

It was intimated to this people that it was necessary to have a party on shore, such as ropemakers and smiths. They requested that this might not be done till they could hear from their king. But after a visit from one of the chiefs, several officers went on shore to an entertainment provided for them.

“About this time a mutual friendship began to exist between us; confidence took place of timidity; and now instead of permitting only a few to visit the shore at a time, they fitted up the garden of a temple as a general arsenal for us.”

“Many of these islanders displayed a spirit of intelligence and genius. They all seemed to be gifted with a sort of politeness, which had the fairest claim to be termed natural; for there was nothing constrained, nothing stiff or studied in it.”

“It was interesting to observe, indeed, how early the gentle and engaging manners of all classes here won upon the sailors, no less than upon the officers. The natives from the first were treated with entire confidence; no watch was ever kept over them, nor were they excluded from any part of the ships; and not only was nothing stolen, but when any thing was lost, nobody even suspected for an instant that it had been taken by them.”

“That proud and haughty feeling of national superiority, so strongly existing among the common class of British seamen, which induces them to hold all foreigners cheap, was at this island completely subdued and tamed by the gentle manners and kind behaviour of the most pacific people in the world.”

“Although completely intermixed and often working together, both on shore and on board, not a single quarrel

or complaint took place on either side during the whole of our stay. On the contrary, each succeeding day added to friendship and cordiality."

"It was very interesting to observe the care which the natives took of the sick, whom they assisted all the way from the beach to the temple; a number of people attended to support such of them as had barely strength enough to walk.

"When they were safely lodged, eggs, milk, fowls, and vegetables were brought for them; and whenever any of them were tempted by the beauty of the scenery to walk out, several of the natives were ready to accompany them."

"The administration of the government seems to partake of the general mildness of the people, and yet it appears highly efficient, from the very great order which is always maintained, and the general diffusion of happiness."

"Crimes are said to be very unfrequent among them, and they seem to go perfectly unarmed; for we observed no warlike instruments of any description! not even a bow or an arrow was to be seen." "And the natives always declared they had none. They denied having any knowledge of war, either by experience or tradition."

"We never saw any punishments inflicted at Loo Choo: a tap with a fan, or an angry look, was the severest chastisement ever resorted to, as far as we could discover. In giving orders, the chiefs were mild, though firm; and the people always obeyed with cheerfulness."

"When they saw the effect of our fowling pieces in the hands of some of the gentlemen, they begged that they might not kill the birds, which they were always glad to see flying about their houses. An order was immediately issued to desist from this sort of sporting."

"The period of our departure being now fixed, all our stores were embarked on the evening of the 26th of October. The next morning, the Lewchews, as a mark of respect, arrayed themselves in their best apparel, and proceeding to the temple, offered up to their gods a solemn sacrifice, invoking them to protect the Engelees, to avert every danger, and restore them in safety to their own land.

“In the manner of this adieu, there was an air of sublimity and benevolence, by far more touching to the heart, than the most refined compliments of a more civilized people. It was the genuine benignity of artless nature, and of primitive innocence.

“Immediately following this solemnity, our particular friends crowded on board to shake hands and say—FAREWELL! whilst the tears, which many of them shed, evinced the sincerity of their attachment.”

“We stood out seaward, and the breeze being favorable, this happy island soon sunk from our view; but it will be long remembered by the officers and the crews; for the kindness and hospitality of its inhabitants have fixed upon every mind a deep and lasting impression of gratitude and esteem.”

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What is related of this newly discovered people is truly interesting. It affords reason to hope that the character of men and the condition of society may yet be so improved, as to change this military world into a paradise of love and peace.

Had the Lewchews possessed “that proud and haughty feeling of national superiority, so strongly existing among the common class of British seamen,” it is not improbable that there would have been contention and bloodshed between them and the English.

But so far from this was the fact, that this spirit on the part of the British seamen was “completely tamed and subdued by the gentle and kind behavior of the most pacific people in the world!”

How much then have Christian nations been mistaken in supposing that a martial spirit and a warring attitude, are the best security against acts of violence and invasion! If they will not listen to the instructions of the gospel, let them go to Loo Choo, and learn the art of peace!

The feelings and reflections of the Britons on leaving this pacific people are expressed in the following lines of poetry, which were written by Mr. Gillard, the clerk of the *Lyra*.

## THE FAREWELL.

THE sails are set ; the anchor weigh'd ;  
Their course south-west, the ships pursue  
And friendly signs at parting made,  
We bid the land a last adieu !

From crowded boats that grace our wake,  
In cap and vest but seldom wore,  
Their last FAREWELL the natives take,  
And half reluctant seek the shore.

Each cliff's rude height and sea-worn base  
Presents a silent gazing throng ;  
Where e'en regret may find a place,  
As swift the vessels pass along.

There too the stone enclosure stands,  
Within whose high extensive walls,  
The Pagan native lifts his hands  
And on his wooden idol calls.

Yet ye, who boast the Christian name,  
Blush at a deed which truth must tell—  
Hither they brought the sick and lame  
And bade them in their temples dwell.

Farewell, dear isle !—on you may breath  
Of civil discord never blow !  
Far from your shores be plague and death,  
And far—oh ! far—the hostile foe !

To distant climes our course we steer,  
Where fashion boasts her splendid reign ;  
Where science, fame and wealth appear,  
While luxury revels in their train.

Meanwhile, ne'er 'mid your smiling scenes  
May pride and fierce ambition spring !  
Ne'er may they know what misery means,  
Which vice and dissipation bring !

Still on your sons may plenty shine,  
Still may thy happiness increase,  
And friendship long their hearts entwine  
With love, with innocence, and peace.

**No. 17. Character of Numa Pompilius.**

ROMULUS, the founder of Rome, was a warrior; and he so infused his martial spirit into his subjects, that every Roman was a soldier. Plutarch says they had become "hard as iron by war."

After the death of Romulus, Numa was requested by the people to become their king. This request he for some time rejected, alleging, that his love of peace and retirement disqualified him for reigning over a people who delighted in war.

The people, however, persisted in their solicitations; and his father and Marcus strongly urged his acceptance. In reply to his objections they told him, "that he was not endued with so great a love of equity and virtue, to bury them in solitude; that the throne is an eminence whence virtue shows itself to advantage;—

"And that perhaps Rome, influenced by the royal example, might moderate her pride, and the love of arms be succeeded by a respect for religion." This reasoning was too powerful to be resisted; and Numa accepted the royal dignity.

"Numa's natural disposition for moderation, probity, and justice, had been strengthened by a proper education. Early inured to industry and labor, and extremely averse to ambition and violence, he infused the same sentiments into the minds of his subjects."

By his wisdom he "first allayed the internal dissensions that had previously existed among the Romans, and then formed such regulations as might preserve peace and cause justice to flourish."

"He very judiciously began with himself, dismissing the three hundred celeres, formed by Romulus, as a guard to attend the king; not wishing to reign over a people he distrusted, and thinking it improper to distrust a people who had compelled him to reign over them."

"He acknowledged a First Principle of all things, who is invisible, incorruptible, and purely intelligent; and for this reason forbade the Romans to represent God in the form of man or beast."

“He dedicated himself,” says Livy, “entirely to the service of the citizens and strangers, to whom he was counsellor, arbiter and judge. All formed their manners by those of the king, whom they took for their sole pattern.”

“Hence the nations about him, who had before considered Rome more like a camp than a city, conceived such a reverence for them, that they would have thought it a sort of impiety to have attacked a people wholly intent on serving God and making men happy.

“A wonderful change of manners also prevailed in the neighbouring cities, as if Numa’s wisdom had been a plentiful fountain, from which the streams of virtue and justice had flowed into the minds of the people.

“Instead of martial ardor, an eager desire to live in peace, to cultivate their lands, and thus to bring up their children, infused into their minds the same tranquillity, which reigned in his own.”

“He became the arbiter of all the differences among the neighbouring nations; and as to the Romans themselves, it might be literally said, that the weapons of war were changed into instruments of husbandry.

“No intestine seditions, no ambitious desires for the throne, nor so much as any murmurs against the person or administration of the king appeared among them.

“When he died, they lamented him as sincerely, as if every man had lost his own father; and the concourse of strangers at Rome, to celebrate his obsequies, was exceedingly great.”

#### THE SWORD AND THE PLOUGHSHARE.

As in this world of chance and change  
Incongruous characters must range,  
They sometimes strangely meet:  
Unwonted guest in sylvan scene,  
A sword, upon the village green,  
Beheld a Ploughshare set.

“ How I lament thy abject state !  
 Mid rustics, doomed by adverse fate,  
 To live in dust and clay !  
 I, in the hand of Mars, may shine  
 Or grasped by Pallas, maid divine,  
 Emit a brighter ray :

“ I then shall flash with lightning gleam—  
 At my command the sanguine stream  
 Shall flow mid courses pale—  
 Or, should my pride of strength arise,  
 I rule the nations’ destinies,  
 Where law and justice fail.”

“ And I,” the Ploughshare calm replied,  
 “ I should abhor, with barbarous pride,  
 In human blood to lave ;  
 I joy the wide champaign to view,  
 Where fern and dock and thistles grew  
 With yellow harvest wave.

“ I too, could such a tribute please,  
 Might boast beyond the eastern seas,  
 The triumph of my sway ;  
 As public proof of just respect,  
 Imperial hands my course direct,  
 Through fields of rich Cathay.

“ But I such vain applause disclaim—  
 I slight the candidate for fame,  
 With barren laurels crowned ;  
 More dear is humble life to me,  
 And I my highest honor see  
 In shedding blessings round.

“ Nor thou my lowly toil deride,  
 For thou must bend thy heart of pride,  
 My useful arts to learn !  
 Yes, ‘ lambs with wolves shall range the mead,  
 And flowing bands the tiger lead,  
 And Swords to Ploughshares turn.’ ”

*Herald of Peace.*



**No. 18. Society of Animals.**

IT is needless to remark that man holds the first rank in animal associations. If men did not assist each other, no operation of any magnitude could possibly be effected. A single family, or even a few families united, like other carnivorous animals, might hunt their prey, and procure a sufficient quantity of food.

Man, even in his most uninformed state, possesses the germs of every species of knowledge and of genius. But they must be cherished, expanded and brought gradually to perfection. It is by numerous and regularly established societies alone that such glorious exhibitions of human intellect can be produced.

Next to the intelligence exhibited in human society, that of the beavers' is the most conspicuous. Their operations in preparing, fashioning, and transporting the heavy materials for building their winter habitations are truly astonishing; and when we read their history, we are apt to think that we are perusing the history of man in a period of society not inconsiderably advanced.

They never quarrel or injure one another, but live together in different numbers in the most perfect harmony. Their association presents a model of a pure and perfect republic, the only basis of which is mutual attachment. They have no law but the law of love and of parental affection. Humanity prompts us to wish that it were possible to establish republics of this kind among men.

Pairing birds, in some measure, may be considered as forming proper societies; because in general the males and females mutually assist each other in building nests and feeding their young.

The honey-bees not only labor in common with astonishing assiduity, but their whole attention and affections seem to centre in the person of their queen, or sovereign of the hive. While some are busily employed at home in constructing the cells, others are equally industrious in the fields, collecting materials for carrying on the work.

If bees did not associate and mutually assist one another in their various operations, the species would soon be annihilated. But Nature has endowed their minds with an

associating principle, and with instincts which stimulate them to perform all those wonderful operations that are necessary for the existence of individuals, and the continuation of the species.

The ants not only associate for the purpose of constructing their habitations, but for cherishing and protecting their young. Every person must have observed, when part of a nest is suddenly exposed, their extreme solicitude for the preservation of their chrysalids or nymphs, which often exceed the size of the animals themselves.

With amazing dexterity and quickness the ants transport their nymphs into the subterraneous galleries of the nest, and place them beyond the reach of any common danger. The fortitude with which they defend their young is no less astonishing. The wisdom and foresight of the ants have been celebrated from remotest antiquity.

Another kind of society is observable among domestic animals. Horses and oxen, when deprived of companions of their own species, associate, and discover a visible attachment. A dog and an ox, or a dog and a cow, when placed in certain circumstances, acquire a strong affection for each other. The same kind of association takes place between dogs and cats, between cats and birds &c.

*Smellie.*

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## No. 19. Fable of the BEE, the ANT, and the SPARROW.

—ONE summer's morn  
 A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn ;  
 Studious to husband every hour,  
 And make the most of every flower ;  
 Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,  
 And loads with yellow wax her thighs ;  
 Thus she discharg'd in every way  
 The various duties of the day.

It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,  
 Whose brow was wrinkled o'er by care ;

A great economist was she,  
Nor less laborious than the Bee ;  
By pensive parents often taught  
What ills arise from want of thought.

The active Bee with pleasure saw  
The Ant fulfil her parents law,  
Ah ! sister laborer, says she,  
How very fortunate are we !  
Who, taught in infancy to know  
The comforts which from labor flow,  
Are independent of the great,  
Nor know the wants of pride and state.

Why is our food so very sweet ?  
Because we earn before we eat.  
Why are our wants so very few ?  
Because we nature's calls pursue.  
Whence our complacency of mind ?  
Because we act our parts assign'd.

A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear  
Their sage discourse, and straight drew near.  
She found, as on a spray she sat,  
The little friends were deep in chat ;  
That virtue was their fav'rite theme,  
And toil and probity their scheme ;  
Such talk was hateful to her breast ;  
She thought them arrant prudes at best.

When to display her naughty mind  
Hunger with cruelty combin'd,  
She view'd the Ant with savage eyes,  
And hopp'd and hopp'd to snatch her prize.  
The Bee, who watch'd her op'ning bill,  
And guess'd her fell design to kill,  
Ask'd her from what her anger rose,  
And why she treated Ants as foes ?

The Sparrow her reply began,  
And thus the conversation ran :  
Whenever I'm dispos'd to dine,  
I think the whole creation mine ;

That I'm a bird of high degree,  
 And every insect made for me,  
 And oft, in wantonness and play,  
 I slay ten thousand in a day.

Oh! fie! the honest Bee replied,  
 I fear you make base men your guide;  
 Of every creature sure the worst,  
 Though in creation's scale the first!  
 Ungrateful man! 'tis strange he thrives,  
 Who burns the Bees to rob their hives!

But spare the Ant—her worth demands  
 Esteem and friendship at your hands.  
 A mind with every virtue blest,  
 Must raise compassion in your breast,

Virtue! rejoin'd the sneering bird.  
 Where did you learn that Gothic word?  
 Since I was hatch'd I never heard  
 That virtue was at all rever'd.

Trust me, Miss Bee—to speak the truth,  
 I've copied men from earliest youth;  
 The same our taste, the same our school,  
 Passion and appetite our rule;  
 And call me bird, or call me sinner,  
 I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.

A prowling cat the miscreant spies,  
 And wide expands her amber eyes:  
 Near and more near grimalkin draws;  
 She wags her tail, protends her paws;  
 Then, springing on her thoughtless prey,  
 She bore the vicious bird away.  
 Thus, in her cruelty and pride,  
 The wicked wanton Sparrow died.

*Dr. Cotton,*

## No. 20. Corruption of News Writers.

ONE of the amusements of idleness, is reading without the fatigue of close attention, and the world therefore swarms with critics whose wish is not to be studied, but to be read.

No species of literary men has lately been so much multiplied as the writers of news. Not many years ago the nation was content with one gazette.\*

But now we have, not only in the metropolis, papers for every morning and every evening, but almost every large town has its weekly historian, who regularly circulates his periodical intelligence.

To write news in its perfection requires such a combination of qualities, that a man completely fitted for the task is not always to be found.

In Sir Henry Watton's jocular definition, An *Ambassador* is said to be *a man of virtue sent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country*; a *News-writer* is a man *without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit*.

To these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but contempt of shame and indifference to truth are absolutely necessary.

He who by long familiarity with infamy has obtained these qualities, may confidently tell to-day what he intends to contradict to-morrow; he may affirm fearlessly what he knows he shall be obliged to recant, and may write letters from Amsterdam or Dresden to himself.

In a time of war the nation is always of one mind, eager to hear something good of themselves, and ill of the enemy.

At this time the task of news writers is easy; they have nothing to do but to tell that a battle is expected, and afterwards that a battle has been fought, in which we and our friends, whether conquering or conquered, did all, and our enemies did nothing.

Scarcely any thing awakens attention like a tale of cruelty. The writer of news never fails in the intermis-

\* This article was written in London, 1758.

sion of action to tell how the enemies murdered children and abused virgins; and, if the scene of action be distant, scalps half the inhabitants of a province.

Among the calamities of war may be justly numbered the diminution of the love of truth, by the falsehoods which interest dictates and credulity encourages.

A peace will equally leave the warrior and the rater of war, destitute of employment; and I know not whether more is to be dreaded from streets filled with soldiers accustomed to *plunder*, or from garrets filled with scribes accustomed to *lie*.

Johnson.

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### No. 21. Ode to God.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright  
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;  
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;  
 Thou only God! There is no God beside!  
 Being above all beings! Mighty one!  
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore;  
 Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:  
 Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—  
 Being whom we call God—and know no more!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:  
 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!  
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
 And beautifully mingled life and death!  
 As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,  
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;  
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand  
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:  
 They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command  
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.

What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—  
 A glorious company of golden streams—  
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—  
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?  
 But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,  
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—  
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?  
 And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,  
 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
 Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd  
 Against Thy greatness, is a cypher brought  
 Against infinity! What am I then? Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine,  
 Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;  
 Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine  
 As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.  
 Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly  
 Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee  
 I live, and breathe; and dwell; aspiring high,  
 Even to the throne of Thy divinity.  
 I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!  
 Direct my understanding then to Thee;  
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:  
 Though but an atom midst immensity,  
 Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!  
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,  
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth,  
 Just on the boundaries of the spirit land!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and thy word  
 Created *me*! Thou source of life and good!  
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!  
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude  
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring

Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
 The garments of eternal day, and wing  
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
 Even to its source—to thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!  
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,  
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
 And waft its homage to Thy Deity.  
 God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;  
 'Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!  
 'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;  
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

*Derzhavin.*

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## No. 22. The Whale.

If we compare land animals, in respect to magnitude, with those of the deep, they will appear contemptible in the comparison. It is probable indeed that quadrupeds once existed much larger than we find them at present.

From skeletons of some that have been dug up at different times, it is evident that there must have been terrestrial animals twice as large as the elephant. But creatures of such an immense bulk required a proportionable extent of ground for subsistence, and, by being rivals with men for large territory, they must have been destroyed in the contest.

It is not only upon land that man has exerted his power of destroying the larger tribes of Animated Nature; he has extended his efforts even in the midst of the ocean. We now no longer hear of whales 200 and 250 feet long, which we are certain were often seen two centuries ago.

Taking the whale, however, at the ordinary size of eighty feet long and twenty feet high, what an enormous animated mass must it appear to the spectator! With what amazement must it strike him to behold so great a creature gambolling in the deep with the ease and agility of the smallest animal, and making its way with incredible swiftness.



The whale makes use only of its tail, to advance itself forward in the water. This serves as a great oar to push its mass along; and it is surprising to see with what force and celerity its enormous bulk cuts through the ocean.

The cleft of the mouth is near one third of the animal's whole length. The upper jaw is furnished with barbs, that lie like the pipes of an organ; the greatest in the middle and the smallest on the sides. These compose the whalebone, the longest spars of which are found to be no less than eighteen feet.

Their fidelity to each other exceeds whatever we are told of even the constancy of birds. Some fishers, as Anderson informs us, having struck one of two whales, a male and female, that were in company together; the wounded fish made a long and terrible resistance; it struck down a boat with three men in it, with a single blow of its tail, by which all went to the bottom.

The other still attended its companion, and lent it every assistance; till at last the fish that was struck sunk under the number of its wounds; while its faithful associate, disdaining to survive the loss, with great bellowings stretched itself on the dead fish and shared its fate.

Nothing can exceed the tenderness of the female for her offspring; she carries it with her wherever she goes, and when hardest pursued, keeps it supported between her fins. Even when wounded, she still clasps her young one; and when she plunges to avoid danger, takes it to the bottom; but rises sooner than usual to give it breath again.

The Nar-whale or Sea-Unicorn is not so large as the Whale, not being above sixty feet long. But this great animal is sufficiently distinguished by its tooth or teeth, which stand pointing directly forward from the upper jaw, and are from nine to fourteen feet long. This terrible weapon is generally found single.

Yet the Nar-whale is one of the most harmless and peaceable inhabitants of the ocean. It is seen constantly and inoffensively sporting with other great monsters of the deep, no way attempting to injure them, but pleased in their company.

The Cachalot or Spermaceti whale is not of such enormous size as the whale properly so called, not being above sixty feet long and sixteen feet high. In the stomach of the whale scarce any thing is to be found ; but in that of the Cachalot there are loads of fish of different kinds, some whole, some half digested, some small, and others eight or nine feet long.

*Goldsmith.*

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### No. 23. The smallest of known Animals.

THESE creatures, the smallest with which we are acquainted, are called *animalcules of infusion*. They are thus named, because they are produced in infusions, and are such diminutive animals.

For their production nothing more is required than to pour water on any animal or vegetable substance, and let the infusion stand four or five days in a moderately warm room, when a species of fermentation will take place in the liquor, a slimy skin will grow over it, and an immense multitude of these animalcules, visible only by means of the magnifying glass, will be found in the fluid.

Of the numerous infusions with which I have made experiments, none afforded me such multitudes of animalcules as *thyme*. If you put as much thyme as may be taken up between the ends of the thumb and two fingers into a wine glass, fill the glass with pure water, and let it stand four days, you will be truly astonished, when you look at a drop of it through a microscope.

Millions of animalcules swim about in it, and the celerity of their motions is so great, that it makes the eye almost giddy. Wonderful! you will say;—whence do these creatures come? where were they before?

It is wonderful, indeed, my young friend; and who is there, to whom these questions will not suggest themselves, when he discovers an ocean of animated beings in a drop of water, where a little before nothing was to be discerned?

The apparent size of these animalcules varies greatly. With a glass that magnifies the diameter of an object three hundred times, some appear about the size of a small bug, seen at a distance of eight inches from the eye.

Others the size of a louse, others still smaller; and lastly, at which I have been the most astonished, among these larger animalcules may be seen an infinite number of *minute animated specks* swimming about, which, with this great magnifying power, appear no bigger than the smallest mite, or finest grain of sand, does to the naked eye; yet their voluntary motion is clearly perceptible.

You will ask me, my young readers, how big the largest of these animalcules of infusion may be. I shall endeavour to give you some conception of their minuteness. Upwards of 200 of the largest may be contained in the space occupied by one of the smallest grains of sand. A little mite is to one of these much the same as a turkey to a sparrow.

The numbers of these animalcules surpass all conception. Since there are so many thousands in a single drop, what multitudes must there be in a wine glass, that apparently contains nothing but a little dirty water! What in a puddle or ditch, where animal and vegetable substances putrefy together!

How infinite this world of organized living beings, all of which are provided with instruments of motion and nutrition!

*Vieth—Pleasing Preceptor.*

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## No. 24. A Battle.

SCIENCE and revelation concur, in teaching that this ball of earth, which man inhabits, is not the only world; that millions of globes, like ours, roll in the immensity of space. The sun, the moon, "those seven nightly wandering fires," those twinkling stars are worlds.

There doubtless dwell other moral, and intellectual natures; angelic spirits; passing what man calls time, in one untired pursuit of truth and duty; still seeking; still

exploring, ever satisfying, never satiating, the ethereal, moral, intellectual thirst; whose delightful task it is,—as it should be ours,—to learn the will of the Eternal Father; to seek the good, which to that end—for them and us to seek,—he hides; and finding, to admire, adore, and praise,—“him first, him last, him midst and without end.”

Imagine one of these celestial spirits, bent on this great purpose, descending upon our globe; and led, by chance, to an European plain, at the point of some great battle; on which, to human eye, reckless and blind to overruling Heaven, the fate of states and empires is suspended.

On a sudden, the field of combat opens on his astonished vision. It is a field, which men call, “glorious.” A hundred thousand warriors stand in opposed ranks. Light gleams on their burnished steels. Their plumes and banners wave. Hill echoes to hill the noise of moving rank and squadron; the neigh and tramp of steeds; the trumpet, drum, and bugle call.

There is a momentary pause;—a silence, like that which precedes the fall of the thunderbolt; like that awful stillness, which is precursor to the desolating rage of the whirlwind. In an instant, flash succeeding flash pours columns of smoke along the plain. The iron tempest sweeps; heaping man, horse, and car, in undistinguished ruin.

In shouts of rushing hosts,—in shock of breasting steeds,—in peals of musquetry—in artillery’s roar,—in sabres’ clash,—in thick and gathering clouds of smoke and dust, all human eye, and ear, and sense are lost. Man sees not, but the sign of onset. Man hears not, but the cry of—“onward.”

Not so, the celestial stranger. His spiritual eye, unobscured by artificial night, his spiritual ear, unaffected by mechanic noise, witness the real scene, naked, in all its cruel horrors.

He sees,—lopped and bleeding limbs scattered,—gashed, dismembered trunks, outspread, gore-clotted, lifeless;—brains bursting from crushed skulls; blood gushing from sabred necks; severed heads, whose mouths mutter rage, amidst the palsy of the last agony.

He hears—the mingled cry of anguish and despair, issuing from a thousand bosoms, in which a thousand

bayonets turn,—the convulsive scream of anguish from heaps of mangled, half-expiring victims, over whom the heavy artillery-wheels lumber and crush into one mass, bone, and muscle, and sinew;—while the fetlock of the war-horse drips with blood, starting from the last palpitation of the burst heart, on which his hoof pivots.

“This is not earth,”—would not such a celestial stranger exclaim;—“This is not earth”—“this is hell! This is not man, but demon, tormenting demon.”

Thus exclaiming, would not he speed away to the skies? His immortal nature unable to endure the folly, the crime, and the madness of man.

If in this description, there be nothing forced, and nothing exaggerated; if all great battles exhibit scenes, like these, only multiplied ten thousand times, in every awful form, in every cruel feature, in every heart rending circumstance; will society in a high state of moral and intellectual improvement endure their recurrence?

As light penetrates the mass, and power with light, and purity with power, will men, in any country, consent to entrust their peace and rights, to a soldiery like that of Europe, described as “a needy, sensual, vicious cast, reckless of God and man, and mindful only of their officer?”

“Revolutions go not backward.” Neither does the moral and intellectual progress of the multitude. Light is shining where once there was darkness; and is penetrating and purifying the once corrupt and enslaved portions of our species.

It may, occasionally, and for a season, be obscured; or seem retrograde. But light, moral and intellectual, shall continue to ascend to the zenith until that, which is now dark, shall be in day; and much of that earthly crust, which still adheres to man, shall fall and crumble away, as his nature becomes elevated.

With this progress, it needs no aid from prophecy, none from revelation, to foretel that war, the greatest, yet remaining curse and shame of our race, shall retire to the same cave, where “Pope and Pagan” have retired, to be remembered only, with a mingled sentiment of disgust and wonder, like the war-feast of the savage; like the

perpetual slavery of captives ; like the pledge of revenge, in the scull-bowl of Odin ; like the murder of helots in Greece, and of gladiators, in Rome ; like the witch-burnings, the Smithfield-fires, and St. Bartholomew-massacres, of modern times.

*Quincy.*

FIRST Envy, eldest born of Hell, embrued  
 Her hands in blood and taught the sons of men  
 To make a death which nature never made,  
 And God abhorred ; with violence rude to break  
 The thread of life ere half its length was run,  
 And rob a wretched brother of his being.  
 With joy ambition saw, and soon improved  
 The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough  
 By subtle fraud to snatch a single life ;  
 Puny impiety ! whole kingdoms fell  
 To sate the lust of power ; more horrid still,  
 The foulest stain and scandal of our nature  
 Became its boast. *One murder made a villain,*  
*Millions a hero.* Princes assumed a right  
 To kill ; did numbers sanctify the crime ?  
 Ah ! why will kings forget that they are *men* ?  
 And men that they are brethren ? Why delight  
 In human sacrifice ? Why burst the ties  
 Of Nature, that should knit their souls together  
 In one soft bond of amity and love ?  
 Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on  
 Inhumanly, ingenious to find out  
 New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,  
 Artificers of Death ! still monarchs dream  
 Of universal empire growing up  
 From universal ruin. Blast the design,  
 Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall  
 Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine !

*Bishop Porteus.*

Then let the sons of peace unite,  
 To bless and save our erring race—  
 Diffuse the beams of gospel light,  
 And banish war as man's disgrace.

*Repository.*

## No. 25. On the fascinating power of Serpents.

EVER since I have been accustomed to contemplate the objects of nature with a degree of minute attention, I have considered the whole story of the enchanting faculty of the rattle-snake and of other serpents, as destitute of a solid foundation.

In conducting my inquiries into this curious subject, I thought it would be proper and even necessary, to ascertain the following points, *viz.* First: What species of birds are most frequently observed to be enchanted by serpents? and secondly, at what season of the year has any particular species been most commonly seen under this wonderful influence?

I was inclined to believe that the solution of these two questions would serve as a clue to the investigation of what has been long considered as one of the most mysterious operations in nature. I am persuaded that I have not been mistaken.

Some birds build their nests on the summits of the loftiest trees; others suspend them in a pendulous manner at the extremity of a branch or even a leaf, whilst others build them on the lower branches, among bushes or in the hollows of trees. Many species, again, are content with the ground, laying their eggs and hatching them, in the cavity of a stone, an excavation of the earth, among the grass of fields and meadows, or in the fields of wheat, rye and other grains.

Of all these birds, those which build their nests upon the ground, on the lower branches of the trees, and on low bushes, have most frequently been observed to be under the enchanting faculty of snakes. Indeed the bewitching spirit of these serpents seems to be almost entirely limited to these kinds of birds.

The rattle-snake is sometimes seen at the root of a tree, upon the lower branches of which a bird or a squirrel has been seen exhibiting symptoms of fear and distress. Is this a matter of wonder? Nature has taught different animals, what animals are their enemies. When the

reptile, therefore, lies at the foot of a tree, the bird or the squirrel will feel uneasy.

That it will sometimes run towards the serpent, then retire and return again, I will not deny. But that it is irresistibly drawn into the jaws of the serpent, I do deny; because it is frequently seen to drive the serpent from his hold, because the bird or squirrel often returns in a few minutes to its habitation.

Sometimes the bird or squirrel in attempting to drive away the snake, approaches too near to the enemy and is bitten or immediately devoured. But these instances are not so common as is generally imagined.

My inquiries concerning the season of the year, afforded me still greater satisfaction. In almost every instance, I found that the supposed fascinating faculty of the serpent was exerted upon birds at the particular season of their laying their eggs, of their hatching, or of their rearing their young, still tender and defenceless.

I now began to suspect that the cries and fears of birds supposed to be fascinated, originated, in an endeavour to protect their nest or young. My inquiries have convinced me that this is the case.

The rattle-snake does not climb up trees; but the black-snake and some other species do. When impelled by hunger, and incapable of satisfying it by the capture of animals on the ground, they begin to glide up trees. The bird is not ignorant of the serpent's object. She leaves her nest and endeavours to oppose the reptiles progress.

In doing this, she is actuated by the strength of her attachment to her eggs, or of affection to her young. Her cry is melancholy, her motions are tremulous. She exposes herself to the most imminent danger.

Sometimes she approaches so near the reptile, that he seizes her as his prey. But this is far from being universally the case. Often she compels the serpent to leave the tree, and then returns to her nest.

It is a well known fact that among some species of birds the female, at a certain period, is accustomed to compel the young ones to leave their nest. But they still claim some of her care. They fall to the ground where they are frequently exposed to the serpent which attempts to devour them.



In this situation of affairs, the mother will place herself upon a branch of a tree or bush, in the vicinity of the serpent. She will dart upon the serpent, in order to prevent the destruction of her young; but fear will compel her to retire.

She leaves the serpent, however, but for a short time, and then returns again. Oftentimes she prevents the destruction of her young, attacking the snake with her wings, her beak, or her claws. Should the reptile succeed in capturing the young, the mother is exposed to less danger. For, while engaged in swallowing them, he has neither inclination nor power to seize the old one.

But the appetite of the serpent-tribe is great; the capacity of their stomachs is not less so. The danger of the mother is at hand, when the young are devoured. The snake seizes upon her; and this is the catastrophe which crowns the tale of fascination.

The following fact was communicated to me by Mr. Rittenhouse. I think it strikingly illustrates the system which I have been endeavouring to establish. I relate it therefore with pleasure, and the more so as I have no doubt that the authority of a cautious and enlightened philosopher will greatly contribute to the destruction of a superstitious notion, which disgraces the page of natural history.

Some years since this ingenious gentleman was induced to suppose, from the melancholy cry of a red-winged-maize-thief, that a snake was at no great distance from it, and that the bird was in distress. He threw a stone at the place from which the cry proceeded, which had the effect of driving the bird away. The poor animal, however, immediately returned to the same place.

Mr. Rittenhouse now went to the place where the bird alighted, and, to his astonishment, he found it perched upon the back of a large black-snake, which it was pecking with its beak. At this time the serpent was in the act of swallowing a young bird, and it was evident that it had swallowed two or three other young birds. After the snake was killed the old bird flew away.

Mr. Rittenhouse says, that the cry and actions of this bird had been precisely similar to those of a bird which is

supposed to be under the fascinating influence of a serpent ; and I doubt not this very instance would, by many credulous persons, have been adduced as a proof of the existence of such a faculty.

*Dr. Barton.*

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## No. 26. The importance of Christian Education.

“**T**RAIN up a child in the way he should go ; and when he is old he will not depart from it.”

For what purpose were these words inserted in our Bibles ? To teach us that a virtuous education has a tendency to produce virtuous characters, and that early impressions usually have a lasting influence.

In asserting the power of education, nothing is intended inconsistent with our entire dependence on God, or with the sentiment, that every good gift and every perfect gift are from above.

The same God, who enjoins the duty and gives the encouragement, has established the connexion between a virtuous education and its salutary effects. It is His plan of operation which I wish to recommend.

It is not, however, intended that a virtuous education invariably produces a virtuous character. The most faithful exertions may be counteracted by unfavorable causes, over which the parent has no control

“He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand ; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.” Yet some who deal with a slack hand become rich by heirship to what others have earned ; and a hurricane may reduce a diligent man to poverty.

Such scripture maxims are intended to express the natural tendency and the common effects of the conduct which they disapprove or recommend, and what may be expected in the ordinary course of Providence.

“Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” This remark of an Apostle is applicable to sowing in the minds of children. If parents sow the seeds of vice, they

may expect a harvest of vice and sorrow. If they sow the seeds of virtue, they may expect virtue and happiness as the reward of their labors.

The youthful mind is the most valuable soil for cultivation. Parents should begin early to sow good seed; for if they delay, an enemy will sow tares. The precepts and truths of the gospel are the best of seed, which, if duly sown, and received, will spring up unto eternal life.

In the season of spring the wise husbandman prepares his ground and casts in "the principal wheat," and looks to God for a blessing on his labors.

In like manner the parent should do in regard to the minds of his children. In both cases human exertions are important; in both, it is God who giveth the increase.

Children come into the world destitute of any ideas or opinions relating to God or man. In this early state they are neither Pagans nor Mahometans, Jews nor Christians.

There is no object so mean that children may not be taught to adore it as a God; no rite or custom so absurd, that they may not be made to regard it as essential to their salvation.

The ancient Egyptians had a religious veneration for the *ox*, the *dog*, the *wolf*, the *crocodile* and the *cat*. In Guinea one of the most celebrated deities was a *serpent*. Among the deities of the Hottentots was an *insect*.

The ancestors of the present warring nations of Europe worshipped deceased conquerors, who, while living, were desolators of countries and destroyers of their species.

As was the religious belief of parents in these several countries, so was the belief of their children for ages in succession. Had we been educated under such circumstances, our religious opinions might have been no better than theirs.

Jewish children generally imbibe a veneration for Jewish rites and ceremonies. The children of Mahometans are taught to regard Mahomet as a true prophet, and the Alcoran as the word of God.

The children of the different sects of Christians imbibe a regard for the peculiarities of their respective parents,—especially is it so if the parents are truly pious, or much engaged in religion.

Habits as well as opinions are in a great measure the fruit of education. Some children while young form habits of idleness, profaneness, irreligion and profligacy, which grow with their growth and bind them over to perdition.

Others while young, form habits of diligence, piety, benevolence and usefulness, which command respect, prove a safeguard against the snares which surround them, and afford comforting hopes of their everlasting welfare.

“ Virtues like plants of nobler kind,  
 Transferr’d from regions more refin’d  
 The gardener’s careful hand must sow ;  
 His culturing hand must bid them grow ;  
 Rains gently shower ; skies softly shine,  
 And blessings fall from realms divine.  
 Much time, and pain, and toil, and care,  
 Must virtue’s habits plant and rear :  
*Habits alone through life endure,*  
*Habits alone your child secure ;*  
 To these be all your labours given ;  
 To these your fervent prayer to HEAVEN,  
 Nor faint, a thousand trials o’er,  
 To see your pains effect no more.  
 Love, duty, interest, bid you strive ;  
 Contend, and yield not while you live :  
 And know, for all your labours past,  
 Your eyes shall see a crop at last.”

*Dr. Dwight.*

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### No. 27. Influence of Education in regard to Appetites and Passions.

THOSE opinions and habits which result from education, have a powerful influence over the appetites and passions. The Egyptians would sooner starve to death than eat the flesh of their deified animals.

Some of the nations of India will not eat the flesh of any animal of five senses. The religious opinions of the Jews restrain them from eating the flesh of swine, and of other animals, which, by the Mosaic law, were pronounced unclean.

By education the savages of America regard revenge as a duty, and will expose themselves to great perils to gratify this passion; nor is it uncommon to find *such* savages among professed Christians.

But there are several sects of Christians who will, on no occasion, indulge the passion of revenge; and happy it would be for the world, if all men were *thus* governed by religious opinions.

Hopes and fears are among the ingredients of human character, and have a powerful influence on the conduct of men. But nothing can be more evident, than that these are under the control of education. What object, visible or invisible, real or imaginary, may not be employed to excite the hopes or fears of a child? How often have objects merely imaginary been used for such purposes with astonishing effect!

In former ages a belief in the doctrines of witchcraft and apparitions was prevalent. Children imbibed this belief from parents or nurses, which exposed them to great fears and terrors.

On the other hand, what hopes of approbation and favor have been excited in the children of Pagans by their belief in imaginary gods, of the most sanguinary character!

Children are capable of being strongly influenced by the hope of a parent's approbation, or by the fear of his displeasure; and by a proper education these passions of hope and fear may be so directed, as to ascend from an earthly to a heavenly Father.

The fear of offending a good God, and the hope of Divine approbation, may become permanent traits in the character of a child, excite him to obedience, and preserve him from sin in the hour of temptation.

Before children are capable of judging for themselves, strong desires for some things, and aversion to others, may be implanted in their minds by their parents.

One thing they may be led to desire with pleasing

anticipations, and another to shun with horror, without knowing the reason, why the one is esteemed and the other abhorred by their parents.

By prudent measures, parents may excite in their children a thirst for knowledge, and a desire for good books and pious instructions, and an aversion for books and instructions of an opposite character.

Before children are capable of knowing the grounds of difference in the opinions of different sects of Christians, they may be imbued with sectarian prejudices, and be made to despise good men and good things.

What man has been so good, or what truth so important, as not to have been despised through the influence of party or sectarian prejudices, in the people of some other denomination? Truly, these things ought not so to be.

Hence it becomes the duty of all parents and teachers to exercise that candor towards others, which they wish others to exercise towards themselves, lest their children be led astray by their pernicious examples.

If parents and teachers were to feel as they ought to feel, it would be as easy to inspire children with pity and tenderness towards such as they are taught to regard as in error, as to infuse into their minds sentiments of aversion, disrespect and hatred.

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Remember thy Creator, God ;  
 For him thy powers employ ;  
 Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,  
 Thy confidence, thy joy.  
 He shall defend and guide thy course  
 Through life's uncertain sea ;  
 Till thou art landed on the shore  
 Of blest eternity.  
 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose  
 The path of heavenly truth ;  
 The earth affords no lovelier sight  
 Than a religious youth.

*Dr. Doddridge.*

## No. 28. The influence of Education in respect to the love of God.

God is the supreme object of love. - But as he is invisible, some may imagine that all means would be useless in respect to exciting in children love to him. This, however, is a mistake.

Suppose an affectionate husband and wife to have a son born, and that the father is immediately called to leave his beloved wife and son, and to go to a foreign country for ten years. During which period the son never sees his father.

As soon as the child is capable of impressions, the mother begins to inspire his mind with sentiments of love, to his absent father, as one in whom she delights, and one who loves him.

As the child advances, she shows him the letters and presents which she receives from the father, as proofs of his tender regard to herself and to the son; and explains every thing in a manner adapted to excite love and veneration.

What would naturally be the feelings of this child at eight or nine years of age? If no influence is used with the child to counteract the desires of the mother, is it not very certain that this child would be growing up with fervent affection for his father, and a sincere desire to see him?

Let it then be remembered, that God is "our Father." A child may soon be made to understand something of the love and care of a good father, or what this title imports; and such are the views, which should be impressed on the minds of children in relation to God.

If we wish to excite in children love to any absent person, we must represent that person as amiable, kind, just and friendly. The more evidence we can give that such is his character, the more sure we may be of exciting esteem.

What a field then is opened to our view! What a treasure of affecting truths and facts to present to the minds of children, to excite love and veneration towards

their heavenly Father! The word and the providence of God are full of the most impressive lessons.

Their own existence, God's daily care in protecting them, providing for them, and his love in sending his Son to redeem and save them, may all be employed as means of awakening in the minds of children the sentiments of love, gratitude and obedience.

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Our youth, devoted to the Lord,  
Is pleasing in his eyes ;  
A flower when offered in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work, if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes ;  
While sinners, who grow old in sin,  
Are harden'd in their crimes.

It saves us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young ;  
With joy it crowns succeeding years,  
And renders virtue strong.

*Watts.*

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## **No. 29. Love to mankind an important branch of Education.**

OF all the branches of education, no one is more important than that of cultivating love to the human race. For if we love not our brethren, whom we have seen, how can we love God, whom we have not seen.

Before children are capable of speaking, they may receive impressions by kind or unkind examples; and great care should be taken that these early impressions be favorable to virtue.

As soon as they are capable of being influenced by verbal instructions, they should be taught the precepts of Christian love; and these precepts should be illustrated and enforced by the examples of their parents and instructors.



Admonition, reproof and correction should ever be administered in the spirit of love and tender concern for the good of the child, and not in anger, ill will, or the spirit of revenge.

Not only should parents exemplify a kind disposition towards each other, and all in the family, but towards their neighbours and all mankind. On no occasion should they indulge the spirit of reviling, or of rendering evil for evil.

Examples of piety, honesty and benevolence, should be constantly represented to children, as what is pleasing to God and worthy of imitation.

When children become capable of reading, care should be taken in the selection of books for their use. Those which are at once instructive and entertaining should be preferred. Such as embellish vice, justify bad passions, or make light of sin, should never be put into the hands of children. Indeed, they should be banished from the world.

The goodness of God to all men, in bestowing favors both on the just and on the unjust, will suggest powerful reasons for brotherly love. If God has so loved us, we ought also to love one another. His long-suffering to us should excite us to be long-suffering to all who share with us in his mercy.

The example of our blessed Saviour should often be presented to the minds of children. Not merely his love in laying down his life for our salvation, but the meek, benevolent and forgiving spirit, which he displayed while he went about doing good.

The tender regard, also, which he manifested towards little children is worthy of special notice. "Suffer the little children," said he, "to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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"Permit them to approach, he cries,  
Nor scorn their humble name ;  
It was to bless such souls as these,  
The Lord of angels came."

*Doddridge.*

## No. 30. Influence of Education and habit on Horses and Dogs.

Kosciusko, the hero of Poland, wishing to send some bottles of wine to a clergyman, gave the commission to a young man by the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse on which he himself usually rode.

On his return young Zeltner said that he would never ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko inquiring what he meant, Zeltner answered :—

“As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks charity, the horse immediately stands still, and will not stir till something is given to the petitioner; and as I had no money about me, I was obliged to feign giving something, to satisfy the horse.

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Between the years of 1750 and 1760 a Scottish lawyer of eminence made a journey to London, and, on his arrival, sold his horse. When about to return home, he purchased another horse, which proved to be one that had been educated to the business of highway robbery.

Next morning he set out on his journey, and met a clergyman in a chaise. The horse, by his manoeuvre, plainly intimated what had been the profession of his former master. Instead of passing the chaise he stopt it.

The clergyman, supposing the lawyer to be a robber, produced his purse unasked. The lawyer rallied his horse, apologized for having frightened the gentleman, and pursued his journey.

The horse next made the same suspicious approach to a coach, from the windows of which a blunderbuss was levelled, with denunciations of death to the rider.

In short, after his life had been once or twice endangered by the suspicious conduct of his horse, he was obliged to part with him for a trifle, and to procure, at a dearer rate, a horse of *better moral habits*.

Dogs are not less capable than horses of forming good or bad habits, according to the dispositions of their masters.

Many extraordinary accounts both of horses and dogs are to be found in the Percy Anecdotes, from which the above particulars were selected.

The Monks of St. Bernard have long had a breed of dogs to assist their labors of love, and which are employed in ranging the mountains in bad weather, in search of lost travellers.

The most celebrated of these dogs was called *Barry*. This animal served the hospital twelve years; during which time he saved the lives of forty individuals. His zeal was indefatigable.

When he found his strength was insufficient to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed with cold, he would run back to the hospital in search of the monks.

After his death, his hide was stuffed and deposited in the museum of that town. The phial in which he carried a reviving liquor for the distressed travellers whom he found among the mountains, is still suspended from his neck.

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A shepherd, who was hanged for sheep-stealing about 40 years ago, used to commit his depredations, by means of his dog. When he intended to steal any sheep, he detached the dog to perform it.

Under pretence of looking at the sheep with an intention to purchase, he went through the flock with his dog, to whom he secretly gave a signal, to let him know the particular sheep he wanted—perhaps to the number of ten or twelve, out of a flock of some hundreds.

He then went away, and from a distance of several miles sent the dog back in the night, who picked out the sheep, separated them from the flock, and drove them before him, ten or twelve miles, till he came up with his master, to whom he delivered up his charge.

An account is given by the Percy's, of another dog, who was so educated that he became an "*accomplished shop-lifter*," and would steal for his master from a shop or store such articles as were pointed out to him, with all the marks of shrewdness and cunning to effect his purpose unperceived.

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Distinguished much by reason and still more  
 By our capacity of grace divine  
 From creatures, that exist but for our sake,  
 Which, having served us, perish, we are held  
 Accountable ; and God some future day  
 Will reckon with us roundly for th' abuse,  
 Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.  
 Superior as we are, they yet depend  
 Not more on human help than we on theirs.  
 Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were given  
 In aid of our defects. In some are found  
 Such teachable and apprehensive parts,  
 That man's attainments in his own concerns  
 Match'd with the expertness of the brutes in theirs,  
 Are oftentimes vanquished and thrown far behind.  
 Some show that nice sagacity of smell,  
 And read with such discernment, in the port  
 And figure of the man, his secret aim,  
 That oft we owe our safety to a skill  
 We could not teach, and must despair to learn.  
 But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop  
 To quadruped instructors, many a good  
 And useful quality, and virtue too,  
 Rarely exemplified among ourselves.  
 Attachment never to be wean'd, or changed  
 By any change of fortune ; proof alike  
 Against unkindness, absence and neglect ;  
 Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat  
 Can move or warp ; and gratitude for small  
 And trivial favors, lasting as the life,  
 And glistening even in the dying eye.

*Cowper.*

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### No. 31. Effects and influence of War.

REPAIR, my friends, in thought, to a field of recent battle. Here are heaps of slain, weltering in their own blood, their bodies mangled, their limbs shattered and in

many a form and countenance not a vestige left of their former-selves. Here are multitudes trodden under foot, and the war-horse has left the trace of his hoof in many a crushed and mutilated frame.

Here are severer sufferers; they live, but live without hope or consolation. Justice despatches the criminal with a single stroke; but the victims of war, falling by casual, undirected blows, often expire in lingering agony, their deep groans applying in vain to compassion, their limbs writhing with pain on the earth, their lips parched with a burning thirst, their wounds open to the chilling air, the memory of tender relatives rushing on their minds, but not an accent of friendship or comfort reaching their ears.

Amidst this scene of horrors, you see the bird and beast of prey drinking the blood of the dead, and with a merciful cruelty ending the struggles of the dying: and, still more melancholy! you see human plunderers, bereft of all human sympathy, turning a deaf ear on the wounded, and rifling the warm, and almost palpitating remains of the slain.

If you extend your eye beyond the immediate field of battle, and follow the track of the pursuing and victorious army, you see the roads strewed with the dead; you see scattered flocks, and harvests trampled under foot, the smoking ruins of cottages, and the miserable inhabitants flying in want and despair;—and even yet, the horrors of a single battle are not exhausted.

Some of the deepest pangs, which it inflicts, are silent, retired, enduring, to be read in the countenance of the widow, in the unprotected orphan, in the aged parent, in affection cherishing the memory of the slain, and weeping that it could not minister to their last pangs.

I have asked you to traverse, in thought, a field of battle. There is another scene often presented in war, perhaps more terrible—I refer to a besieged city. The most horrible pages in history are those, which record the reduction of strongly fortified places. In a besieged city, are collected all descriptions and ages of mankind, women, children, the old, the infirm.

Day and night the weapons of death and conflagration fly around them. They see the approaches of the foe, the

trembling bulwark, and the fainting strength of their defenders. They are worn with famine, and on famine presses pestilence. At length the assault is made, every barrier is broken down, and a lawless soldiery, exasperated by resistance, and burning with lust and cruelty, are scattered through the streets. The domestic retreat, and even the house of God, is no longer a sanctuary.

Venerable age is no protection; female purity no defence. In presence of the dying husband, and the murdered child, the wife is spared, not from mercy, but to gratify the basest passion. These are heart-rending scenes, but history abounds with them; and what better fruits can you expect from war?

These views are the most obvious and striking which war presents, and therefore I have given them the first place. But the horrors of war are not yet exhausted. There are more secret influences, which, while they appeal less powerfully to the senses and imagination, will deeply affect a reflecting and benevolent mind.

Consider, first, the condition of those who are immediately engaged in war. The sufferings of soldiers from battle we have seen; but their sufferings are not limited to the period of conflict. The whole of war is a succession of exposures too severe for human nature. Death employs other weapons than the sword.

It is computed, that in ordinary wars, greater numbers perish by sickness than in battle. Exhausted by long and rapid marches, by unwholesome food, by exposure to storms, by excessive labour under a burning sky through the day, and by interrupted and restless sleep on the damp ground and under the chilling atmosphere of night, thousands after thousands of the young pine away and die.

They anticipated that they should fall, if to fall should be their lot, in what they called the field of honour; but they perish in the inglorious and crowded hospital, surrounded with sights and sounds of wo, far from home and every friend, and denied those tender offices which sickness and expiring nature require.

But do not stop here. Consider the influence of war on the *character* of these unhappy men. Their trade is

butchery—their business destruction. They hire themselves for slaughter, place themselves servile instruments, passive machines, in the hands of unprincipled rulers, to execute the bloodiest mandates, without reflection, without mercy, without a thought on the justice of the cause in which they are engaged. What a school is this for the human character!

From men trained in battle to ferocity and carnage, accustomed to the perpetration of cruel deeds, accustomed to take human life without sorrow or remorse, habituated to esteem an unthinking courage a substitute for every virtue, encouraged by plunder to prodigality, taught improvidence by perpetual hazard and exposure, restrained only by an iron discipline which is withdrawn in peace, and unfitted by the restless and irregular career of war for the calm and uniform pursuits of ordinary life; from such men, what can be expected but hardness of heart, profligacy of life, contempt of the restraints of society, and of the authority of God?

From the nature of his calling, the soldier is almost driven to sport with the thought of death, to defy and deride it, and of course, to banish the thought of that judgment to which it leads; and though of all men the most exposed to sudden death, he is too often of all men, most unprepared to appear before the bar of God.

The influence of war on the community at large, on its prosperity, its morals, and its political institutions, though less striking than on the soldiery, is yet most baleful.—How often is a community impoverished to sustain a war in which it has no interest. Publick burdens are aggravated, whilst the means of sustaining them are reduced.

Internal improvements are neglected. The revenue of the state is exhausted in military establishments, or flows through secret channels into the coffers of corrupt men, whom war exalts to power and office. The regular employments of peace are disturbed.

Industry in many of its branches is suspended. The labourer, ground with want, and driven to despair by the clamour of his suffering family, becomes a soldier in a cause which he condemns, and thus the country is drained of its most effective population. The people are stripped

and reduced, whilst the authors of war retrench not a comfort, and often fatten on the spoils and woes of their country.

But the influence of war on the *morals* of society is still more fatal. The suspension of industry and the pressure of want multiply vice. Criminal modes of subsistence are the resource of the suffering. Publick and private credit are shaken. Distrust and fear take place of mutual confidence. Commerce becomes a system of stratagem and collusion; and the principles of justice receive a shock which many years of peace are not able to repair.

*Dr. Channing.*

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#### THE WARRIOR'S WREATH.

BEHOLD the wreath which decks the warrior's brow.  
Breathes it a balmy fragrance sweet? ah, no!

It rankly savours of the grave!

'Tis *red*—but not with roseate hues;

'Tis crimson'd o'er

With human gore!

'Tis *wet*—but not with heavenly dews;

'Tis drench'd in tears by widows, orphans shed.

Methinks in sable weeds I see them clad,

And mourn in vain, for husbands slain,

Children belov'd, or brothers dear,

The fatherless

In deep distress,

Despairing, shed the scalding tear.

I hear, 'mid dying groans, the cannon's crash,

I see 'mid smoke the musket's horrid flash—

Here famine walks—there carnage stalks—

Hell in her fiery eye, she stains

With purple blood,

The crystal flood,

Heaven's altars and the verdant plains!



Scenes of domestic peace and social bliss  
 Are chang'd to scenes of woe and wretchedness,  
 The votaries of vice increase—  
 Towns sack'd, whole cities wrapt in flame!  
 Just heaven! say,  
 Is this the *bay*,  
 Which warriors gain; is this call'd FAME!

*Polemantios.*

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### No. 32. Motion of Plants.

THE *sensitive plant* possesses the faculty of motion in an eminent degree. The slightest touch makes its leaves suddenly shrink, and, together with its branch, bend down towards the earth.

But the *moving plant* furnishes the most astonishing example of vegetable motion. Its motions are not excited by the contact of external bodies, but solely by the influence of the sun's rays. When the sun shines, the leaves move briskly in every direction. Their general motion, however, is upward and downward. But they not unfrequently turn almost round; and then their foot-stalks are evidently twisted.

These motions go on incessantly as long as the sun shines; but they cease during the night and when the weather is cold and cloudy. Our wonder is excited by the rapidity and constancy of the movements peculiar to this plant. It is a native of the East Indies.

The American plant, called *Venus' Fly-trap*, affords another instance of rapid vegetable motion. Its leaves are jointed and furnished with two rows of strong prickles. Their surfaces are covered with a number of minute glands which secrete a sweet liquor, and allure the flies.

When these parts are touched by the legs of a fly, the two lobes of the leaf instantly rise up, the rows of prickles lock themselves fast together, and squeeze the unwary animal to death. If a straw or a pin be introduced between the lobes, the same motions are excited.

Many leaves, as those of the *mallows*, follow the course of the sun. In the morning their superior surfaces are presented to the east; at noon they regard the south; and when the sun sets they are directed to the west.

What is called the Sleep of Plants, affords an instance of another species of vegetable motion. The leaves of many plants fold up during the night; but at the approach of the sun they expand with renewed vigor.

The modes of folding in the leaves, or of sleeping, are extremely various. But it is worthy of remark, that they all dispose themselves so as to give the best protection to the young stems, flowers, buds, or fruits.

*Smellie.*

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Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,  
 In all thy works appear;  
 But most thy praise should man record,  
 Man, thy distinguish'd care.

All bounteous Lord! thy grace impart;  
 O teach us to improve  
 Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,  
 And crown them with thy love.

*Mrs. Steele.*

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### No. 33. Varieties of the Human Race.

AMONG the lower races of creatures the changes are so great as often to disguise the natural animal and to distort and disfigure its shape. But the chief differences in *man* are rather taken from the tincture of his skin than the variety of his figure; and in all climates he preserves his erect deportment.

The first distinct race of men is found round the polar regions. The Laplanders, the Esquimaux Indians, the Samoeid Tartars, the inhabitants of Nova Zembla, the Borandiâns, the Greenlanders, and the natives of Kamskatka, may be considered as one peculiar race of people,

all greatly resembling each other, in their stature, their complexion, their customs, and their ignorance.

The visage in these countries is large and broad, the eyes of a yellowish brown, inclining to blackness, the cheek bones high, the mouth large, the lips thick, the voice squeaking, the head large, the hair black. In stature, generally not above four feet high, and the tallest not above five.

The wretched natives of these climates seem fitted by nature for their situation. As their food is scanty and precarious, their patience in hunger is amazing. A man who has eat nothing for four days, can manage his little canoe in the most furious waves, and calmly subsist in the midst of a tempest, that would quickly dash a European boat to pieces.

Their strength is not less amazing than their patience; a woman among them will carry a piece of timber or a stone, near double the weight of what a European can lift. Their bodies are of a dark gray all over; and their faces brown or olive.

The second great variety in the human species is that of the Tartar race; from whence probably the little men we have been describing originally proceeded. All these nations have the upper part of the visage very broad, and wrinkled even while in youth. Their noses are short and flat, their eyes little and sunk in their heads; their cheek bones high, their teeth of an enormous size, their face broad and flat, the complexion olive coloured, and the hair black.

To this race of men we must refer the Chinese and the Japanese, however different they seem in their manners and ceremonies. It is the form of the body that we are now considering; and there is between these countries a surprizing resemblance.

The third variety in the human species, is that of the Southern Asiatics; the form of whose features may be easily distinguished from those of the Tartar races. They are in general of a slender shape, with long, straight, black hair, and often Roman noses. The Indians are of an olive colour, and in the more southern parts quite black, although the word *Mogul*, in their language, signifies a white man.

Over all India the children arrive sooner at maturity than among us of Europe. They often marry, the husband at ten years old, and the wife at eight; and they frequently have children at that age. However, the women who are mothers so soon, at thirty appear wrinkled, and marked with all the deformities of old age.

The fourth variety is to be found among the negroes of Africa. The negroes in general are of a black colour, with a smooth and soft skin. The hair of their heads woolly and short, their eyes generally of a deep hazle; their noses flat and short; their lips thick and tumid, and their teeth of an ivory whiteness.

The inhabitants of America make a fifth race, as different from all the rest in colour as they are distinct in habitations. The natives of America are of a red or copper colour, except in the northern extremity, where they resemble the Laplanders. They have in general flat noses, with high cheek bones and small eyes; and these deformities of nature they endeavour to increase by art.

The sixth and last variety of the human species is that of the Europeans, and the nations bordering on them. The inhabitants of these countries differ from each other; but they generally agree in the colour of their bodies, the beauty of their complexion, the largeness of their limbs, and the vigor of their understandings.

*Goldsmith.*

Form'd with the same capacity of pain,  
 The same desire of pleasure and of ease,  
 Why feels not man for man!  
 But may the kind contagion widely spread,  
 Till in its flame the unrelenting heart  
 Of avarice melt in softest sympathy—  
 And one bright blaze of universal love  
 In grateful incense rises up to heaven!

*Roscoe.*

**No. 34. Rights and duties of Rulers.**

WE are brothers of the same family, and he only who gave life, has a right to take it away. Rulers are, indeed, accountable to their Creator; they are his ministers, and their business is to interpose their authority to arrest the angry passions; curb the resentments that would kindle into a flame; and suppress the uplifted hand that aims the deadly blow.

If through forgetfulness of their duty; through inattention to their trust; if pride elevates them above their station; if covetousness leads them to barter the lives of their subjects; if ambition prompts them to enlarge their dominions, to enrich their treasury, to try the prowess of their arms; how deep must be their guilt; how awful their condemnation; what an accumulated weight of misery do they draw down upon society and plunge themselves into the gulf of eternal perdition!

There is no statute of indulgences in our religion for rulers; nor any chapter of dispensations for subjects. Their duty is plainly marked out before them; the former are to rule in the fear of God; the latter are to obey for conscience' sake. But it will perhaps be suggested, that national or individual forbearance beyond the strict measure of justice, is calculated to invite aggression and wrong; that national honour is inconsistent with that forbearance which can supplicate at the throne of an inferior.

This view of the subject might have some force to nations or individuals, living beyond the reach of civilized life, without a ray of evangelical knowledge to direct their views, or a spark of divine grace to warm and better the heart. The perverse temper of man in that state of forfeiture which sin has produced, is still susceptible of all that malignity which marks the savage tribe, and arms the angry passions with malice and revenge. But what dishonour and indignity do individuals, or nations, living under the light of the gospel, cast upon their holy profession, when realizing all the advantages of civilized life, and all the excitements of divine wisdom!

They coolly descend from their exalted station, and med-

itate on revenge and death. How do they forfeit their character as Christians, and cast a suspicion on the attributes of that gospel which they profess to revere; how do they dishonour the dignity of that nature which boasts of superior attainments, and drop a shade over the refinements of civilized life!

*Rev. S. Blakslee.*

THE LORD AND THE JUDGE.

THE God of gods stood up—stood up to try  
The assembled gods of earth. “How long,” he said,  
“How long will ye protect impiety,  
And let the vile one raise his daring head?”

’Tis yours my laws to justify—redress  
All wrong, however high the wronger be;  
Nor leave the widow and the fatherless  
To the cold world’s uncertain sympathy.

’Tis yours to guard the steps of innocence,  
To shield the naked head of misery;  
Be ’gainst the strong, the helpless one’s defence,  
And the poor prisoner from his chains to free.”

They hear not—see not—know not—for their eyes  
Are covered with thick mists—they *will* not see:  
The sick earth groans with man’s iniquities,  
And heaven is tired with man’s perversity.

Gods of the earth! ye kings! who answer not  
To man for your misdeeds, and vainly think  
There’s none to judge you:—know, like ours, your lot  
Is pain and death:—ye stand on judgment’s brink.

And ye like fading autumn-leaves will fall;  
Your throne but dust—your empire but a grave—  
Your martial pomp a black funereal pall—  
Your palace trampled by your meanest slave.

God of the righteous! O our God! arise,  
O hear the prayer thy lowly servants bring:  
Judge, punish, scatter, Lord! thy enemies,  
And be alone earth’s universal king.

*Lomonosov.*

**No. 35. Pride not made for Man.**

IF there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the variety of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little super-numerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is liable to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the prejudices, distinctions and titles that reign among them?

Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them! You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers.

He is the richest insect on this side the hillock; he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps a hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all what we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole hill; did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him!

Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all the numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it.

Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age; but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her is a wit. She has broken many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill in the shape of a sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and day-laborers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections, regard all the instances of pride and vanity among our species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth; or in the language of an ingenious French poet; of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions.

*Addison.*

Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms  
Wins public honour, and ten thousand sit  
Patiently present at a sacred song,  
Commemoration mad; content to hear  
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake.

Man praises man. The rabble all alive  
From tipping benches, cellars, stalls, and styes,



Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day,  
A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes.  
Some shout him, and some bang upon his ear,  
To gaze in's eyes, and bless him. Maidens wave  
Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy ;  
While others, not so satisfied, unhorse  
The gilded equipage, and turning loose  
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.  
Why? What has charm'd them? Hath he saved  
the state?

No. Doth he purpose its salvation? No.

Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,  
And dedicate a tribute, in its use  
And just direction sacred, to a thing  
Doom'd to the dust, or lodg'd already there.

*Cowper:*

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### No. 36. Remarks on Patriotism.

WE have all, from our youth up, heard the "love of country" extolled as among the chief virtues. Poets and historians have lifted to the skies the fame of those, whose sufferings or achievements have been thought to prove, that their "love of country" was stronger than that of life. When we read the lives of heroes and statesmen, we find them praised for acts, done for the supposed advantage of their country, which justice and humanity condemn.

The Byzantine, tried at Sparta on a charge of treason, defended himself by alleging the example of "the worthiest men among the Lacedemonians, who had no other rule of justice and honour, but by all possible means to serve their country." So strong, indeed, and overruling was this principle, that the obligations of benevolence and justice were supposed not to extend beyond the limits of one's country, or at most, only to those who were united to it by some especial compact. To be a stranger was to be an enemy.

Some heathen philosophers and moralists, it is true, inculcated a better lesson. But history will attest how

little was the influence of their instructions, when it has recorded, as a wonderful instance of justice in Aristides, that he rejected the treacherous proposal of his less scrupulous rival. It was one of the purposes of Christianity to teach that enlarged benevolence, which embraces all mankind as brethren.

The "love of country" henceforth assumed a subordinate place among the virtues. We might, indeed, bear a peculiar affection to our countrymen, to those of our own household; but in its exercise it must be consistent with the stronger obligations, which belong to us as members of the human family.

There has been a sacredness attached to the name of "country," which has caused men to overlook the injustice of actions in their supposed disinterestedness. Patriotism has been esteemed a social virtue. That, which would be wrong and disgraceful, if done for private good, has been thought praiseworthy, when the actor has gone out of himself, and through suffering and danger has achieved some public advantage.

A Christian, whose moral views are enlightened and pure, governs his affection to his country by the same rules, which restrain him in the gratification of every passion, that seeks principally his own benefit or pleasure. He loves his country much, but virtue more.

He desires her prosperity, but desires more fervently, that she should ever be found in the path of honour and uprightness. Her misfortunes give him pain, but he would be more deeply grieved, if her riches or territory were increased by rapine or unjust war.

His wisdom, his talents, his best services are ever at her disposal, to promote her welfare, and to secure her peace. But to a national enterprize, which his conscience condemns as unjust or oppressive, he will no more lend his aid, than he will sully his private reputation by injustice or fraud. He loves his country's glory; but it is a glory not consisting in splendid victories, nor in giving the law to conquered provinces.

It is that true and only glory, which springs from moral and intellectual worth. He is the same in neglect and obscurity, as in the brightest sunshine of popular favour.

Nay! he hesitates not to do good to his country, though he foresee from his countrymen, misled by passion or prejudice, no reward but suspicion, no distinction but the miserable one of being hated, accursed, persecuted.

But the patriotism, which the world applauds is far different from that, which I have now endeavoured to describe. It is loud and boasting, arrogant, obtrusive, bold. It allows neither justice, humanity, nor truth, to stand in competition with the interests of our country. Is a neighbouring territory wanted for the convenience of our trade, or the security of our frontier, the fashionable language is, that it must be ours. It must be obtained by force, if it cannot be by treaty.

And men, who would be shocked if they heard such an intention imputed to their friend, whose field might be conveniently enlarged by a small addition from a neighbour's grounds, seem not to be aware that they suppose any thing dishonourable of their country, when they express such anticipations.

If the fleets and armies of our country are successful, such patriotism requires of us to rejoice, whether her cause be right or wrong. Nay, more, we must be ready to raise our arm and aid in the slaughter of her enemies, though it be manifest, that those enemies only use the right of self-defence in resisting unjust oppression.

And need I speak of the gross exaggerations, concealments, misstatements and falsehoods of every sort, which are used, not only with impunity, but with approbation, to hide the defeats or to swell the victories of a nation? Strange, that the honour, which is so quick to resent, even to blood, the accusation of a falsehood, should be so dead and palsied to the shame of the crime itself!

It has not been my intention to apply these remarks to any circumstances of our own history, or to speak of these errors as peculiar to this country. Perhaps they exist no where in a less degree. It will not be denied, that false ideas of patriotism, and a false national pride, have had great effect in producing and prolonging wars.

How important then is it, to instil into the minds of youth, sentiments better agreeing with Christian charity! How important, that while they are made to glow with

patriotic fervour ; while their imaginations are warmed by the applauses bestowed by poets and historians on deeds of valour, they should be taught to love and admire the peaceful virtues of the Christian !

*Gallison.*

EXTRACT FROM PARADISE REGAINED.

They praise and they admire they know not what,  
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;  
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,  
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk,  
 Of whom to be dispraised is no small praise ?  
 His lot who dares be singularly good,  
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise  
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.  
 This is true glory and renown, when God  
 Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks  
 The just man, and divulges him through heaven  
 To all his angels, who with true applause  
 Recount his praises.

They err who count it glorious, to subdue  
 By conquest far and wide, to overrun  
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
 Great cities by assault ; what do these worthies  
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter and enslave  
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,  
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
 And all their flourishing works of peace destroy.  
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,  
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,  
 Worshipt with temple, priest and sacrifice !  
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other ;  
 Till conqueror Death discovers them scarce men,  
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,  
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.

*Milton.*

## No. 37. The Elephant.

THE Elephant is well known as the largest and strongest of quadrupeds. The height of a full grown one is from nine to fifteen feet; and the body has been found to weigh four thousand and five hundred pounds.

The trunk is a remarkable organ, peculiar to the elephant. It is a cartilaginous substance, composed of numerous rings, terminating in a small moveable kind of hook; and having the nostrils in its extremity. This proboscis the animal can contract, dilate and bend in any direction. The sense of feeling is centered in this organ; and is as delicate and distinct as in the human species.

His tusks, also, distinguish the elephant in a singular manner. Neither jaw is furnished with fore teeth. Each has four large flat grinders. But in the upper are two enormous tusks, of a solid, white and fine grained substance; which, as they proceed from the gums in which they are rooted, first point forwards, and then bend slightly upwards. These are often seven feet long, and have been found to weigh a hundred and fifty pounds.

Mankind have, in all ages, been at great pains in taming elephants. They are caught in the forests by artifice, dexterity, strength, and terror. They are subdued by threats; and domesticated by kind treatment and caresses; and at last rendered tractable and submissive. Indeed, when tame, the elephant is perhaps the most docile, gentle, and obedient of all animals.

He forms an attachment to his keeper; comprehends signs; learns to distinguish the various tones of the human voice, as expressive of anger, approbation, or command; is even capable of being taught to understand the import of articulate language; adopts in many instances the manners and the sentiments of mankind; discovers a sense of probity and honor, and expects to be honestly dealt with; resents every affront with force and dignity; is generous, grateful, patient, magnanimous, and humane.

*Rev. Dr. Harris.*

None of the forest kind so vast arise  
 When swells the elephant before thine eyes ;  
 Of massive strength his bulky head he rears,  
 And smooth, and short, and concave are his ears.  
 Smaller his eyes than such a bulk demands ;  
 Huge in the midst his trunk projecting stands,  
 Curved, slender, lithe, as grasp of human hands ;  
 This his proboscis named, at will he wields,  
 As nature urges, and despoils the fields.  
 No like proportion in his feet we find ;  
 Before he lifts them higher than behind.  
 Rough, dusky, thick, the skin his frame surrounds,  
 Which not hard iron's piercing sharpness wounds,  
 Fierce and untam'd amidst the shady wood,  
 But mild with men, and of a gentle mood.  
 When midst the flowery lawns and hills he roves,  
 The beeches, olive-trees, and palmy groves,  
 Are crash'd beneath him as he sways around  
 His tusky cheeks, and roots them from the ground.  
 But man's strong hands the furious beast reclaim ;  
 Lost is his anger and his heart is tame,  
 He bears the yoke, his lips the curb obey,  
 Boys stride his back, and point his onward way.  
*Oppian—Elton's translation.*

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O truly wise ! with gentle mind endowed,  
 Though powerful, not destructive ! Here he sees  
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,  
 And empires rise and fall ; regardless he  
 Of what the never-resting race of men  
 Project ; thrice happy could he 'scape their guile  
 Who mine from cruel avarice his steps ;  
 Or with his tovery grandeur swell their state—  
 The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert,  
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,  
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

*Thomson.*

**No. 38. The Hippopotamus.**

THE Hippopotamus is nearly as large as the rhinoceros. The male has been found seventeen feet in length, fifteen in circumference, and seven in height. The head is enormously large, and the jaws extend upwards two feet, and are armed with four cutting-teeth, each of which is twelve inches in length. The body is of a lightish colour, thinly covered with hair. The legs are three feet long. Though amphibious, the hoofs, which are quadrufid, are unconnected with membranes. The hide is so thick and tough as to resist the edge of a sword or sabre.

Unless when accidentally provoked, or wounded, he is never offensive; but when he is assaulted or hurt, his fury against the assailants is terrible. He will attack a boat, break it in pieces with his teeth; or, where the river is not too deep, he will raise it on his back and overset it. If when on shore, he is irritated, he will immediately betake himself to the water, and there, in his native element, manifests all his strength and resolution.

*Harris,*

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Behold my BEHEMOTH his bulk uprear,  
Made by thy Maker, grazing like a steer.  
What strength is seated in each brawny loin!  
What muscles brace his amplitude of groin!  
Huge like a cedar, see his tail arise;  
Large nerves their meshes weave about his thighs;  
His ribs are channels of unyielding brass,  
His chine a bar of iron's hardened mass.  
My sovereign work; and other beasts to awe,  
I with a tusky falchion arm'd his jaw.  
In peaceful majesty of might he goes,  
And on the verdant isles his forage mows;  
Where beasts of every savage name resort,  
And in wild gambols round his greatness sport.  
In moory creeks beside the reedy pools  
Deep plung'd in ooze his glowing flanks he cools,  
Or near the banks enjoys a deeper shade  
Where lotes and willows tremble o'er his head.

No swelling river can his heart dismay,  
 He stalks secure along the watery way ;  
 Or should it heap its swiftly eddying waves  
 Against his mouth, the foaming flood he braves.  
 Go now, thy courage on this creature try,  
 Dare the bold duel, meet his open eye ;  
 In vain ! nor can thy strongest net confine,  
 A strength which yields to no device of thine.

*Scott.*


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### No. 39. Encouragement to use means for preventing War.

THERE is the highest encouragement to use means to prevent the practice of war, for we have a divine promise that the time will come when "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—Though this promise is unchangeable and will be fulfilled, it does not preclude the necessity of using exertion to accomplish this purpose. The promise of God gives us assurance that our labor will not be in vain.

The first prescription we would make as a preparatory step for the abolition of war is to correct public sentiment on this subject. Till this is effected all other measures will be of little avail. Public opinion is the law of a nation. Though most people have deprecated war as the greatest of evils, they appear to have considered it as far beyond remedy, as the convulsions in the natural world, which are produced by the collision of elements.

Public sentiment is not invincible. It has been changed, and it can be changed again. It is believed that the public may be convinced that war is not necessary for the honor, interest, and happiness of a nation ; that peace is more economical, more safe, better calculated for improvement, and for every enjoyment. Let the ambassadors of Christ expose the multiplied crimes of war ; and the guilt and pernicious consequences of nurturing by blood the ferocious passions.



Let them inculcate the necessity of imitating the example of the Prince of Peace; and the necessity of imbibing the pacific spirit of his religion. Let rulers and statesmen realize the worth of human life. Let them consider that the glory of a nation is not to be estimated by the blood, which they have shed; but by the improvement they have made in knowledge, in morals, and in the art of doing good.

Let them publicly disapprove an appeal to arms in any case, as an unjust, cruel, and hazardous method of adjusting difficulties between nations. It is from the leading characters of a country almost all fashions originate, and are supported. Let them introduce the fashion of peace, and support it by example and conversation; and it will soon be sounded through a whole nation. It will be a subject for every society, a motto for every discourse.

Or if a people possess a pacific spirit, let *them* manifest it; and it will counteract the martial spirit of their rulers. It will disarm their hands and tend to ameliorate their hearts. If the greatest and best characters of a nation unite their voices and exertions against the custom of war, their sentiment will gradually prevail. Their spirit will be diffused among the people; and soon the prevailing sentiment, the prevailing spirit will be for peace.

Let dishonor be attached to those who declare war; and to those, who voluntarily carry it on. If it be the general sentiment that those, who are most forward to make war are the most unjust, cruel and pernicious part of mankind; that a field of battle is not a field of glory; but an *aceldama*, a field of blood; that the most brave and skilful in war are not the honor, nor the benefactors of their species; but the destroyers of the best interests of nations; if triumphal arches of victory were covered with black, and adorned with emblems of mourning and presented a label inscribed MURDER, LAMENTATION, and WO, many of the secret springs of war would be broken; the arm of the warrior would be unnerved; and but few would repair to the field, which yielded nothing but wreaths of Cypress and ensigns of dishonor.

It will produce good effect and tend to accomplish our present purpose to teach our children and youth the ben-

efits of peace; and instil into their tender minds the principle of benevolence towards their species. When we discover anger and revenge breaking out into quarrels with their companions, we ought not only to prevent the combat, but we ought to teach them the criminality, the pernicious consequences, the disgrace of contention.

If we refer them to the ferocious temper and practice of brutes; to the wrangling of the very dregs of society; if we teach them the pacific principles of the Gospel, and accompany our instructions by the disposition we inculcate, they will probably contract an aversion to contention, attach disgrace to quarrels, and carry up with them to mature age the impressions and sentiments which they received in childhood.

When they arrive at maturity, and take a general view of the relationship of communities and of nations, they will apply, upon a general scale, those principles, by which they had early practised in their little spheres. If we do not succeed with those, who are accustomed to war, by exciting their aversion and opposition to it, there is still hope of success with the rising generation.

If we cannot move the stubborn oak, which has braved many a tempest, we can bend, at our pleasure, the pliant shoot rising by its side. Here let us ply our exertions; and the rising generation will probably do more for the peace of the world than all their fathers have done; and they will look back with astonishment that a spirit of war had lived so long.

*Rev. H. Moore.*

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Avaunt, from Albion's isle, nor there  
 Thy arms and madd'ning car prepare,  
 Nor bid thy crimson banners fly,  
 Terrific through the troubled sky;  
 But stay thee in thy wild career;  
 Lay by thy glittering shield and spear,  
 Thy polish'd casque, and nodding crest,  
 And let thy sable steeds have rest;  
 At length the work of slaughter close,  
 And give to Europe's sons repose,  
 Bid the hoarse clangors of the trumpet cease,  
 And smooth thy wrinkled front to meet the smiles  
 of Peace.

*Herald of Peace.*

**No. 40. Reflections on Fireworks.**

I AM considering how most of the great phenomena or appearances in nature, have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder has grown a common drug among chymists. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occasion for a lambent flame, you have whole sheets of it in a handful of phosphor. Showers of rain are to be met with in every waterwork; and we are informed that some years ago the virtuosos of France covered a little vault with artificial snow, which they made to fall above an hour together for the entertainment of his present majesty.

I am led into this train of thinking by the noble firework that was exhibited last night on the Thames. You might there see a little sky filled with innumerable blazing stars and meteors. Nothing could be more astonishing than the pillars of flame, clouds of smoke, and multitudes of stars mingled together in such agreeable confusion. Every rocket ended in a constellation, and strewed the air with such a shower of silver spangles, as opened and enlightened the whole scene from time to time.

I seldom see any thing that raises wonder in me which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I have seen, I could not forbear reflecting on the insignificancy of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought I considered a comet, or, in the language of the vulgar, a blazing star, as a sky-rocket discharged by a hand that is Almighty.

Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680, and if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon-ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourscore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought it is to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity, and at the same time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it! that it should move in

such inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity.

How spacious must the universe be that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion! What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of ether, and running their appointed courses!

Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the mean time they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of Infinite Wisdom and Power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and of all the little works of human invention.

*Addison.*

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'Twas God who form'd the rolling spheres,  
 And stretch'd the boundless skies;  
 Who form'd the plan of endless years,  
 And bade the ages rise.  
 From everlasting is his might,  
 Immense and unconfined;  
 He pierces through the realms of light,  
 And rides upon the wind.

*Liverpool Collection.*

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### **No. 41. Citizens of New England bound to support liberty and correct abuses.**

WE are bound to maintain public liberty, and by the example of our own systems, to convince the world, that order, and law, religion and morality, the rights of conscience, the rights of persons and the rights of property, may all be preserved and secured, in the most perfect manner, by a government entirely and purely elective. If we fail in this, our disaster will be signal, and will

furnish an argument, stronger than has yet been found, in support of those opinions which maintain that government can rest safely on nothing but power and coercion.

As far as experience may show errors in our establishments, we are bound to correct them; and if any practices exist, contrary to the principles of justice and humanity, within the reach of our laws or our influence, we are inexcusable if we do not exert ourselves to restrain and abolish them.

I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest, that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must forever revolt—I mean the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade.

At the moment when God, in his mercy, has blessed the Christian world with an universal peace, there is reason to fear, that to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts no sentiment of humanity or justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control.

In the sight of our law, the African slave trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of heaven an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt.

There is no brighter part of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government, at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England, to co-operate with the laws of man and the justice of heaven.

If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit, that the land of the pilgrims should bear the shame longer.

I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those, who, by stealth, and at midnight, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark,

as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture.

Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice, and all who minister at her altar, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of our religion, that they proclaim its denunciation of these crimes and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent whenever, or wherever, there may be a sinner bloody with this guilt, within the hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its trust.

I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates which ever infested them. That ocean, which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll along its treasures with a conscious pride; that ocean, which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil; what is it to the victim of this oppression, when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it, for the first time, from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes?

What is it to him, but a wide spread prospect of suffering, anguish and death? Nor do the skies smile longer, nor is the air longer fragrant to him. Then sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and accursed traffic has cut him off in his manhood, or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.

The Christian communities send forth their emissaries of religion and letters, who stop, here and there, along the coast of the vast continent of Africa, and, with painful and tedious efforts, make some almost imperceptible progress in the communication of knowledge, and in the general improvement of the natives who are immediately about them.

Not thus slow and imperceptible is the transmission of the vices and bad passions which the subjects of Christian states carry to the land. The slave trade having touched the coast, its influence and its evils spread, like a pestilence, over the whole continent, making savage wars more savage, and more frequent, and adding new and fierce passions to the contests of barbarians.

I pursue this topic no farther, except again to say, that all Christendom being now blessed with peace, is bound by every thing which belongs to its character, and to the character of the present age, to put a stop to this inhuman and disgraceful traffic.

*Webster.*

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CHARITY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

Fairest and foremost of the train that wait  
On man's most dignified and happiest state,  
Whether we name it Charity or Love,  
Chief grace below and all in all above.

God ever working on a social plan,  
By various ties attaches man to man :  
He made at first, though free and unconfined,  
One man the common father of the kind ;  
That every tribe though placed as he sees best,  
Where seas or deserts part them from the rest,  
Differing in language, manners, or in face  
Might feel themselves allied to all their race.

Again—the band of commerce was design'd  
To associate all the branches of mankind ;  
And if a boundless plenty be the robe,  
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.

Heaven speed the canvass gallantly unfurl'd  
To furnish and accommodate a world,  
To give the poles the product of the sun,  
And knit the unsocial climates into one.

But ah ! what wish can prosper, or what prayer,  
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,

Who drive a loathsome traffic, gauge, and span,  
 And buy the muscles and the bones of man.  
 The tender ties of father, husband, friend,  
 All bonds of nature in that moment end ;  
 And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,  
 A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.  
 Canst thou, and honour'd with a Christian name,  
 Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame ?  
 Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead  
 Expedience as a warrant for the deed ?  
 So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold  
 To quit the forest and invade the fold :  
 So may the ruffian, who with ghostly glide,  
 Dagger in hand, steals close to your bedside ;  
 Not he, but his emergence, forced the door,  
 He found it inconvenient to be poor.

He from whose hand all power proceeds,  
 Ranks its abuse among the foulest deeds,  
 Considers *all* injustice with a frown,  
 But *marks* the man that treads his fellow down.

*Cowper.*

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## No 42. Humanity to captives improved.

IN former times, the usages of war permitted captives to be killed or enslaved. As civilization has advanced, more humanity has been shown to prisoners of war. In the present age, to treat captives with kindness is regarded as a point of honor ; and none but barbarians, or officers of a savage disposition, will permit prisoners to be either murdered or abused.

It seems to be a common opinion among military men and the advocates for war, that soldiers and subordinate officers, are not liable to blame, for any thing done by them in conformity to orders from their rulers or generals. This opinion is extended alike to both parties in a contest.

However wanton, unnecessary, or unjust a war may be in its origin, or however cruel in its operations, the rulers or the commanding generals are regarded as the *scape*



goats, to bear away all the iniquities of the contest; and the under officers and soldiers are praised, as having done their duty in committing the most atrocious acts of violence, injustice, and depredation.

Accordingly, in the most horrid conflicts, if a party of the troops on one side are taken by the other, they are treated with kindness, as brave fellows, who had been unfortunate in the discharge of their duty.

We are far from objecting to the most humane treatment of captives. We regard them as truly objects of compassion, misled by the influence of education, in respect to the nature of public war. But, from the facts and sentiments before us, some light may be derived, by which the principles of humanity may have a more extensive operation.

If humanity requires that prisoners should be kindly treated, because they are not the *authors* of the war, why should not the principle be so far extended, as to exempt them from being called on to hazard their lives in battle?

If, even after they have fought and done all the injury in their power to the people of another country, they are still to be regarded as innocent, and entitled to kind treatment, from the party that may happen to capture them, had they not a just claim, before they engaged in the war, to be exempted by their own rulers from hazarding their lives in a quarrel which they had no hand in producing?

On what principle of justice can two armies of innocent men be called into a field of battle to murder one another? On what principle of reason or humanity can their respective rulers or generals excite in them the spirit of hostility or revenge, and then require them to shed each other's blood?

We may as reasonably deny the existence of any such principle as moral justice, or any such being as a righteous Governor of the Universe, as to suppose that armies of men can, without guilt, meet in a field of battle and butcher one another.

In all such cases there must be an enormous amount of guilt some where. If the soldiers and subordinate officers are to be deemed innocent, how awful is the responsibility of those by whose agency and control these innocent persons engage in the work of mutual violence and destruction.

**No. 43. Extracts from Russian poetry.**

## AUTUMN.

THE dry leaves are falling ;  
 The cold breeze above  
 Has stript of its glories  
 The sorrowing grove.

The hills are all weeping,  
 The field is a waste,  
 The songs of the forest  
 Are silent and past :

And the songsters are vanished ;  
 In armies they fly,  
 To a clime more benignant,  
 A friendlier sky.

The thick mists are veiling  
 The valley in white :  
 With the smoke of the village  
 They blend in their flight.

And lo ! on the mountain  
 The wanderer stands,  
 And sees the pale autumn  
 Pervading the lands.

Thou sorrowful wanderer,  
 Sigh not—nor weep !  
 For nature, though shrouded,  
 Will wake from her sleep.

The spring, proudly smiling,  
 Shall all things revive ;  
 And gay bridal-garments  
 Of splendor shall give.

But man's chilling winter  
 Is darksome and dim ;  
 For no second spring-tide  
 E'er dawns upon him.

The gloom of his evening,  
Time dissipates never :  
His sun when departed  
Is vanisht for ever.

*Karamsin.*

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But hark ! my Karamsin,  
The Savior has risen :  
A pledge and a promise  
To good men are given,  
That they too shall revive—  
To glory ascend—  
Enjoy second spring-tide,  
Which never shall end.

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RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF THE HEART AND  
UNDERSTANDING.

Mark where thou standest first : and whence thou'rt  
come,  
And whither goest, and straight speed thee home.

The *woe to come*, the *woe that's gone*,  
Philosophy thinks calmly on :  
But show me the philosopher  
Who calmly bears the woes that *are*.

How wise is he who marks the fleeting day  
By acts of virtue as it rolls away !

Be all thy views right forward, clear, and even :  
'The straightest line the soonest leads to heaven.

Thou wouldst count all things proud philosophy,  
Now measure space and weigh eternity !

First purify thy heart : then light thy mind  
With wisdom's lamp, and thou pure bliss shalt find.

Virtue, though loveliest of all lovely things,  
 From modesty apart no more is fair ;  
 And when her graceful veil aside she flings,  
 (Like ether opened to th' intrusive air)  
 Loses her sweetest charms and stands a cypher there.  
*Bobrov.*

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## CHILDREN'S OFFERING ON A PARENT'S BIRTH-DAY.

Not the first tribute of our lyre,  
 Not the first fruits of infant spring,  
 But flames from love's long kindled fire,  
 And oft-repeated prayers we bring  
To crown thy natal day.

'Tis not to-day that first we tell  
 (When was affection's spirit mute ?)  
 How long our hearts have loved—how well—  
 Nor tune our soft and votive flute,  
Nor light the altar's ray.

That altar is our household shrine—  
 Its flame—the bosom's kindly heat :  
 Its offering, sympathy divine ;  
 Its incense, as the may-dew sweet !  
Accept thy children's lay.  
*Bobrov.*

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## THE GOLDEN PALACE.

THE golden palace of my God  
 'Tow'ring above the clouds I see :  
 Beyond the cherubs' bright abode,  
 Higher than angels' thoughts can be :  
 How can I in those courts appear  
 Without a wedding garment on ?  
 Conduct me, Thou life-giver, there,  
 Conduct me to Thy glorious throne !  
 And clothe me with Thy robes of light,  
 And lead me through sin's darksome night,  
My Saviour and my God !  
*Bobrov.*

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

*Why hast thou forsaken me?*

WHY, thou never-setting light,  
Is Thy brightness veiled from me?  
Why does this unusual night  
Cloud Thy blest benignity?  
I am lost without Thy ray,  
Guide my wandering footsteps, Lord!  
Light my dark and erring way  
To the noon-tide of Thy word!

*Bobrov.*

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**No. 44. A volcano rising from the bottom  
of the ocean.**

MANY instances have occurred of islands having been formed in the midst of the sea. Their sudden appearance has been preceded by violent agitations of the surrounding waters, accompanied by dreadful noises, and sometimes by fiery eruptions from the newly formed isles.

On the 22 of May, 1707, a severe earthquake was felt at Stanchio, an island of the Archipelago. On the ensuing morning a party of seamen, discovering, not far off, what they believed to be a wreck, rowed towards it.

But finding rocks and earth instead of the remains of a ship, hastened back, and spread the news of what they had seen in Santorini, another of these islands. However great the apprehensions of the inhabitants were at the first sight, in a few days some of them ventured to land on the new island.

Their curiosity led them from rock to rock where they found a kind of white stone, which yielded to the knife like bread. They also found many oysters sticking to the rocks; but while they were collecting them, the island moved and shook—on which they ran to their boats. Amid these motions the island increased in height, length and breadth.

On the 16th of July, smoke first appeared, not indeed on the island, but from a ridge of black stones which suddenly rose about 60 paces from it, where the depth of the sea was unfathomable. Thus there were two separate islands, one called the White, and the other the Black island.

In the night between the 19th and 20th of July, flames began to issue with the smoke, to the great terror of the inhabitants of Santorini. The burning island increased very fast, large rocks daily springing up, which sometimes added to its length and sometimes to its breadth.

On the 31st of July, the sea smoked and bubbled in two different places near the island, where the water formed a perfect circle, and looked like oil when beginning to simmer.

On the 7th of August, a different noise was heard, resembling that of large stones thrown into a deep well. This noise was succeeded by another much louder, nearly resembling thunder.

On the 9th of September, the White and Black islands united. There were now four openings only which emitted flames. These issued forth with great impetuosity, sometimes attended with a noise like a great organ pipe, and sometimes like the howling of wild beasts.

On the 18th of September an earthquake was felt at Santorini. It did but little damage, although it considerably enlarged the burning island, and in several places gave vent to the fire and smoke.

On the 21st a dreadful clap of subterraneous thunder was followed by very powerful lightnings; and at the same instant the new island was so violently shaken, that part of the great furnace fell down, and huge burning rocks were thrown to the distance of two miles and upwards.

On the 16th of February a pretty strong earthquake was felt at Santorini, which the inhabitants considered as a prelude to greater commotions in the burning island; nor were they deceived, for soon after the fire and smoke issued in prodigious quantities.

The thunder-like claps were redoubled, and all was horror and confusion; rocks of amazing size were raised

up to a great height above the water; and the sea raged and boiled to such a degree as to occasion great consternation.

The 15th of April was rendered memorable by the number and violence of the bellowings and eruptions—by one of which nearly a hundred stones were thrown at the same instant into the air, and fell again into the sea at about two miles distant.

On the 15th of July, 1709, the Bishop of Santorini, accompanied by several friars, hired a boat to take a near view of the island. They made directly toward it on the side where the sea did not bubble, but where it smoked very much.

The fires which continued to burn, and the boiling of the sea obliged them to make a great circuit. When they had proceeded to within the distance of 100 yards, the great furnace discharged itself, and the wind blew upon them so dense a smoke, and so heavy a shower of ashes, that they were obliged to abandon their design.

On their return to Santorini, they observed that the heat of the water had melted the greater part of the pitch employed in caulking their boat, which had now become leaky.

*Clarke.*

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Beneath the waves, around the sky,  
There's not a place, or deep or high,  
Where the Creator has not trod  
And left the footsteps of a God.

*Watts.*

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## No. 45. Address to God in view of his Works.

O MY God, if the greater number of mankind do not discover Thee in that glorious show of nature which Thou hast placed before our eyes, it is not because Thou art far from any one of us. Thou art present to us more than any object which we touch with our hands; but our senses,

and the passions they produce in us, turn our attention from Thee.

Thy light shines in the midst of darkness, but the darkness comprehends it not. Thou, O Lord, dost every way display Thyself. Thou shinest in all Thy works, but art not regarded by heedless and unthinking man. The whole creation talks aloud of Thee, and echoes with the repetitions of thy holy name. But such is our insensibility, that we are deaf to the great and universal voice of nature.

Thou art every where about us, and within us; but we wander from ourselves, become strangers to our own souls, and do not apprehend Thy presence. O Thou who art the eternal fountain of light and beauty, the ancient of days, without beginning and without end; O Thou who art the life of all that truly live, those can never fail to find Thee who seek for Thee within themselves.

But alas! the very gifts which Thou bestowest upon us do so employ our thoughts, that they hinder us from perceiving the hand, which conveys them to us. We live by Thee, and yet we live without thinking of Thee. But, O Lord, what is life in the ignorance of Thee!

That beauty which Thou hast poured out on Thy creation, is a veil which hides Thee from our eyes. As Thou art a being too pure and exalted to pass through our senses, Thou art not regarded by men, who have debased their nature, and have made themselves like the beasts that perish.

So infatuated are they, that notwithstanding they know what is wisdom and virtue, which have neither sound, nor colour, nor smell, nor taste, nor figure, nor any other sensible quality, they can doubt of Thy existence, because thou art not apprehended by the grosser organs of sense. Wretches that we are! we consider shadows as realities, and truth as a phantom!

That which is nothing is all to us; and that which is all, appears to us nothing. What do we see in all nature but Thee, O my God! Thou, and only Thou, appearest in every thing. When I consider Thee, O Lord, I am swallowed up, and lost in contemplation. Every thing besides Thee, even my own existence vanishes and disappears in the contemplation of Thee.



I am lost to myself, and fall into nothing, when I think on Thee. The man who does not see Thee, has beheld nothing; he who does not taste Thee, has a relish for nothing. His being is vain, and his life but a dream. Set up Thyself, O Lord, set up Thyself, that we may behold Thee.

How unhappy is that soul, who, without a sense of Thee, has no God, no hope, no comfort to support him! But how happy the man who searches, sighs, and thirsts after Thee! But he only is fully happy, on whom Thou liftest up the light of Thy countenance, whose tears Thou hast wiped away, and who enjoys in Thy loving-kindness the completion of all his desires.

How long, how long, O Lord, shall I wait for that day, when I shall possess, in Thy presence, fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore? O my God, in this pleasing hope, my bones rejoice and cry out, Who is like unto Thee! My heart melts away, and my soul faints within me when I look up to Thee, who art the God of my life, and my portion to all eternity.

*Fenelon.*

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Eternal Source of every joy!  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear,  
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;  
By thee the sun is taught to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.

Seasons and months, and weeks and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.

*Doddridge.*

## No. 46. Heights of remarkable Mountains.

THE White Mountains of New Hampshire exceed in height all the other mountains of New England. Five of these are estimated at more than 5,000 feet. Mount Washington, the highest of the range, is 6,634.

In the Western part of North America, Fair Weather Mountain is reported at 8,970—and St. Elias at 12,672 feet in height.

In Europe, there are 27 mountains which are supposed to exceed 10,000 feet. Mont Blanc in Switzerland, the highest European mountain, is estimated at 15,680.

In Africa, there are 8 mountains whose height is 10,000 feet or upwards. The Peak of Teneriffe is considered as the highest of the known mountains in that quarter of the globe. This is estimated at 15,397 feet.

In South America, there are 31 mountains which exceed 10,000 feet; 27 which exceed 15,000; and 9 which are estimated at 20,000 or upwards. Chimborazo, the highest of the Andes, is supposed to be 20,892 feet.

For a long time Chimborazo was regarded as the highest mountain in either quarter of the world; but in later years it has been discovered, that the Himmaleh, or Himalaya mountains of Asia, exceed the Andes in height by several thousand feet.

In this range of Asiatic mountains, 13 peaks are represented as more than 22,000 feet in height; and the highest of the 13 is estimated by some at 25,669—by others at more than 28,000.

These majestic heights display the power of him who “weigheth the mountains in scales,” and whose “tender mercies are over all his works.” What a privilege to have this Almighty and Beneficent God for a friend! Such a privilege is possessed by all who love and obey him.

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Let heaven arise, let earth appear!  
Said the Almighty Lord;  
The heaven arose, the earth appear'd,  
At his creating word.

Fair in the Almighty Maker's eye,  
The whole creation stood ;  
He viewed the fabric he had raised,  
His word pronounced it good.

*Watts.*

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So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,  
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky ;  
Th' eternal snows appear already past,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last ;  
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey  
The growing labors of the lengthen'd way,  
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,  
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

*Pope.*

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### No. 47. On the death of a Friend.

NOTHING is more evident than that the decays of age must terminate in death ; yet there is no man, says *Tully*, who does not believe that he may yet live another year ; and there is none who does not, upon the same principle, hope another year for his parent or his friend : but the fallacy will be in time detected ; the last year, the last day, must come. It has come, and is past. The life which made my own life pleasant is at an end, and the gates of death are shut upon my prospects.

The loss of a friend upon whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wish and endeavor tended, is a state of dreary desolation, in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itself, and finds nothing but emptiness and horror. The blameless life, the artless tenderness, the pious simplicity, the modest resignation, the patient sickness, and the quiet death, are remembered only to add value to the loss, to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended, to deepen sorrow for what cannot be recalled.

These are the calamities by which Providence gradually disengages us from the love of life. Other evils fortitude may repel, or hope may mitigate ; but irreparable priva-

tion leaves nothing to exercise resolution, or flatter expectation. The dead cannot return, and nothing is left us here but languishment and grief.

Yet such is the course of nature, that whoever lives long must outlive those whom he loves and honors. Such is the condition of our present existence, that life must one time lose its associations, and every inhabitant of the earth must walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any interested witness of his misfortune or success.

Misfortune, indeed, he may yet feel; for where is the bottom of the misery of man? But what is success to him that has none to enjoy it? Happiness is not found in self-contemplation; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the state of departed souls, because, such knowledge is not necessary to a good life. Reason deserts us at the brink of the grave, and can give no further intelligence. Revelation is not wholly silent. *There is joy in the angels of Heaven over one sinner that repenteth*; and surely this joy is not incommunicable to souls disentangled from the body, and made like angels.

Let hope, therefore, dictate what revelation does not confute, that the union of souls may still remain; and that we who are struggling with sin, sorrow, and infirmities, may have our part in the attention and kindness of those who have finished their course, and are now receiving their reward.

These are the great occasions which force the mind to take refuge in religion; when we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater power? and to what hope may we not raise our eyes and hearts, when we consider that the greatest Power is the BEST?

Surely there is no man, who, thus afflicted, does not seek succour in the *gospel*, which has brought *life and immortality to light*. The precepts of *Epicurus*, which teach us to endure what the laws of the universe make necessary, may silence but not content us. The dictates of *Zeno*, which command us to look with indifference on external things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it.

Real alleviation of the loss of friends, and rational tranquillity in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promises of Him in whose hands are life and death, and from the assurance of another and better state, in which all tears will be wiped from the eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy. Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but Religion only can give patience. *Johnson.*

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## ABSENT FRIENDS.

When pleasure lags at music's strain  
And mirth assails the heart in vain ;  
To pensive thoughts the bosom bends,  
And finds a theme in *Absent Friends.*

Remembrance then unfolds its store ;  
Affection's tales oft told before,  
And Fancy magic visions lends,  
To catch a view of *Absent Friends.*

Pale apprehension starts with fear,  
Some sad vicissitude to hear ;  
And hope with causeless terrour blends,  
For fate unknown of *Absent Friends.*

The parent fond, the duteous child,  
The feeling heart by love beguil'd,  
Each to kind heaven a boon commends,  
That heaven be kind to *Absent Friends.*

Constrain'd through distant climes to roam,  
Far from the sympathies of home ;  
My soul its fervent wishes sends,  
And circles round its *Absent Friends.*

But joy shall spread a brighter train,  
And mirth indulge its freest strain,  
The happy day which absence ends,  
And gives me back my *much-lov'd Friends.*

*Catskill Recorder*

**No. 48. Kentucky Cavern.**

FOR a very interesting account of this stupendous cave, we are indebted to Dr. Nahum Ward, who published it in the Monthly Magazine of October, 1816.

It is situated in Warren county, and in a territory not mountainous. The opening is from 40 to 50 feet high, about 30 in width; from which it is about a mile to the first *hoppers*, where a manufactory for saltpetre is established.

Thence to the second *hoppers*, two miles from the entrance, it is 40 feet in width and 60 in height. In advancing, the avenue leads from the second *hoppers*, west, one mile, thence southwest to the chief area, which is 6 miles from the entrance.

"When," says the Doctor, "I reached this area, called the chief city, which contains upwards of 8 acres, without a single pillar to support the arch, which is entire over the whole, I was struck dumb with astonishment.

"Nothing can be more sublime and grand than this place, covered with one solid arch at least one hundred feet high and to all appearance entire."

Having entered the area, the Doctor perceived five large avenues leading from it, from 60 to 100 feet in width, and about 40 in height. The first was traversed for more than two miles; when a second was taken, which led more than two miles further.

These windings at length brought the party by another avenue to the chief city again. Having reposed, for a few moments, they departed a second time through an avenue, almost north, and having proceeded upwards of two miles they came to the second city.

This is covered with a single arch, nearly 200 feet high in the centre. They crossed it, and descended through an avenue, nearly a mile, and came to a third area, about 100 feet square and 50 in height, which had a pure stream of water issuing from the side of a wall about 30 feet high.

The party entered another avenue, of uncommonly black hue, somewhat more than a mile, when they ascended a steep hill about sixty yards, to the walls of a fourth city, having an arch which covers at least six acres.

In this last avenue, the extremity of which cannot be less than four miles from the chief city and ten from the mouth of the cavern, are upwards of twenty large piles of saltpetre earth on the one side, and broken limestone heaped up on the other, evidently the work of human hands.

Having entered the 5th and last avenue from the chief city, and proceeded about 900 yards, they came to the fifth area, the arch of which covers upwards of four acres of level ground, strewed with lime-stones, and having fire beds of an uncommon size, surrounded by brands of cane.

Another avenue on the opposite side led to one of still greater capacity, the walls or sides more perfect than any that had been noticed, running almost due south for nearly a mile and a half, with an elegant arch.

While the Doctor was sketching the plan of the cave one of his guides called on him to follow. He was led to a vertical passage which opened into a chamber at least 1800 feet in circumference, and the centre of the arch was 150 feet in height.

In the vicinity of the "haunted chamber," the sound of a cataract was heard; at the extremity of the avenue was a reservoir of water, clear and grateful to the taste. Here the air was pure and delightful.

Not far from the reservoir, an avenue presented itself, in which were seen several columns of the most brilliant spar, 60 or 70 feet in height, standing in basins of water, which, as well as the columns, surpassed in splendor and beauty, every similar work of art the Doctor had ever seen.

All, he observes, who have any knowledge of this cave, conjecture that Green River, a stream navigable several hundred miles, passes over three of its branches.

*Clarke's Wonders.*

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There is a God all nature speaks,  
Through earth and air, and seas and skies;  
See from the clouds his glory breaks,  
When the first beams of morning rise!

What man that views creation round,  
 Can fail to own Almighty power?  
 Confess the God with awe profound,  
 Come, bow before him and adore.

*Mrs. Steele.*

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Tempests and winds that sweep the sky,  
 Caverns and mountains bare,  
 Earthquakes and storms, and swelling waves,  
 Thy grandeur all declare.

Through all creation's widest range  
 The hand of Heaven is near;  
 Where'er we wander in the world,  
 Lo! God is present there.

*Jervis.*

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## No. 49. On the celebration of victories.

*Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, —  
 Lest the Lord see it and it displease him.*

THERE is, perhaps, no point relating to war, the discussion of which would be more likely to give offence, than that of celebrating victories. For in every nation, whether Pagan, Mahometan or Christian, some mode of celebration has been customary; and the custom has been countenanced by men of respectability both in church and state.

The modes of celebration have indeed been various in different ages and different countries; but there seems to have been a very general belief that some mode of exultation and triumph is proper and justifiable.

The Roman triumphs are now generally censured as inhuman. But they were once as popular as any mode of celebration now is among Christians. From this fact, we may infer a probability that every mode of celebration which is popular in the present age, will, in a more improved state of society, be regarded with as much abhorrence, as we now look back on the the triumphs of Rome.



Let it then be seriously asked, in what light are the usual celebrations of victories to be regarded? Whose praises are celebrated on such occasions? Are the offerings usually made to God, or to men? Are they *religious* offerings, or are they *irreligious*? Is the conduct of people, on such occasions, usually such that a benevolent God can regard it with complacency?

Can the kind Father of all be pleased to see a company of his children exulting in a conquest, which they have obtained by the slaughter and misery of thousands of their brethren? Is a conquest obtained at the expense of rivers of human blood, and the sufferings of an indefinite number of fellow beings, a proper occasion for festivity, mirth and triumph?

Do we believe that our heavenly Father is such a blood-thirsty being, that he can have complacency in scenes like these! If we regard the sacrifices as offerings to the Lord, may he not justly address us in the language of reproof—“*Who hath required this at your hand?*” *I hate your festivals*—“YOUR HANDS ARE FULL OF BLOOD.”

But if these celebrations are not offerings to the Lord, to whom, or to what are they made? If they are made to men, what is the custom better than idolatry or paganism?

Again, what is the *tendency* of such celebrations? Do they excite love and gratitude to the great Preserver of men? Do they excite those tender affections which the children of God should exercise towards all their brethren?

Do they excite and cherish that heavenly charity, which is “long-suffering and kind, which envieth not, which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own?”

Are they productive of temperance in all things, and that meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price? Let conscience answer these questions, as in the presence of him who will be our judge.

If these scenes of celebration have not a pious and benevolent tendency, but the contrary, can they be worthy of a Christian people, or be justified on Christian principles?

There is one view of the subject which should be more

distinctly considered. The glaring *inhumanity* implied in such celebrations, is enough to fill every reflecting and benevolent mind with horror. Great victories are usually obtained by great slaughter.

The rulers of nations call together armies of men, who have not the least ground of complaint against each other, and no enmity but what has been excited by the most unjustifiable means. These armies are then urged and commanded to shed each others blood. They fight for fame, for plunder, or to please their rulers. Thousands fall on each side, and thousands more are tortured with wounds.

Parents are made childless, children fatherless, and wives converted into widows. But one of these armies gains a victory, and this victory is celebrated with festivity, pomp, parade and triumph.—Can any thing, but the horrors of the field of battle, be more revolting to a benevolent mind!

Had none fallen but the declared enemies of the victors, the triumph would be both inhuman and anti-christian. What then shall we say, when hundreds or thousands have also been slaughtered on the part of the victorious army; and an indefinite number converted into mourners, and filled with anxiety and wo!

If it be the object of such celebrations to divert the attention of people from the crimes and horrors of war—to prevent all serious reflection on the subject—to bewilder and intoxicate the minds of the multitude, and prepare them for future havock; it cannot be denied that the means is adapted to the end. But is it possible to believe, that “with such sacrifices God is well pleased?”

It will probably be said, that celebrations are necessary to keep alive martial ardour, and that if they should be discarded, the spirit of military heroism would soon languish and expire. Be it even so; the sooner it shall die the better. Happy for the world will be the time, when it shall be both dead and buried.

For what must be the nature of that spirit, which requires such inhumanity to nourish and keep it alive? and which will offer *human sacrifices* by thousands, if its ferocious exploits can be celebrated by an *inhuman triumph!*

This spirit, instead of being a protection and a blessing to mankind, is the *curse* of nations, the *mildew* of the universe. It blasts or renders insecure the fairest earthly prospects of the human family; and it costs more to feed and support it, than would be requisite to keep a regular, pacific free-school, for every ten families on the face of the earth, and to preserve peace throughout the world.

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Among the beasts

Of prey, not one so vile as favour'd man.

*Beasts kill for food; man kills for fame!* Those spare

Their kindred race—wolves rarely wolves destroy.

But men—O shame; in armed myriads meet

To murder men! and make of war on their

Own kind, a monstrous species of renown!

The battle won, then comes the festival—

The horrid, joyful, maddening feast of blood.

While myriads slain o'erspread the field,—while groans

Of mangled men resound through all the plain,—

While fathers mourn the loss of sons, and sons

Their fathers mourn,—and widows wail

Their husbands lost;—midst such appalling scenes,

The Christian murderers feast and shout, and rend

The air with loud, and long, and mad huzzas!

So savage tribes exult in cruel deeds,

And mingle yells of joy with dying groans.

Is not the warring Christian savage still?

*Repository.*

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## No. 50. Ice Islands and Ice Bergs.

MANY of these fluctuating islands are met with on the coasts of Spitsbergen, to the great danger of the vessels employed in the Greenland fishery. In the midst of these tremendous masses, navigators have been arrested and frozen to death.

The vast islands of floating ice, which abound in the high southern latitudes, are a proof that they are visited with a much severer degree of cold, than equal latitudes towards the north pole.

Captain Cook, in his second voyage, fell in with one of those Islands in latitude  $50^{\circ} 40'$  south. It was about 50 feet high, and half a mile in circuit. In the afternoon of the same day, the 10th of December, 1773, he fell in with another about 2000 feet in length, 400 in breadth, and in height 200 feet.

In his third attempt to proceed southward, in January, 1774, on the 26th of that month, his officers discovered a solid ice-field of immense extent. A bed of fragments floated around this field, which was raised several feet above the water.

Ninety seven ice islands were distinctly seen within the field, besides those on the outside; many of them very large, and looking like a ridge of mountains, rising one above the other, until they were lost in the clouds.

The most elevated and most ragged of these ice islands were surmounted by peaks, and were from two to three hundred feet in height, with perpendicular cliffs or sides astonishing to behold.

The collision of great fields of ice, in high latitudes, is often attended by a noise which, for a time, takes away the sense of hearing any thing beside; and that of the smaller fields, with a grinding of unspeakable horror.

The water, which dashes against the mountainous ice, freezes into an infinite variety of forms, and presents to the admiring view of the voyager ideal towns, streets, churches, steeples, and almost every form which imagination can picture to itself.

Analogous to the ice fields, described above, are those large bodies of ice, named Ice Bergs, which fill the valleys between the high mountains in northern latitudes. Among the most remarkable are those of the east coast of Spitzbergen.

They are seven in number, and lie at considerable distances from each other, extending through tracts unknown, in a region totally inaccessible in the internal parts.

The most distant of them exhibits over the sea a front

300 feet in height, emulating the colour of emerald: cataracts of melted snow fall down in various parts, and black spiral mountains, streaked with white, bound the sides, rising crag above crag, as far as the eye can reach in the back ground.

At times, immense fragments break off, and precipitate themselves into the water with a most alarming dashing. A portion of this vivid green substance was seen by lord Mulgrave, to fall into the sea; and, notwithstanding it grounded in twenty four fathoms water, it spired above the surface 50 feet.

These ice bergs are the creation of ages, and acquire annually additional height by falls of snow and rain, which latter often freezes instantly, and more than repairs the loss occasioned by the influence of the sun's heat.

*Clarke.*

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,  
Descend and clothe the ground;  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.

When from his dreadful stores on high  
He pours the rattling hail,  
The wretch who dares his God defy,  
Shall find his courage fail.

*Watts.*

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## No. 51. A Noble Monument.

IN past ages, the world has been in the habit of bestowing its highest praises on martial deeds, and the warrior has been regarded as the glory of the human race. But a revolution in public opinion has commenced. Men begin to see that the *BENEFACTORS* of mankind have higher claims than the *destroyers*.

Perhaps on no occasion has this change of opinion been more apparent than in the respect which has been shown to the memory of Richard Reynolds, of the Society of Friends, who died at Cheltenham, in England, Sept, 10,

1816. Like his Lord and Master, he literally "went about doing good," relieving the wants and distresses of his fellow beings.

When he fell, England felt the shock, and people of all ranks and all denominations united to bewail the public loss, and to do honour to the memory of one who had long shone as a light in the world, and as the FRIEND OF GOD AND MAN.

Many years prior to the decease of this good man, "On hearing of Lord Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, the late worthy John Birtill, of Bristol, placed a marble tablet in a private chapel, in his dwelling house, bearing this inscription:

JOHN HOWARD,  
 JONAS HANWAY,  
 JOHN FOTHERGILL, M. D.  
 RICHARD REYNOLDS.

"Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto thy name  
 be the glory."

Beneath some ample hallow'd dome,  
 The warrior's bones are laid,  
 And blazon'd on the stately tomb  
 His martial deeds display'd.

Beneath a humble roof we place  
 This monumental stone,  
 To names the poor shall ever bless,  
 And charity shall own:

To soften human woes their care,  
 To feel its sigh, to aid its prayer;  
 Their work on earth, not to destroy,  
 And their reward—their Master's joy.

After the death of Richard Reynolds, the people of Bristol, the city of his late residence, formed a charitable institution to perpetuate his memory, with the name of REYNOLDS COMMEMORATION SOCIETY.

This institution is perhaps the noblest MONUMENT which was ever raised to the memory of a man. In reference to this tribute of respect, James Montgomery wrote the

verses entitled "A GOOD MAN'S MONUMENT ;—from which we select the following lines :—

When heroes fall triumphant on the plain ;  
For millions conquered, and ten thousands slain,  
For cities levell'd, kingdoms drench'd in blood—  
Navies annihilated on the flood ;  
The pageantry of public grief requires  
The splendid homage of heroic lyres ;  
And genius moulds impassion'd brass to breathe  
The deathless spirit of the dust beneath,  
Calls marble honour from its cavern'd bed,  
And bids it live—the proxy of the dead.

Reynolds expires, a nobler chief than these ;  
No blood of widows stains his obsequies ;  
But widows' tears, in sad bereavement, fall,  
And foundling voices on their father call.

Not in the fiery hurricane of strife,  
'Midst slaughter'd legions, he resign'd his life ;  
But peaceful as the twilight's parting ray  
His spirit vanish'd from its house of clay,  
And left on kindred souls such power imprest,  
They seem'd with him to enter into rest.

Go build his monument :—and let it be  
Firm as the land, but open as the sea.  
Low in *his* grave the strong foundations lie,  
Yet be the dome expansive as the sky,  
On crystal pillars resting from above  
Its sole supporters—*works of faith and love.*

One simple altar in the midst he plac'd,  
With this, and only this, inscription grac'd :  
The song of angels at Immanuel's birth,  
"Glory to God ! good will, and peace on earth."

Let sentiments like these be diffused through the world,  
—let children be early and perseveringly taught to venerate such benevolent men as Richard Reynolds, and to regard with pity and horror the destroyers of mankind ; then a new state of society will be introduced—the strongest motives to war will lose their fascinating power, and the custom will sink into general contempt and oblivion.

**No. 52. Mrs. Elizabeth Fry.**

THIS great pattern of active goodness was so early inspired with a desire to be of use to her fellow creatures, that in her eighteenth year she prevailed on her father, Mr. John Gurney, to convert one of the apartments in Earlsam Hall into a school room. Here she daily received twenty four children, to whom she read and explained the Bible.

In 1800 she married Mr. Fry, who does every thing to facilitate her benevolent labors, and affords ample means of relieving the unfortunate, which she applies entirely to the benefit of the poor.

Mrs. Fry makes no distinction of persons; the unfortunate are her brothers, whatever be their country or religion. She is at once a physician for the body and the soul; she comforts and feeds the poor, and supplies them with clothes and with Bibles, and thus she explains and teaches the gospel.

Several years ago she conceived the design of attempting a reformation among the female prisoners in Newgate, where about 300 women were confined for every gradation of crime. On her first visit she saw enough to convince her that every thing bad was going on among them.

About Christmas, in 1816, she resumed her visits, and succeeded in forming a Ladies' Committee, consisting of the wife of a clergyman and eleven members of the Society of Friends; to whom the sheriffs and governor delegated every necessary authority for carrying into effect the benevolent plan.

After a year of unceasing labor, they had the noble satisfaction of exhibiting one of the most amazing transformations, which was perhaps ever effected in the condition of a number of human beings.

"Riot, licentiousness and filth," says Mr. Buxton, "were exchanged for order, sobriety, and comparative neatness, in the chamber, the apparel and the persons of the prisoners. There was no more to be seen an assemblage of abandoned and shameless creatures, half naked and half drunk, rather demanding than requesting charity.



“The prison no longer resounded with obscenity, imprecations, and licentious songs. To use the strong but just expression of one who knew the prison well, ‘*this hell upon earth*’ exhibited the appearance of an industrious manufactory, or a well regulated family.

“It will naturally be asked, how, and by what vital principle was the reformation in Newgate accomplished. How were a few ladies, unknown even by name to the magistrates of the metropolis, enabled with such facility to guide those who had baffled all authority, and defied all the menaces of the law—how was it that they ‘Wielded at will this fierce democracy?’

“How did they divest habit of its influence? By what charm did they transform vice into virtue, riot into order? A visit to Newgate explained all. I found that the ladies ruled by the law of kindness, written in their hearts, and displayed in their actions.

“They spoke to the prisoners with affection mixed with prudence. It was long since they had heard the voice of real compassion, or seen the example of real virtue.

“They had steeled their minds against the terrors of punishment; but they were melted at the warning voice of those who felt for their sorrows, while they gently reproved their misdeeds; and *that virtue* which discovered itself in such amiable exertions for them, recommended itself to their imitation with double attractions.”

By the exertions of Mrs. Fry and her associates, a school and a manufactory were established in this prison for the benefit of the female prisoners; and the success of the efforts has excited the astonishment of those who have visited Newgate.

The late Queen being informed of the laudable exertions of Mrs. Fry, expressed a wish to see her; and in an interview which took place, testified in the most flattering terms the admiration she felt for her conduct.

In 1818, the Grand Jury of the city of London, having visited Newgate, expressed their approbation of Mrs. Fry’s meritorious services in the following handsome manner:

“The Grand Jury cannot conclude this Report without expressing, in an especial manner, the peculiar gratification they experience in observing the important services

rendered by Mrs. Fry, and her friends, and the habits of religion, order, industry, and cleanliness which her humane, benevolent and praiseworthy exertions have introduced among the female prisoners.

*Extracted from Percy Anecdotes.*

The extraordinary success of Mrs. Fry, in governing and reforming, by the law of kindness, may lead the way to many useful experiments. In every species of government, mankind have placed too much reliance on severity and terror.

In a future day it may be found that the principle relied on by Mrs. Fry, is better adapted to prevent crime, to reclaim the vicious, and to secure obedience, than the whipping-post, the halter, or the rack.

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Her liberal favors she extends  
 To some she gives, to others lends ;  
 A generous pity fills her mind ;  
 Yet what her charity impairs,  
 She saves by prudence in affairs,  
 And thus she's just to all mankind.

Beset with threatening dangers round,  
 Unmoved does she maintain her ground ;  
 Her conscience holds her courage up ;  
 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,  
 Shines brightest in affliction's night,  
 And sees in darkness beams of hope.

*Watt's—altered.*

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### No. 53. Wier's Cave in Augusta Co. Virginia.

THIS Cave is solid limestone, sometimes ascending, but more commonly descending, in its course. The entrance is closed by a door of two feet and a half or three feet square. You grope through a narrow passage until you reach the Anti-Chamber, whose arch, 12 or 15 feet high, is supported by pillars in the centre.

From the Anti-Chamber you enter a narrow passage—descending some hewn steps and a wooden ladder, you come into Solomon's Temple—on the left is a large fluted column, called Solomon's Pillar, and on the sides of the apartment are curtains descending in wave-like folds from the ceiling to the floor. The room is 25 feet high. Ascending a ladder you find yourself on a rock, from which you look back and see the various beauties of the Temple to great advantage.

By another ladder you descend into the Curtain Room, which is profusely ornamented with a great variety of beautiful drapery.

The Tambourine or Music Room is next. This abounds with stalactites similar to the curtains in the preceding rooms, but finer and more variously toned, and the room is better calculated for effect.

You now ascend a natural and well formed staircase and then descend by a ladder into the Ball Room, which is 100 feet long and the arch 15 to 20 feet high. The floor is smooth and level, and the sides ornamented with curtains, colonnades, and various resemblances to household furniture.

Descending some steps hewn out of the rock, you enter the Vestibule, the arch of which is about the same height as that of the Temple. On your left as you enter, a horizontal sheet of stone, a foot thick and 20 feet in diameter, projects from the side of the Cave about midway between the floor and the ceiling, called Mary's Gallery.

Returning and entering a passage on the left, Washington's Hall, the grandest part of the Cavern, is open to your view. You stand at the entrance; the guides go forward and arrange lights at certain distances.

The long level floor rings beneath their tread. You see them a hundred paces distance, and hear their voices resounding from the arch that rises sublimely eighty feet over your head.

Lady Washington's Drawing Room is next visited; a spacious and handsome apartment. Just within the room on the right, is a large bureau, on which many names are inscribed.

The Diamond Room is next, and derives its name from

the sparkling brilliancy of its walls. The Enchanted Room has a wild variety, [which, by the help of a vivid imagination, may be transformed into a new creation.

Returning by the same passage through the Diamond Room, you come to the wilderness, rough and irregular below, on the sides and above.

The Garden of Eden is the last scene. This room is spacious, lofty, and its decorations are superb and various.

*Calvin Jones.*

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“Rocks reared on rocks in huge disjointed piles,  
 Form the tall turrets and the lengthened aisles;  
 Broad ponderous piers sustain the roof, and wide,  
 Branch the vast Rainbow ribs from side to side.  
 While from above descends in milky streams,  
 One scanty pencil of illusive beams,  
 Suspended crags and gaping gulphs illumine,  
 And gild the horrors of the deepened gloom.”

*Author not known.*

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### **No. 54. The best way to bear Calumny.**

A GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us.

I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

The way to silence calumny, says Bias, is to be always exercised in such things as are praiseworthy. Socrates, after having received sentence, told his friends that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth, and not censure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt.

Others of the philosophers rather chose to retort the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect

for themselves. They shew that it stung them, though they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them.

Of this kind was Aristotle's reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. "You," says he, "who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I who have not been used to utter them, take no pleasure in hearing them."

Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him. "Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you."

In these and many other instances, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not, in this case, the secret consolation that he deserves no such reproaches, to follow the advice of Epictetus:—

"If any one," said he, "speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee."

When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ay," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." But of all the sayings of philosophers, there are none which carry in them more candor and good sense than the two following ones of Plato:

Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him—"It is no matter," said he, "I will live so that none shall believe them."—Hearing at another time that an intimate friend had spoken detractingly of him,—"I am sure he would not do it," says he, "if he had not some reason for it."

This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing a sting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny—a good conscience.

*Addison.*

Th' insidious slandering thief is worse  
 Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.  
 Say, he purloins your glittering store ;  
 Who takes your gold takes trash—no more.  
 But the dark villain who shall aim  
 To blast thy fair, thy spotless name  
 He'd steal a precious gem away,  
 Steal what both Indies can't repay !  
 Here the strong pleas of want are vain,  
 Or the more impious pleas of gain.  
 No sinking family to save !  
 No gold to glut th' insatiate knave.

*Cotton.*

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### No. 55. State of Society in the fifteenth century.

THE state of England and France, the two most polished kingdoms in Europe, furnishes a good criterion of the condition of society in those ages of which we have been treating.

Even in the large cities, the houses were roofed with thatch, and had no chimnies. Glass windows were extremely rare ; and the floors were covered with straw.

In England, wine was sold only in the shops of Apothecaries. Paper made from linen rags, was first manufactured in the beginning of the fifteenth century ; and the use of linen for shirts was at that time a very rare piece of luxury.

Yet even before that age the progress of luxury had excited a serious alarm ; for the parliament under Edward III, found it necessary to prohibit the use of gold and silver in apparel, to all who had not a hundred pounds a year. Charles VI, of France, ordained that none should presume to entertain with more than two dishes and a mess of soup.

Before the reign of Edward I, the whole country of England was plundered by robbers in great bands, who laid waste entire villages ; and some of the household offi-

cers of Henry III, excused themselves for robbing on the highway because the king allowed them no wages.

In 1303 the abbot and monks of Westminster were indicted for robbing the king's exchequer, but acquitted.

The admirable laws of Edward I, which acquired him the title of the English Justinian, give strong testimony of the miserable policy and barbarism of the preceding times.

*Tytler's Elements.*

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Successive generations find,  
In many things, forefathers blind.  
Nor should we wonder—'tis a truth,  
That infancy and early youth  
Precede the manhood of our race,  
To give inquiry time and place,  
More early errors to correct,  
And reformation to effect.  
To all enlightened men 'tis clear  
Our race advances every year ;  
Though slow their progress, 'tis most sure,  
And will from age to age endure.

*Repository.*

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## No. 56. The Messiah and Mahomet.

THE Messiah appeared among men as the Prince of PEACE—"meek and lowly of heart." Mahomet appeared as a Prince of WAR. The doctrines, the precepts and the examples of the Messiah were all of a pacific character. Those of Mahomet, vindictive, cruel and bloody.

The Messiah promised blessedness to "peace-makers," and to those who 'should "suffer for righteousness' sake." Mahomet promised the joys of paradise to those who should die fighting as his followers.

As there was such a perfect contrast between these Leaders, it would be natural to suppose that the disciples of the Messiah would be of a pacific character, and the disciples of Mahomet, men of war and blood. Once a

a *fighting disciple of the Messiah* would have been regarded as a contradiction in terms.

Now Christians and Mahometans are on a level, as to the practice of war. Whose disciples then are *fighting Christians*? Are they the followers of the Messiah? Are they not rather *followers* of Mahomet, notwithstanding the name they assume?

A custom which so violates the principles and spirit of Christianity, as to abolish the distinction between the sheep of Christ and the ferocious followers of Mahomet, must have had a pernicious effect—it must have exposed Christians to the reproach of all other nations who have been informed that the Messiah was the Prince of peace.

If Heathens and Mahometans were to form their opinion of the Messiah merely by what they see in professed Christians, in relation to war, they would naturally suppose, that he was such an one as the Jews expected, a vindictive, fighting character; and that his days on earth were spent in teaching his disciples the art of war, and how to keep alive the war spirit.

But having formed this opinion of the Messiah, should they then read his life and his precepts, what would be their astonishment! What would they think of *fighting Christians*! Would they not be ready to exclaim, ‘Ye hypocrites! lay aside your *name*, or cease to *fight*!’

It has already been observed that Mahomet encouraged his followers to fight by promises of future blessedness, should they die in battle. In the same manner the pagan priests among the Goths and Vandals inspired their soldiers with courage. “All agreed,” says Gibbon, “that a life spent in arms and a glorious death in battle, were the best preparatives for a happy futurity.”

This Mahometan and Gothic doctrine was adopted by the papal clergy, and employed to encourage men to fight their battles; and how often have the protestant clergy followed this dreadful example! What can be more shocking than to hear the ministers of the gospel employ the promises of future bliss, to excite armies of men to murder one another!

And does not this agreement between Mahometan, Gothic and Christian ministers, in their mode of exciting



men to deeds of blood, afford ample proof of glaring apostasy from Christian principles, or of the most fatal delusions?

If there be nothing antichristian in the custom of war, then our Saviour may be justly proclaimed to the world as the fighting Messiah; for "FOLLOW ME" is his command to every disciple.

But if Christians would be shocked to hear their Messiah reproached as a bloody warrior, the elder brother of Mahomet, why are they not shocked to find themselves the followers of a man whose character, example and precepts were the reverse of the Messiah's?

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While sounds of war are heard around,  
And death and ruin strew the ground;  
'To thee we look; on thee we call,  
The Parent and the Lord of all!

Thou who hast stamp'd on human kind  
The image of a heaven-born mind,  
And in a Father's wide embrace  
Hast cherish'd all the human race;

O see with what insatiate rage  
Thy sons their impious battles wage;  
How spreads destruction like a flood  
And brothers shed their brothers' blood!

See guilty passions spring to birth,  
And deeds of hell deform the earth;  
While righteousness and justice mourn,  
And love and pity droop forlorn.

Great God! whose powerful hand can bind  
The raging waves, the furious wind,  
O bid the human tempest cease,  
And hush the madd'ning world to peace.

With reverence may each hostile land  
Hear and obey that high command,  
'Thy Son's blest errand from above,  
"My creatures live in mutual love."

*Aiken.*

**No. 57. The Stork.**

THE Stork is a bird similar to the Crane in size, has the same formation as to the bill, neck, legs and body, but is rather more corpulent. The colour of the Crane is ash and black; that of the Stork is white and brown. The nails of its toes are also very peculiar; not being clawed like those of other birds, but flat like the nails of a man.

It has long been remarkable for its love to its parents, whom it never forsakes, but tenderly feeds and cherishes when they have become old, and unable to provide for themselves. Its very name in the Hebrew language, *chasida*, signifies mercy or piety.

*Rev. Dr. Harris.*

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“The Stork’s an emblem of true piety;  
Because when age has seized, and made his dam  
Unfit for flight, the grateful young one takes  
His mother on his back, provides her food,  
Repaying thus her tender care of him,  
E’er he was fit to fly.” *Beaumont.*

The Stork is spoken of in Scripture as a bird of passage.  
“The Stork knoweth her appointed time.”

“Who bids the Stork, Columbus like, explore  
Heavens not its own, and worlds unknown before?  
Who calls the council, states the certain day,  
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?”  
*Pope.*

—The stork-assembly meets; for many a day  
Consulting deep and various, e’er they take  
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.  
And now their route design’d, their leaders chose,  
Their tribes adjusted, clean’d their vigorous wings,  
And many a circle, many a short essay,  
Wheel’d round and round, in congregation full  
The figur’d flight ascends; and, riding high  
The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.”

*Thomson.*

“Part loosely wing the region, part, more wise,  
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Their airy caravan, high over seas  
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
Easing their flight.” *Milton.*

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## No. 58. The Ostrich.

THE Ostrich is generally thought to be the largest, at least it is one of the tallest birds in the world; being full seven and sometimes eight feet in height, from the top of the head to the ground, and about four from the back to the ground.

When the neck is stretched ought in a right line, it measures six feet from the head to the tail; and the tail about a foot more. One of the wings is a foot and a half long without the feathers, and with the feathers three feet. The plumage is generally black and white, though it is said to be sometimes grey.

*Rev. Dr. Harris.*

The beauty of a part of this plumage, particularly the long feathers that compose the wings and tail, is the chief reason that man has been so active in pursuing this harmless bird to its deserts, and hunting it with no small degree of expense and labor.

Beside the value of their plumage, some of the savage nations of Africa hunt them also for their flesh, which they consider as a dainty. There are others, who, more compassionate or more provident, do not kill their captive, but endeavor to tame it, for the purposes of supplying those feathers which are in so great request.

The inhabitants of Dara and Lybia breed up whole flocks of them, and they are tamed with very little trouble. But it is not for their feathers alone that they are prized in this domestic state; they are often ridden upon and used as horses.

Moore assures us, that at Joar he saw a man travelling upon an Ostrich; and Adanson asserts that, at the factory

of Podore, he had two Ostriches, which were then young, the strongest of which ran swifter than the best English racer, although he carried two negroes on his back.

As soon as the animal perceived that it was thus loaded, it set off running with all its force, and made several circuits round the village; till at length the people were obliged to stop it by barring up the way.

How far this strength and swiftness may be useful to mankind, even in a polished state, is a matter that perhaps deserves inquiry. Posterity may avail themselves of this creature's abilities; and riding upon an Ostrich may one day become the favourite, as it most certainly is the swiftest mode of conveyance.

*Goldsmith.*

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Didst thou the Ostrich clothe with plumes so fair?  
 Which, nor with falcon's nor the stork's compare;  
 Who heedless roaming, or by fear subdued,  
 Feels not a parent's fond solicitude.  
 While far she flies her scatter'd eggs are found,  
 Without an owner, on the sandy ground;  
 Cast out at fortune, they at mercy lie,  
 And borrow life from an indulgent sky.  
 Unmindful she that some unhappy tread  
 May crush her young in their neglected bed;  
 As far she wanders for her daily food,  
 Or on her way adopts some casual brood,  
 And these without discrimination share  
 Offered attendance, not instinctive care.  
 Yet when her sudden enemy she sees,  
 Uprising, with the favouring gale, she flees,  
 And skims along the plain with rapid speed,  
 And scorns alike the hunter and his steed.

*Scott.*

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### No. 59. Letter from Pliny to Paternus.

THE sickness which has lately run through my family, and carried off several of my domestics, some of them too in the prime of their years, has deeply affected me. I have

two consolations, however, which, though they are not adequate to so considerable a loss, still they are consolations.

One is, that as I have always very readily manumised my slaves, their death does not seem altogether immature, if they lived long enough to receive their freedom. The other, that I have allowed them to make a will, which I observe as religiously as if they were legally entitled to that privilege.

I receive and obey their last requests, as so many absolute commands suffering them to dispose of their effects to whom they please, with this single restriction, that they leave them to some of the family; which, to persons in their station, is to be considered as a sort of commonwealth.

But though I endeavor to acquiesce under these reflections, yet the same tenderness which led me to shew them these indulgencies, still breaks out and renders me too sensibly affected by their deaths.

However, I would not wish to be incapable of those tender impressions of humanity; though the generality of the world, I know, look upon losses of this kind in no other view, than as a diminution of their property; and fancy, by cherishing such an unfeeling temper, they discover superior fortitude and philosophy.

Their fortitude and philosophy, I will not dispute, but humane, I am sure they are not; for it is the very criterion of true manhood, to feel those impressions of sorrow, which it endeavors to resist; and to admit, not to be above the want of consolation.

But perhaps I have detained you too long upon this subject,—though not so long as I would. There is a certain pleasure in giving vent to one's grief; especially when we pour out our sorrow in the bosom of a friend, who will approve, or at least pardon our tears. Farewell.

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Well might many slaveholders, called Christians, blush for themselves, in view of the humanity of this heathen philosopher. It is hoped that Pliny's example and the following lines of poetry, will cooperate for the good of Christians, who indulge the spirit of pride and oppression.

How still and peaceful is the grave !  
 Where life's vain tumults past,  
 The appointed house, by Heaven's decree,  
 Receives us all at last.

The wicked there from troubling cease ;  
 Their passions rage no more ;  
 And there the weary pilgrim rests  
 From all the toils he bore.

There rests the prisoners, now released  
 From slavery's sad abode ;  
 No more they hear the oppressor's voice,  
 Or dread the tyrant's rod.

There servants, masters, small and great,  
 Partake the same repose ;  
 And there in peace the ashes mix  
 Of those who once were foes.

All levelled by the hand of death  
 Lie sleeping in the tomb  
 Till God in judgment calls them forth  
 To meet their righteous doom.

*Scotch Paraphrase.*

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## No. 60. Remarkable Trees.

### THE BANIAN TREE.

THE Banian tree is considered as one of the most curious and beautiful of nature's productions in the climate of India. Each tree is in itself a grove, and some of them of amazing size, as they are continually increasing, and seem to be exempted from decay.

For every branch from the main body throws out its own roots, at first in small tender fibres, several yards from the ground, which continually grow thicker, until, by a gradual descent, they reach its surface; where, striking in, they increase to a large trunk and become a parent tree, throwing out new branches from the top.

These in time suspend their roots, and, receiving nourishment from the earth, swell into trunks, and shoot forth other branches; thus continuing in a state of progression so long as the first Parent of all supplies her sustenance.

A Banian tree with many trunks, forms the most beautiful walks and cool recesses that can be imagined. The leaves are large, soft, and of a lively green; the fruit is a small fig, when ripe of a bright scarlet.

The Hindoos are peculiarly fond of this tree; they consider its long duration, its outstretching arms, and overshadowing beneficence, as emblems of the Deity, and almost pay it divine honors.

On the banks of the Narbudda, in the province of Guzerat, is a Banian tree, distinguished by the name of the Cubbeer Burr, which was given to it in honor of a famous saint.

The large trunks of this single tree amount to 350—the smaller ones exceed 3000; each of these is constantly sending forth branches and hanging roots, to form other trunks.

The Indian armies generally encamp around it; Hindoo festivals are there celebrated. It is said that 7000 people find ample room to repose under its shade.

*Clarke's Wonders.*

#### THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

CAPTAIN PORTER, in his Journal, gives the following account of the Bread-fruit Tree on what he called Madison's Island:—

It is of the height of 50 or 60 feet, branching out in a large spreading top, which affords a beautiful appearance, and an extensive shade from the rays of the sun; the lower branch is about 12 feet from the ground; the bark soft, and on being wounded exudes a milky juice, not unpleasant to the taste, which, on being exposed to the sun, forms an excellent bird-lime.

The leaves of this tree are sixteen inches long and nine inches wide, deeply notched, somewhat like the fig leaf. The fruit, when ripe, is about the size of a child's head—somewhat elliptical in its shape—has a thin and delicate

skin, a large tough core with remarkable small seeds, situated in a spongy substance between the core and eatable part, which is next to the rind.

It is eaten baked, boiled, or roasted; whole, quartered, or cut in slices, and cooked; either way was found exceedingly palatable, was greatly preferred by many to our soft bread, which it somewhat resembled in taste, but was much sweeter.

The Bread-fruit Tree is every thing to the natives of these islands. The fruit serves them and their hogs for food throughout the year, and affords large supplies to be laid up for a season of scarcity.

The trees afford them an agreeable and refreshing shade; the leaves afford excellent covering for their horses; of the inner bark of the small branches they make cloth; the juice, which exudes, enables them to destroy the rats which infest them; and of the trunk of the tree they form their canoes, many parts of their houses, and even their gods.

Describe to one of the natives of Madison's Island a country abounding in every thing that we consider desirable, and he will ask you if it produces bread-fruit. A country is nothing to them without this blessing.

#### THE COW TREE.

AMID the great number of curious phenomena, which have presented themselves to me in the course of my travels, I confess there are few that have so powerfully affected my imagination as the aspect of the Cow Tree.

On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with coriaceous and dry leaves. Its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stone. For several months of the year, not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; but when the trunk is pierced, there flows out a most sweet and nourishing milk.

It is at the rising of the sun, that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The blacks and natives are then seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thick at the surface. Some employ their bowls under the tree itself;



others carry the juice home to their children. We seem to see the family of a shepherd who distributes the milk of his flock.

I have described the sensations which the *Cow Tree* awakens in the mind of the traveller at the first view. In examining the physical properties of animal and vegetable products, science displays them as closely linked together; the chemical principles which were believed to be peculiar to animals, are found in plants; a common chain links together all organic nature

*Humbolt's Travels in South America.*

#### THE PALM TREE.

DR. CLARK, in his Travels, gives the following account of the "few plantations of Palm-trees," on the way from Alexandria in Egypt to Aboukir.

The dates hung from these trees in such large and tempting clusters, although not quite ripe, that we climbed to the tops of some of them, and carried away with us large branches with their fruit. In this manner dates are sometimes sent with the branches to Constantinople.

The leaves of these trees, when grown to a size for bearing fruit, are six or eight feet long; and may be termed branches, for they have no other. A ripe Egyptian date, although a delicious fruit, is never refreshing to the palate. It suits the Turks, who are fond of sweetmeats of all kinds.

The largest plantation occurred about half way from Alexandria to Aboukir; the trees here were very lofty, and from the singular formation of their bark, we found it as easy to ascend to the tops of these trees, as to climb the steps of a ladder.

The extensive importance of the date tree is one of the most curious subjects to which a traveller can turn his attention. A considerable part of the inhabitants of Egypt, of Arabia, and Persia, subsist almost entirely upon its fruit. They boast also of its medicinal virtues.

Their camels feed upon the date-stones. From their leaves they make couches, baskets, bags, mats, and brushes; from the branches, cages for their poultry, and fences

for their gardens ; from the fibres of the boughs, thread, ropes, and rigging.

From the sap is prepared a spirituous liquor ; and the body of the tree furnishes fuel. It is even said that from one variety of the Palm-tree, meal has been extracted, which is found among the fibres of the trunk, and has been used for food.

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ODE TO THE OLIVE TREE.

Although thy flowers minute, disclose  
 No colours rivalling the rose,  
                                     And lend no odours to the gale,  
 While dimly through the pallid green  
 Of thy long slender leaves, are seen  
                                     Thy berries pale.

Yet for thy virtues art thou known,  
 And not the Anana's burnish'd cone,  
                                     Or golden fruits that bless the earth  
 Of Indian climes, however fair,  
 Can with thy modest boughs compare,  
                                     For genuine worth.

Man, from his early Eden driven,  
 Received thee from relenting heaven,  
                                     And thou the swelling surge above  
 Symbol of pardon, deign'd to rear  
 Alone thy willowy head to cheer,  
                                     The wandering dove.

Thou still'st the wild and troubled waves,  
 And as the human tempest raves  
                                     When wisdom bids the tumult cease ;  
 Then, round her calm majestic brows  
 She binds,—and waves thy sacred boughs,  
                                     Emblems of peace.

*Charlotte Smith.*

## No. 61. False sentiments on National Honor.

I HAVE thought that important aid would be given to the cause of peace, could we correct the false sentiments which prevail on the subject of *national honor*.

These sentiments have come down from barbarous ages, and although directly opposed to the spirit of christianity, are diffused through every christian country, without distinction of rank or party.

In what is the *honor of a nation* supposed to consist? In its virtues? its liberty? its internal administration of justice? its equity towards foreign nations? its love of peace, and culture of benevolence?

No; these have nothing to do with a nation's honor. It consists in repelling with irritation whatever wears the form of injury from other nations, although this injury may have been provoked; and in fighting with desperate courage, no matter how iniquitous the conflict.

The honor of a nation, in the view of multitudes, is precisely the same thing with the honor of a duellist. It does not consist in following with a generous consistency the principles of rectitude; but in drawing the sword with spirit, and in fighting with gallantry.

A nation's honor does not suffer from intrigue, from perfidy, from trampling on the rights of other communities, from waging cruel wars. It suffers by patience, by forbearance, and especially by defeat, even though it has exerted every power in its own defence.

A nation is thought to reach the highest point of honor, when it obtains conquests, although its cause is unjust, and it has stooped for success to the basest means.

We have striking examples of these sentiments and of their ruinous effects in all nations, and especially in France during her late revolutionary struggles.

That great but misguided nation really imagined that her honor was promoted, when her late despot led her armies to victory, although every victory fastened more firmly an iron yoke on her own neck.

Parents, whose children were torn from them, to slay and to be slain, found relief in the hope that the honor of

the nation was to be extended ; and even now, the release of the French from the fangs of their oppressor is not a little embittered by the thought, that their country has been disgraced by the defeat of their arms.

They see nothing dishonorable in the invasion of other nations without any motive but the rage for conquest. But the recollection that their own country has in turn been overrun by invaders, is a wound which rankles in their breasts ; and many would see with pleasure Europe again convulsed, that this foul stain might be washed away.

This proneness to place national honor in *military courage* is an error which the interests of humanity call us loudly to correct. What after all is the claim of this courage to our respect ?

It is certainly a very vulgar virtue. It grows up without extraordinary culture in almost every breast. Men of no character and no principle, the very offscouring of our streets, if turned into the ranks, soon catch this contagious courage, and fight as resolutely as men of real elevation of mind.

To those of us, who live in a condition of ease and security, this courage seems a wonderful acquisition. But to a man living in a camp, where cowardice is not only infamy but death, and where danger is the most familiar object to the mind, it springs up almost mechanically ; and a man must have a more than common share of timidity in his constitution, if he do not easily acquire it.

There is courage of a very different nature from this, the *courage of principle*, which in the city as well as in the camp, dares say and do what conscience dictates, and dares nothing more.

This courage it is most honorable to venerate and cherish ; but unhappily this is not thought to enter into the constitution of a nation's honor.

The false but prevalent sentiment, which I have labored to expose, that the honor of a nation consists in military courage and conquest, is most pernicious in its influences.

Nations are thus brought to enter with zeal into wars, which have no foundation but the ambition of rulers. They submit to intolerable burdens for the support of military establishments.

They are willing that the blood and resources of the state should be wasted in pursuit of that phantom, military renown—and all the compensation which they receive for this impoverishment and slaughter, is, that they hear occasionally a peal of cannons and bells in celebration of a glorious victory, and are assured, that never was the honor of a nation so gallantly maintained.

Let it not be imagined that I would have a nation insensible to its honor. The unhappiness is, that their true glory is regarded with such entire unconcern. This, I repeat it, consists in the virtue, intelligence, and free spirit of a people, and in the adherence of its government to an upright, liberal, and pacific policy. When will nations learn these obvious truths?

When will they learn to measure their honor, by the aid they afford to the cause of human improvement in knowledge and liberty, in the arts and virtues, and not by the desolations they spread around them? not by qualities in which they are equalled by almost every barbarous horde, by men in the rudest stages of society?

*Rev. Dr. Channing.*

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Ah! why will Princes, in their thirst for fame,  
Forget Humanity's dear, sacred claim!  
When will the mighty Troublers of the earth  
Learn to appreciate their subjects' worth?  
Begin to know that, in God's equal ken,  
Monarchs and Heroes merge but into men?  
That, at his bar, the sceptre and the crown,—  
Sword, baton, banner, must be all laid down:—  
That state memorials cannot there prevail;  
Nor crafty, deep-laid intrigue ought avail?  
The cry of blood has reach'd th' ETERNAL's throne,  
And HEAVEN prepares to make its vengeance known;  
Whilst ruin'd souls in wrathful myriads wait,  
To drag the Hero to the realms of fate;  
And swell the pangs his tortur'd spirit bears,  
By bitter curses, through revolving years.  
Oh! when will nations link, with friendly bands,  
Th' approaching bound'ries of contiguous lands?

When overleap the regions' rocky mound,  
 And clasp, in charity, the realms around ?  
 Extend their sympathies to all the race,—  
 And view a friend in every human face.

*Bailey.*

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## No. 62. The docility of Animals.

OF all animals capable of culture, man is the most ductile. By instruction, imitation, and habit, his mind may be moulded into any form. It may be exalted by science and art to a degree of knowledge, of which the vulgar and uninformed have not the most distant conception.

The reverse is melancholy. When the human mind is left to its own operations, and deprived of almost every opportunity of social information, it sinks so low, that it is nearly rivalled by the most sagacious brutes.

Besides man, many other animals are capable of being instructed. The Ape kind, especially the larger species, imitate the actions of men without any instruction. The Orang Outang is as tall and is as strong as a man. His face is flat. His arms, hands, toes and nails are perfectly similar to ours. The features of his face make a near approach to those of the human countenance.

“The Orang Outang,” says Buffon, “which I saw, walked always on two feet, even when carrying things of considerable weight. His air was melancholy, his movements measured, his dispositions gentle, and very different from other Apes.”

“I have seen this animal present his hand to conduct the people who came to see him, and walk as gravely along as if he had formed a part of the company. I have seen him sit down at table, unfold his towel, wipe his lips, use a spoon or a fork to carry his victuals to his mouth, pour his liquor into a glass, and make it touch that of the person who drank with him.

“When invited to drink tea, he brought a cup and saucer, placed them on the table, put in sugar, poured

out the tea, and allowed it to cool before he drank it. All these actions he performed without any other instigation than the signs or verbal orders of his master, and often of his own accord.

“He did no injury to any person. He even approached company with circumspection, and presented himself as if he wanted to be caressed. He was very fond of dainties, which every body gave him. He lived one summer in Paris, and died in London the following winter.”

Of all quadrupeds of whose history and manners we have any knowledge, the elephant is most remarkable both for docility and understanding. Though his size is enormous, and his members rude and disproportioned, which give him the aspect of dulness and stupidity, his genius is great, and his sagacious manners, and his sedate and collected deportment are almost incredible.

When tamed and instructed by man, the elephant is soon rendered the mildest and most obedient of all domestic animals. He loves his keeper, caresses him, and anticipates his commands. He learns to comprehend signs, and even to understand the expression of sounds. The voice of his master he never mistakes. His orders are executed with alacrity but without precipitation.

“I was eye witness,” says P. Philippi, “to the following facts. At Goa there are always elephants employed in the building of ships. Some men tie the ends of the heaviest beams to a rope, which is handed to the elephant, who carries it to his mouth, and after twisting it round his trunk, draws it, without any conductor, to the place where the ship is building, though it had been but once pointed out to him.

“He sometimes drew beams so large that twenty men would have been unable to move them. But what surprised me still more, when other beams obstructed the road, he elevated the end of his own beam, that it might run easily over those which lay in the way. Could the most enlightened man do more?”

Uniting sagacity with strength, they never break or injure any thing committed to their charge. From the margin of rivers, they put weighty bundles into boats, without wetting them, lay them down gently, and arrange them where they ought to be placed.

When the goods are disposed as the master directs, they examine with their trunks whether the articles are properly stowed; and if a cask or tun rolls, they go spontaneously in quest of a stone to prop and render it firm.

Next to the elephant, the dog seems to be the most docile quadruped. A wild dog is a passionate, ferocious, sanguinary animal. But after he is reduced to a domestic state, these hostile dispositions are suppressed, and they are succeeded by a warm attachment, and a desire of pleasing.

The perceptions and natural talents of the dog are acute. When these are aided by instruction, the sagacity he discovers, and the actions he is taught to perform, often excite our wonder. He assumes the very tone of the family in which he resides.

The shepherd's dog seems to be endowed by nature with an innate attachment to the preservation of sheep and cattle. His docility is likewise so great that he not only learns to understand the language and commands of the shepherd, and obeys with alacrity, but he often stops when at a distance, looks back, and recognizes the approbation or disapprobation of the shepherd by the mere waving of the hand.

He reigns at the head of a flock, and is better heard than the voice of his master. His vigilance and activity produce order, discipline and safety. Sheep and cattle are peculiarly subjected to his management, whom he prudently conducts and protects, and never employs force against them, except for the preservation of peace and good order.

Without any other instruction than imitation, a mastiff, when accidentally shut out from a house which his master frequented, uniformly rung the bell for admittance. Dogs can be taught to go to market with money, to repair to a known butcher, and to carry home the meat in safety. They can be taught to dance to music, and to search for and find any thing that is lost.

A dog belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh has, for some time, amused and astonished the people in the neighbourhood. A man who goes through the street ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this



dog with a pie. The next time he heard the pie-man's bell, he ran to him, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass.

The pie-man understood what the animal wanted, showed him a penny and pointed to his master, who stood in the street door and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks.

The master put a penny into the dogs mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pie-man, and received his pie. This traffic between the pie-man and the grocer's dog has been daily practised for months past, and still continues.

*Smellie.*

The dogs of Kamtschatka are strong, nimble and active, and are very useful in drawing sledges, the only method of travelling in that dreary country in the winter. Captain King relates that during his stay there, a courier with despatches drawn by them, performed a journey of 270 miles in less than 4 days. The sledges are usually drawn by five dogs; four of them yoked two and two abreast; the foremost acts as leader to the rest.

Three or four Newfoundland dogs yoked to a sledge will draw two or three hundred weight of wood piled on it, for several miles. They are not attended by a driver nor any person to guide them; but, after having delivered their loading, they return immediately to the woods, where they are accustomed to be fed.

A gentleman walking by the side of the river Tyne, and observing on the opposite side, a child fall into the water, gave notice to his dog, which immediately jumped in, swam over, and, catching hold of the child, brought it safe to land.

*Bewick.*

With regard to the horse, the gentleness of his disposition and the docility of his temper are so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell long on the subject. Mr. Ray informs us that he has seen a horse who danced to music, who, at the command of his master, affected to be lame, who simulated death, lay motionless with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about, till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprang upon his feet.

In all the southern provinces of Africa and Asia, many bisons, or the bunched oxen are tamed. They become so tractable that they are managed with as much ease as our horses. The oxen of the Hottentots are favourite domestics, companions in amusements, assistants in all laborious exertions.

As their nature is improved by the gentleness of their education, by the kind treatment they receive and the attention bestowed on them; they acquire sensibility and intelligence, and perform actions which one would not expect from them.

The Hottentots train their oxen to war. These oxen are also taught to guard the flocks, which they conduct with dexterity, and defend them from the attacks of strangers, and of rapacious animals. They are taught to distinguish friends from enemies, to understand signals and to obey the commands of their master. When pasturing, at the smallest signal from the keeper, they bring back and collect the wandering animals. *Smellie.*

*The Parrot.* The ease with which this bird is taught to speak, and the great number of words which it is capable of repeating, are no less surprising. We are assured by a grave writer that one of these was taught to repeat a whole sonnet from Plutarch.

I have seen a parrot belonging to a distiller, who had suffered from an informer who lived opposite him, very ridiculously employed. This bird was taught to pronounce the ninth commandment—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor—with a very clear, loud, articulate voice. The bird was placed in a cage over against the informer's house, and delighted the whole neighborhood with its persevering exhortations. *Goldsmith.*

Singing birds attempt not to articulate, but their musical ears are as delicate and discerning as their voices are melodious and delightful. When domesticated, these birds, besides their natural note, soon acquire the faculty of singing considerable parts of artificial tunes.

In exhibitions I have seen linnets simulate death, and remain perfectly tranquil and unmoved, when small cannons were fired, within an inch of their bodies, from a wooden fort. These little creatures have even been taught to lay hold of a match and fire the cannons themselves.

*Smellie.*

## CREATURES CALLED TO PRAISE THEIR MAKER.

YE numerous bleating flocks,  
 Far spreading o'er the plain,  
 With gentle artless voice,  
 Assist the humble strain.  
 To give you food He bids the field  
 Its verdure yield extensive good.

Ye herds of nobler size,  
 Who graze in meads below ;  
 Resound your Maker's praise,  
 In each responsive low.  
 You wait his hand ; the herbage grows,  
 The riv'let flows at his command.

Ye feather'd warblers, come,  
 And bring your sweetest lays ;  
 And tune the sprightly song  
 To your Creator's praise.  
 His work you are, He tun'd your voice,  
 And you rejoice beneath his care.

But O, from human tongues  
 Should nobler praises flow ;  
 And every thankful heart  
 With warm devotion glow.  
 Your voices raise ye highly blest,  
 Above the rest, declare his praise.  
*Mrs. Steele.*



### No. 63. Salt mines of Cracow, in Poland.

THESE celebrated excavations are about five miles from the city of Cracow, in a small town named Wielicza, which is entirely undermined, the cavities reaching to a considerable extent beyond its limits.

The length of the great mine is 6,000 feet ; its breadth 2,000 ; its greatest depth 800 ; but the veins of salt are

not limited to this extent, the depth and length of them being yet unknown.

In descending to the bottom, the visitor is surprised to find a subterraneous commonwealth, of many families, who have their peculiar laws and polity.

Here are likewise public roads and carriages, horses being employed. These horses, when once arrived at the place of their destination, never more see the light of the sun.

Many of the people seem buried alive in this strange abyss, having been born there, and never stirring out. Others are not denied opportunities of breathing the fresh air in the fields, and enjoying the surrounding prospects.

In several parts of the mine, huge columns of salt are left standing, to support the rock; and these are fancifully ornamented. But the most curious object is a statue which is considered by these immured inhabitants as the actual transmutation of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt.

The windings of this mine are so numerous and intricate, that the workmen have frequently lost their way; and several, whose lights have been extinguished, have thus perished.

The number of miners to whom it gives employment, is computed at between four and five hundred; but the whole amount of the men employed in it, is about 700. About 600,000 quintals of salt are dug annually in the mines of Cracow.

*Clarke.*

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Thus cavern'd round, in Cracow's mighty mines  
With crystal walls a gorgeous city shines;  
Scoop'd in the briny rock long streets extend  
Their hoary course, and glittering domes ascend.

Form'd in pellucid salt, with chisel nice,  
The pale lamp glittering through the sculptur'd ice,  
With wild reverted eyes fair LOTTA stands  
And spreads to heaven, in vain, her glassy hands.

Far gleaming o'er the town, transparent fanes  
Rear their white towers, and wave their golden vanes,  
Long lines of lustres pour their trembling rays,  
And the bright vault resounds with mingled blaze.

*Darwin.*

**No. 64. Coal Mines.**

COALS are scattered with a more or less sparing hand, over every continent, but there is not any country where coal mines are so rich and so frequent as in Great Britain.

The coal mines of Whitehaven may be considered as the most extraordinary in the known world. Their principal entrance is by an opening at the bottom of a hill, through a long passage hewn in a rock.

The mines are sunk to the depth of 130 fathoms, and are extended under the sea to places where there is, above them, sufficient depth of water for ships of large burden.

These are the deepest coal mines which have hitherto been wrought; and perhaps the miners have not in any other part of the globe penetrated to so great a depth beneath the surface of the sea.

Various instances have occurred in which the coal has been set on fire by the fulminating damp, and has continued burning for several months. In some places the fire has continued to burn for ages.

A greater number of mines have, however, been ruined by inundations than by fires; and here that noble invention, the fire engine, displays its beneficial effects.

Four fire engines, belonging to the Whitehaven colliery, when all at work, discharge about 1228 gallons of water every minute, at 13 strokes; and at the same rate 7,000 tons every 24 hours.

Of all the recorded accidents relative to coal mines, that of Felling colliery was the most disastrous. The establishment it employed under ground consisted of about 128 persons.

On the morning of the 25th of May, 1812, the neighboring villages were alarmed by a tremendous explosion in the colliery. A slight trembling, as from an earthquake, was felt about half a mile; and the noise of the explosion was heard three or four miles distance.

Of 128 persons, only 32 were brought to day light; 29 survived the fatal combustion; the rest were destroyed. Nor from the time of the explosion to the 8th of July could any one descend.

From which time to the 19th of September, the heart-rending scene of mothers and widows, examining the putrid bodies of their sons and husbands, for marks by which to identify them, was almost daily renewed.

At the crane, 21 bodies lay in ghastly confusion; some like mummies, scorched as dry as if they were baked. One wanted a head, another an arm. The scene was truly frightful.



### No. 65. Husbandry favorable to Piety.

No situation in life is so favorable to established habits of virtue, and to powerful sentiments of devotion, as a residence in the country, and rural occupations.

I am not speaking of a condition of peasantry, of which, in this country, we know little, who are mere vassals of an absent lord, or the hired laborers of an intendant, and who are, therefore, interested in nothing but the regular receipt of their daily wages; but I refer to the honorable character of an owner of the soil, whose comforts, whose weight in the community, and whose very existence depend upon his personal labors, and the regular returns of abundance from the soil, which he cultivates.

No man, one would think, would feel so sensibly his immediate dependence upon God, as the husbandman. For all his peculiar blessings, he is invited to look immediately to the bounty of heaven. No secondary cause stands between him and his Maker.

To him are essential the regular succession of the seasons, and the timely fall of the rain, the genial warmth of the sun, the sure productiveness of the soil, and the certain operations of those laws of nature, which must appear to him nothing less, than the varied exertions of omnipresent energy.

In the country, we seem to stand in the midst of the great theatre of God's power, and we feel an unusual proximity to our Creator. His blue and tranquil sky spreads itself over our heads, and we acknowledge the intrusion of no secondary agent in unfolding this vast

expanse. Nothing but omnipotence can work up the dark horrors of the tempest, dart the flashes of the lightning, and roll the long-resounding rumour of the thunder.

The breeze wafts to his senses the odors of God's beneficence; the voice of God's power is heard in the rustling of the forest and the varied forms of life, activity and pleasure, which he observes at every step in the fields, lead him irresistibly, one would think, to the source of being, and beauty, and joy.

How auspicious such a life to the noble sentiments of devotion! Besides, the situation of the husbandman is peculiarly favorable to purity and simplicity of moral sentiment. He is brought acquainted, chiefly, with the real and native wants of mankind. Employed solely in bringing food out of the earth, he is not liable to be fascinated with the fictitious pleasures, the unnatural wants, the fashionable follies and tyrannical vices of more busy and splendid life.

Still more favorable to the religious character of the husbandman is the circumstance, that, from the nature of agricultural pursuits, they do not so completely engross the attention, as other occupations. They leave much time for contemplation, for reading, and intellectual pleasures; and these are peculiarly grateful to the resident in the country.

Especially does the institution of the sabbath discover all its value to the tiller of the earth, whose fatigue it solaces, whose hard labors it interrupts, and who feels, on that day, the worth of his moral nature, which cannot be understood by the busy man, who considers the repose of this day as interfering with his hopes of gain, or professional employments. If, then, this institution is of any moral and religious value, it is to the country we must look for the continuance of that respect and observance, which it merits.

*Buckminster.*

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SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

The rising morn, the closing day,  
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;  
Both, bounteous Lord! thy power display,  
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.

Earth's wide extended, varying scenes  
 All smiling round, thy bounty show ;  
 From seas or clouds, full magazines,  
 Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.

Now earth receives the precious seed,  
 Which thy indulgent hand prepares ;  
 And nourishes the future bread,  
 And answers all the sower's cares.

Thy sweet refreshing showers attend,  
 And through the ridges gently flow,  
 Soft on the springing corn descend,  
 And thy kind blessing makes it grow.

Thy goodness crowns the circling year,  
 Thy paths drop fatness all around ;  
 The barren wilds thy praise declare,  
 And echoing hills return the sound.

Here spreading flocks adorn the plain ;  
 There plenty every charm displays ;  
 Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,  
 And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

*Mrs. Steele.*

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### No. 66. *Eulogium on William Penn.*

WILLIAM PENN stands the first among the lawgivers whose names and deeds are recorded in history. Shall we compare with him Lycurgus, Solon, Romulus, those founders of military commonwealths, who organized their citizens in dreadful array against the rest of their species, taught them to consider their fellow men as barbarians, and themselves as alone worthy to rule over the earth ?

What benefit did mankind derive from their boasted institutions ? Interrogate the shades of those who fell in the mighty contests between Athens and Lacedæmon, between Carthage and Rome, and between Rome and the rest of the universe.



But see our William Penn, with weaponless hands, sitting down peaceably with his followers in the midst of savage nations, whose only occupation was shedding the blood of their fellow men, disarming them by his justice, and teaching them, for the first time, to view a stranger without distrust.

See them bury their tomahawks in his presence, so deep that man shall never be able to find them again. See them under the shade of the thick groves of Coaquannock extend the bright chain of friendship, and solemnly promise to preserve it as long as the sun and moon shall endure.

See him then with his companions establishing his commonwealth on the sole basis of religion, morality and universal love, and adopting, as the fundamental maxims of his government, the rule handed down to us from Heaven, "Glory to God on high, and on earth peace, and good will to all men."

Here was a spectacle for the potentates of the earth to look upon, an example for them to imitate. But the potentates of the earth did not see, or if they saw, they turned away their eyes from the sight; they did not hear, or if they heard, they shut their ears against the voice which called out to them from the wilderness,

Learn justice by admonition, and do not contemn the gods.

The character of William Penn alone sheds a never fading lustre upon our history. No other state in this union can boast of such an illustrious founder; none began their social career under auspices so honorable to humanity. Every trait of the life of that great man, every fact and anecdote of those golden times will be sought for by our descendants with avidity, and will furnish many an interesting subject for the fancy of the novelist, and the enthusiasm of the poet."

*Duponceau.*

This Eulogium is not only honorable to the character of William Penn, but to the head and the heart of the Orator. When such men as Mr. Duponceau bestow their praises on a pacific Legislator in preference to all of the warring tribe, those who have nothing but fighting fame to

rely on, may consider their glory as on the decline, their sun as going down to rise no more.

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POEM ON HUMANITY.

At length bloom'd forth, diffusing all their charms,  
 The arts of peace more strong than those of arms ;  
 Like mists dispersing at the dawn of day,  
 Barbarick ignorance refin'd away.  
 The sword was sheath'd, the trumpet heard no more,  
 And the lyre tried its humanizing power ;  
 Religion came the idol to explode,  
 And rear'd her alter to the living God.  
 In place of Deities, with frowns pourtray'd,  
 Cherubs appear'd with heaven-born smiles arrayed.  
 Hence wise, and potent, awful, and humane,  
 The Christian system holds the guiding rein ;  
 Prop of HUMANITY, and seen from far,  
 Bright as the lustre of the morning star.

The good man spoke, applauding thousands bow'd,  
 The Hero triumph'd, and the Christian glow'd,  
 Unnumber'd hearts by great example fir'd  
 Bent to the law HUMANITY required ;  
 Unnumber'd manacles that moment broke,  
 Unnumber'd slaves rove loosen'd from the yoke,  
 Unnumber'd hands were folded up in air,  
 Unnumber'd voices breath'd a grateful prayer,  
 Unnumber'd eyes, late bath'd in tears of wo,  
 Ah, blissful change ! with tears of joy o'erflow :  
 From God the spark began, to MAN it came,  
 Till all perceiving, all partook the flame ;  
 Heaven's fire electrick, as one touch'd the ball,  
 It struck a second till it spread to all.

*Pratt.*

**No. 67. The battle of Borodino.**

*" See how these Christians love one another." Pagans.*

THE night passed slowly over the wakeful heads of the impatient combatants. The morning of the 7th of September at length broke, and thousands beheld the dawn for the last time. The moment was arrived when the dreadful discharge of two thousand cannon was to break the silence of expectation, and arouse at once all the horrors of war.

General as the attack seemed, the corps of Prince Bagration had to sustain the accumulating weight of nearly half the French army; and the determination shown by its cavalry was so desperate, that they charged even up to the very mouths of the Russian guns. Whole regiments of them, both horses and men, were swept down by the cannon shot; and all along the front of Bagration's line arose a breast work of dead and dying.

Napoleon ordered up fifty additional pieces of artillery, and a fresh division of infantry, with several regiments of dragoons. This new force rushed on over the bodies of their fallen countrymen and did not allow themselves to be checked until they reached the parapets of the Russian works. Their vigorous onset overturned with fierce slaughter every thing that opposed them, and obliged Bagration to fall back nearer to the second line of the army.

The rage of battle at this crisis was not to be described. The thunder of a thousand pieces of artillery was answered by the discharge of an equal number on the part of the Russians. A veil of smoke shut out the combatants from the sun, and left them no other light to pursue the work of death than the flashes of musketry, which blazed in every direction.

The sabres of 40,000 dragoons met each other, and clashed in the horrid gloom; and the bristling points of countless bayonets, bursting through the rolling vapour, strewed the earth with heaps of slain.

Such was the scene for an extent of many wersts, and the dreadful contest continued without cessation until the

darkness of the night. Thus closed that memorable day, and with it terminated the lives of EIGHTY THOUSAND human beings. The horses which lay on the ground from right to left, numbered full 25,000.

The next day, says Labaume, very early in the morning, we returned to the field of battle. In the space of a square league almost every spot was covered with the killed and wounded. On many places the bursting of the shells had promiscuously heaped together men and horses.

But the most horrid spectacle was the interior of the ravines; almost all the wounded who were able to drag themselves along had taken refuge there, to avoid the shot. These miserable wretches heaped one upon another, and almost suffocated with blood, uttering the most dreadful groans, and invoking death with piercing cries, eagerly besought us to put an end to their torments.

See how these Christians murder one another!

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ODE ON PEACE.

WEARY of War's destructive rage,  
 And sick'ning o'er the bloody strife  
 That marks a cruel, guilty age,  
 And long shall stain th' historic page,  
 Humanity indignant turns,  
 And Piety in ashes mourns  
 The barb'rous waste of human life.

O ye! who thrive on mortal gore,  
 Go, follow in the victor's train;  
 The purple field of death explore,  
 And feast upon the thousands slain.  
 Go, hear the limbless suff'ers' moan,  
 The shriek of pain, the dying groan;  
 While black Revenge breathes out its savage yell  
 To tunes of martial joy, and blasphemies of hell.

Go, trace the track of armies through the plains  
 Where cheerful Labour smil'd, with plenty crown'd;

No harvest ripens, and no herd remains,  
But one wide wreck of ruin spreads around,  
And lust and plunder mark their dreadful way,  
With fearful pomp deriding wild dismay.  
While Pity views with streaming eye,  
Where cities proud in ashes lie,  
And crowds in vain for refuge fly,  
And widows raise their mournful cry,  
And famish'd age and infants die ;  
Ambition mocks their misery,  
And triumphs o'er his prey.

Ah! where is now the God of love ?  
The genius of the Gospel where ?  
In vain his laws their crimes reprove,  
In vain his cross their banners bear.  
Religion flies the cruel race,  
Who murder in her peaceful name ;  
Infuriate demons seize her place,  
And in her mask secure their aim.

From sin the horrid discord rose,  
That made of fellow-creatures foes ;  
Thus Cain, by hellish wrath inspir'd  
His meeker brother's blood requir'd,  
And murder first began :  
And envy, pride, and malice still  
The restless human spirit fill  
With hatred to the Almighty will,  
And cruelty to man.  
The fury of man's wrath to cool,  
The savage heart to tame,  
God sends him to affliction's school,  
And puts his pride to shame.  
Thus nations madly battle urge,  
And still their woes increase,  
Till their own choice becomes their scourge,  
And, trembling on destruction's verge,  
They pant at last for peace.

Hail, sacred Peace! thou com'st to heal  
 The woes exhausted nations feel.  
 Thou bringest Plenty in thy train,  
 To cheer the fainting poor again.  
 Commerce, unbound by thee, shall pour  
 Earth's varied gifts on ev'ry shore ;  
 And active Industry resume  
 The spade, the plough, the forge, the loom :  
 While Art ingenious adds new means  
 In curious skill, and vast machines.  
 Thou dost sweet Liberty restore,  
 And open Mis'ry's dungeon door :  
 Nor longer shall a Tyrant's chain  
 The sympathy of soul restrain,  
 But fathers, friends, and brothers, meet again.

Compassionate Author of peace !  
 Around the wide world let it flow,  
 That cruel contention may cease,  
 And friendship and love dwell below.  
 Oh ! soon may the promise take place,  
 The dawn of Immanuel's reign,  
 And set up the Kingdom of Grace,  
 Where discord no more shall remain !

Instead of the trumpet of war,  
 Let mercy's sweet message be heard,  
 And nations now scatter'd afar,  
 Unite in the bands of thy word ;  
 Instead of the weapons of Death,  
 May soldiers of Jesus, with love,  
 Contend for their God, and their Faith,  
 And win the bright kingdom above !

Instead of the sword and the spear,  
 The plough and the pruner restore,  
 That herbage and fruits may appear  
 On fields that were cover'd with gore.  
 No more may Ambition arise,  
 To kindle the world to a flame ;  
 But Mercy come down from the skies,  
 And *peace to all nations proclaim !*

*Herald of Peace.*

**No. 68. The Whirlpool.**

IT is in the ocean that whirlpools are peculiarly dangerous, where the tides are violent and the tempests fierce. To mention only one, that called the Maelstrom, upon the coasts of Norway, which is considered as the most dreadful and voracious in the world.

The name it has received from the natives, signifies the navel of the sea, since they suppose that a great share of the water of the sea is sucked up and discharged by its vortex. The body of waters that forms this whirlpool is extended in a circle about thirteen miles in circumference.

In the midst of this, stands a rock, against which the tide, in its ebb, is dashed with inconceivable fury. At this time it instantly swallows up all things that come within the sphere of its violence, trees, timber and shipping. No skill of the mariner, nor strength of rowing can work an escape.

The sailor at the helm finds the ship at first go in a current opposite to his intentions. His vessel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid.

It goes round in circles, still narrower and narrower till at last it is dashed against the rocks, and instantly disappears. Nor is it seen again for six hours, till the tide flowing, it is vomited forth with the same violence with which it was drawn in.

The noise of this dreadful vortex still further contributes to increase its terror, which, with the dashing of the waters, and the dreadful valley, if it may be so called, caused by their circulation, makes one of the most tremendous objects in nature.

*Goldsmith.*

Even animals which have come too near the vortex, have expressed the utmost terror, when they have found the stream irresistible. Whales are frequently carried away, and the moment they feel the force of the water, they struggle against it with all their might, howling and bellowing in a frightful manner.

*Guthrie.*

## THE MAELSTROM.

Near Moskoe isle and the Norwegian shores,  
 A vast, terrific Whirlpool yawns and roars ;  
 Its thunders range for many a league around  
 And say to men—*Keep ye on distant ground!*  
 But if incautious, or by sad surprise,  
 A boat or ship—how great soe'er the size  
 Is caught within the vortex, four miles wide,  
 The whirling wave becomes its fatal guide.  
 The frightened crew exert their powers in vain ;  
 Nor strength nor skill their safety can obtain.  
 At first, more slow they move, in circles large,  
 And fondly hope and strive for their discharge  
 From this dread scene: Alas ! it is too late,  
 The lessening circles hurry on their fate ;  
 While round and round they sail, they draw more near  
 The central gulph, where they must disappear ;  
 Here down they 're whirl'd to depths unknown to men,  
 No more to see the light of day again.

In view of such a scene, what horrors rise !  
 What mortal could refrain from ardent cries  
 To Him who rules, and who alone can save,  
 Or raise the dead from this horrific grave !

But lo ! what moral Whirlpools sin has raised,  
 By far more dreadful, though by Folly praised !  
 The Whirlpool DISSIPATION bears along  
 On its seductive waves, a numerous throng.  
 In this short course to wo, those in the rear,  
 See those in front ingulph'd each passing year ;  
 Yet with these premonitions full in view,  
 Heedless, unawed, their course they still pursue ;—  
 They hope retreat, ere they shall lose their breath,  
 But habit binds them o'er to vice and death.

See Martial Whirlpools too, of wondrous fame,  
 The curse of nations and their rulers' shame,—  
 Who, in pretence of seeking public good,  
 Resort to war, and deluge states in blood !  
 Such dire commotions, form'd by human pride,



Whelm men by myriads in their whirling tide,—  
Involve whole countries in a flood of wo,  
And deal destruction both to friend and foe :  
Yet this infernal policy of state,  
Exalts the robber, styles the murderer " Great."

*Repository.*



## No. 69. Abolition of Female Infanticide.

"It appears that Col. Walker went, in the year 1801, as political resident to Guzerat, where he found the horrid practice of murdering female children was common.

"The Colonel having obtained accurate information concerning the facts, entered into a correspondence with the chiefs, reasoning with them on the guilt of this horrid practice. They gravely defended it, especially on the score of antiquity, pretending that it had been perpetuated for 5000 years. At length, however, they gave way, and signed an engagement to relinquish the practice forever.

"Much laudable care was taken by Mr. Duncan, the governor of Bombay, to render this engagement effectual ; and it is hoped that the abolition not only there but in the other parts of India will become general. The good effects of this humane interference were evident in humanizing the character of the Jarejahs. Much gratitude was excited towards Colonel Walker.

"Female infants, who had been preserved by his philanthropic exertions, were presented to him at his court by the parents who gloried in their preservation and doted upon them with fondness,—and the female children of some families were taught, as the first articulate sounds, to say *Baker Saheb umneh Jee waria!* that is, COLONEL WALKER SAVED ME."

### REMARKS.

These poor benighted heathens had been in the habit of killing many of their female children as soon as they were born. This they did through the influence of custom, and probably without either malignity or remorse.

The more enlightened people called Christians, do not

thus destroy their *female* infants. The very thought of doing this would fill them with horror. They have however another custom which is esteemed very honourable. They train up many of their *male* children in habits of vice, that they may become heroic and dexterous *man-killers*.

Christians! will you here pause a moment, and compare the custom of *Heathen "infanticide,"* with your custom of *Christian homicide,* and then say which is the most heathenish and most inhuman.

The Heathen chiefs defended their custom on the "score of antiquity." Christians, with equal wisdom and propriety, defends theirs on the same ground.

Col. Walker was, however, successful in reasoning with the Heathen chiefs on the immorality of infanticide and in favor of its abolition. If he be still living let him next try his skill with the chiefs of Christendom, "reasoning with them on the guilt of the" *more* "horrid practice" of training up children to the business of human butchery.

I indeed fear that he would find greater difficulty in converting these chiefs than he did in converting those of Guzerat. But should he succeed, thousands of European boys may unite with the girls of India, and say, "Col. Walker saved me."

The fact that Col. Walker was successful in persuading the nations of India to relinquish a custom which in their opinion had been "perpetuated for 5000 years"—and which of course was revered for its antiquity, affords ground of hope that all sanguinary customs may be abolished by the force of reasoning and the progress of light.

The antiquity of the custom is the resort of Christians in defending war. "It has, say they, been a custom in all ages:" hence they infer its necessity, its lawfulness, and the certainty that it will be continued. But such inferences are fallacious and delusive.

Depraved as mankind are—attached as they are to hereditary customs, they are still capable of reasoning, of reflecting, of receiving light, and of changing their opinions; and it is impossible for good rulers to make war on their fellow men with a full conviction of the enormities and horrors of the custom.

“The good effects of Col. Walker’s interference were evident in humanizing the character of the Jarejahs.” If such were the effects on the heathen of abolishing “infanticide,” what would be the effects on mankind in general of abolishing *homicide* and *war*.

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## No. 70. Remarkable Rivers.

THE Amazon in South America is said to be the largest of all the known rivers on this globe. It descends from the Andes; runs a course of about 3,500 miles; receives about 200 other rivers on its way to the ocean; and is 150 miles wide at its mouth.

The La Plata is also a river of South America. In length, it is said to exceed eight hundred leagues; and its mouth nearly sixty leagues in breadth. Its current where it falls into the sea, is so rapid, that the water is fresh for some leagues distant from its mouth.

The Mississippi is the largest river in the United States. Its whole length is about 3000 miles, and it empties into the gulf of Mexico by several mouths.

The St. Lawrence has its rise within 30 or 40 miles of the Mississippi, and after passing through the great lakes, Superior, Huron, Erie and Ontario, empties itself into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, by a mouth 90 miles in width.

The Volga is supposed to be the largest river in Europe, being above 2000 miles in length. Having passed through the Russian territories, it enters Asia, and empties itself into the Caspian sea.

The Ganges is one of the noblest rivers of Asia. It rises in the kingdom of Thibet, discharges its waters in the Gulph of Bengal, and exceeds 1400 miles in length. On certain festivals, upwards of a hundred thousand persons assemble to bathe in its waters.

The Nile is a remarkable river of Africa. In its extent it is supposed to exceed 2000 miles. It takes its rise in Ethiopia, and flows into the Mediterranean sea by seven channels—two only of which are at present navigable.

*Several authors,*

Tell by what paths, what subterraneous ways, }  
 Back to the fountain's head the sea conveys, }  
 The reflux rivers and the land repays ? }  
 Tell what superior, what controlling cause  
 Makes waters, in contempt of nature's laws  
 Climb up, and gain th' aspiring mountain's height  
 Swift and forgetful of their native weight ?  
 What happy works, what engines under ground,  
 What instruments of curious art are found,  
 Which must with everlasting labor play, }  
 Back to their springs the rivers to convey, }  
 And keep their correspondence with the sea ? }

*Blackmore.*

Thy providence fix'd the stream and its source ;  
 The sea knows its bounds, the rivers their course.  
 Convey'd through dark channels, springs rise on the hills,  
 They burst in the fountains, they fall in the rills.

The beasts of the wild, their forest forsake,  
 The herd quit the field, to drink of the lake ;  
 On trees crown'd with blossoms, its margin along,  
 Bird's warbling sweet music, praise GOD in their song.

Descending on hills, clouds plenteousness pour ;  
 All nature revives, earth smiles in the shower :  
 A garment of verdure apparels the plain,  
 Fruits swell in the garden, fields wave with their grain.

Nor here only, Lord, thy might we adore,  
 The sea owns thy hand, thy wisdom and power ;  
 There tribes without number, thy creatures resort ;  
 Leviathans gambol, and whales take their sport.

There ships spread their sails, the surface to sweep ;  
 There fish nimbly glide, conceal'd in the deep :  
 They all know their season, as seasons arise ;  
 And tribes, which thy bounty has made, it supplies.

Thy will and thy word enclue them with breath ;  
 Consum'd by thy blast, they shrink into death ;  
 Restor'd at thy pleasure, new beings appear,  
 To people the waters, the earth and the air.

*Vincent.*

**No. 71. Poetic addresses to Animals.**

## TO THE CRICKET.

Little Croaker of the hearth,  
I hear thy melancholy mirth,  
To me thou seem'st to say—  
I now supply the Robin's song,  
And all the summer painted throug,  
Whose wings have flown away.

My bagpipe, in the chimney side,  
Shall strains of music still provide,  
Though thou art all unknown ;  
O save me from the howling storm,  
And only keep the Minstrel warm,  
Thy summer friends have flown.

When cold and fierce December stares,  
And through his icy mantle glares,  
Let me this warmth enjoy—  
'Tis all the boon I ask of men—  
Grant me this humble suit, and then  
My music I'll employ.

While seated by the social fire,  
I will not sing of battles dire,  
In strains of Walter Scott ;  
Of heroes on the bloody plain,  
Who in the glorious strife were slain,  
Left on that field to rot.

I will not sing in Byron's lays,  
Whom critics oft have deign'd to praise,  
His glory is a dream—  
I, a poor Minstrel of the wood,  
And with no human powers endued,  
Alas, cannot blaspheme !

I cannot in this tempest gust,  
Sing like the Poet Moore, of lust,  
To charm this world below ;

If strong temptation rules the hour,  
 Thank heav'n that I have not the pow'r  
 To brave my Maker so.

Yet I can chirp while life remains,  
 Such poor, such humble, woodland strains,  
 As heav'n has taught to me ;  
 While seated by thy social fire,  
 O let me know, ere I retire,  
 My insect muse is free.

Dear insect hear me—chirp along,  
 From morn to eve, thy hum drum song,  
 Without my frowning, free ;  
 And neither Scott, or Byron, Moore,  
 Shall e'er such Minstrel strains restore,  
 As I should lose by thee.

Give me thy bagpipe, insect wild,  
 Untam'd, for thou art nature's child,  
 That unharmonious line ;  
 And may I never dare to lose,  
 Amidst the wanderings of my muse,  
 A God of power divine.

A.

---

TO THE ROBIN,

Whose nest had been taken out of the author's garden, where it had  
 long been accustomed to build.

Spare thy reproach, thou more than tongue  
 That little lively eye,  
 It was not *I* that stole thy young ;  
 Indeed it was not *I*.

With pleasure equal to thine own  
 I've watch'd thy tender brood ;  
 And mark'd how fondly thou hast flown  
 To bear them daily food.

Ah, base was he, whose hand could stain  
 Fair hospitality,  
 With act so foul as thus to pain  
 An harmless guest like thee.

Pursue me not from spray to spray :  
How shall I teach my tongue  
Some sound that may to thee convey,  
*I did not do thee wrong ?*

Oh that I knew, sweet innocent,  
The language of thy kind,  
Or could some lucid sign invent  
Fitting thy feeble mind !

This spot indignant do not quit,  
Thy confidence replace,  
And here with generous trust commit  
Once more thy tender race.

For here thy young have oft before  
Securely spread the wing :  
Oh grant my shades one trial more,  
Here pass one other spring.

Meanwhile this comfort I will take,  
Not long thy woes shall last,  
All hearts but man's soon cease to ache,  
Thy griefs shall soon be past.

*Fawcett.*

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TO A ROBIN,

Frightened from its nest by the author's approach.

Fond, timid creature ! fear not me ;  
Think not I mean to injure thee ;  
I am not come with hard intent  
To steal the treasure heav'n hath sent

Hovering with fond anxiety  
Around thy unfledg'd family,  
Fearful and tender as thou art  
Each step alarms thy failing heart !

But let those fluttering plumes lie still,  
Those needless terrors cease to feel !  
Why hop so fast from bough to bough ?  
Thou hear'st no hostile footstep now.

Compose thy feathers, ease thy fear  
 No cruel purpose brought me here :  
 I came not rudely to invade  
 The little dwelling thou hast made—  
 To hurt thy fair domestic peace,  
 And wound parental tenderness.

When cheerless wintry scenes appear  
 Thy sprightly song well-pleased we hear,  
 And he that robs thee of thy young  
 But ill repays that sprightly song.

Kind heav'n protect thy tender brood  
 Secret and safe be their abode ;  
 Let no malign, exploring eye  
 Thy little tenement descry.

Still may thy fond assiduous care  
 Thine offspring unmolested rear :  
 Teach them, like thee, to spread the wing,  
 And teach them too, like thee, to sing.  
 And may each pure felicity  
 That birds can feel, be felt by thee.

*Ibid.*


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INVITATION TO THE BEE.

Child of patient industry,  
 Little active busy Bee,  
 Thou art out at early morn,  
 Just as the opening flowers are born,  
 Among the green and grassy meads,  
 Where the cowslips hang their heads ;  
 Or by hedge-rows, while the dew  
 Glitters on the harebell blue.

Then on eager wing art flown  
 To thymy hillocks on the dawn ;  
 Or to revel on the broom,  
 Or suck the clover's crimson bloom ;  
 Murmuring still, thou busy Bee,  
 Thy little ode to industry.



Go while summer suns are bright,  
Take at large thy wandering flight ;  
Go and load thy tiny feet  
With every rich and various sweet.

But when the meadows shall be mown  
And summer's garlands overblown ;  
Then come, thou little busy Bee,  
And let thy homestead be with me.

Yet fear not when the tempests come  
And drive thee to thy waxen home,  
That I shall then most treacherously  
For thy honey murder thee.

*Charlotte Smith.*

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THE HEDGEHOG,

Seen in a frequented path.

Wherefore should man or thoughtless boy  
Thy quiet, harmless life destroy,  
Innoxious urchin ?—for thy food  
Is but the beetle and the fly,  
And all thy harmless luxury  
The swarming insects of the wood.

Should man to whom his God has given  
Reason, the brightest ray of heaven,  
Delight to hurt in senseless mirth  
Inferior animals ?—and dare  
To use his power in waging war  
Against his brethren of the earth ?

*Ibid.*

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THE SQUIRREL.

The Squirrel with aspiring mind,  
Disdains to be to earth confin'd,  
But mounts aloft in air ;  
The pine-trees giddiest height he climbs,  
Or scales the beach-tree's loftiest limbs,  
And builds his castle there

Within some old fantastic tree,  
 Where time has worn a cavity  
     His winter food is stor'd ;  
 The cone beset with many a scale,  
 The chesnut in its coat of mail,  
     Or nuts complete his hoard.

Soft is his shining auburn coat,  
 As ermine white his downy throat,  
     Intelligent his mien ;  
 With feathery tail and ears alert,  
 And little paws as hands expert,  
     And eyes so black and keen.

Soaring above the earth-born herd  
 Of beasts, he emulates the bird,  
     Yet feels no want of wings ;  
 Exactly pois'd, he dares to launch  
 In air, and bounds from branch to branch,  
     With swift elastic springs.

And thus the man of mental worth  
 May rise above the humblest birth,  
     And adverse fate control ;  
 If to the upright heart be join'd  
 The active, persevering mind,  
     And firm, unshaken soul.

*Ibid.*


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ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL.

Why, ye tenants of the lake,  
 For me your wat'ry haunts forsake ?  
 Tell me, fellow creatures, why  
 At my presence thus you fly ?

Conscious, blushing for our race,  
 Soon, too soon, your fears I trace,  
 Man, your proud usurping foe—  
 Would-be lord of all below—  
 Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,  
 Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle from his cliffy brow,  
Marking you his prey below,  
In his breast no pity dwells,  
Strong necessity impels.  
But man to whom alone is given  
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,  
Glories in his heart humane,  
And creatures for his pleasure slain !

In these savage liquid plains,  
Only known to wandering swains,  
Where the mossy rivulet strays,  
Far from human haunts and ways ;  
All on Nature you depend,  
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or if man's superior might,  
Dare invade your native right,  
On the lofty ether borne .  
Man with all his powers you scorn ;  
Swiftly seek on clanging wings,  
Other lakes and other springs,  
And the foe you cannot brave,  
Scorn at least to be his slave.

*Burns*

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THE HUMMING BIRD.

Minutest of the feather'd kind,  
Possessing every charm combin'd,  
Nature in forming thee design'd  
That thou should'st be  
A proof within how little space,  
She can comprise such perfect grace,  
Rendering thy lovely fairy race  
Beauty's epitome.

Those burnish'd colours to bestow,  
Her pencil in the heavenly bow  
She dipp'd, and made thy plumes to glow  
With every hue

That in the dancing sunbeam plays ;  
 And with the ruby's vivid blaze,  
 Mingled the emerald's lucid rays  
                     With halcyon blue.

Then placed thee under genial skies,  
 Where flowers and shrubs spontaneous rise,  
 With richer fragrance, bolder dyes,  
                     By her endued ;  
 And bade thee pass thy happy hours  
 In tamarind shades, and palmy bowers,  
 Extracting from unfailing flowers  
                     Ambrosial food.

There, lovely Bee-bird ! mayst thou rove  
 Through spicy vale and citron grove,  
 And woo, and win thy fluttering love  
                     With plume so bright ;  
 There rapid fly, more heard than seen,  
 Mid orange boughs of polish'd green,  
 With glowing fruit, and flowers between  
                     Of purest white.

There feed, and take thy balmy rest,  
 There weave thy little cotton nest,  
 And may no cruel hand molest  
                     Thy timid bride ;  
 Nor those bright changeful plumes of thine,  
 Be offer'd on the unfeeling shrine,  
 Where some dark beauty loves to shine,  
                     In gaudy pride.

Nor may her sable lover's care  
 Add to the baubles in her hair  
 Thy dazzling feathers, rich and rare ;  
                     And thou poor bird,  
 For this inhuman purpose bleed ;  
 While gentle hearts abhor the deed,  
 And Mercy's trembling voice may plead,  
                     But plead unheard.

Such triflers should be taught to know,  
 Not all the hues thy plumes can show,  
 Become them like the conscious glow

Of modesty :

And that not half so lovely seems  
 The ray that from the diamond gleams,  
 As the pure gem that trembling beams  
 In Pity's eye.

*Smith's Conversations.*

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## N<sup>o</sup>. 72. Telemachus ; or the Abolition of the Gladiatorial Spectacles.

‘ Nothing, says Erasmus, can be more cruel and savage than single combats, and the butchery of gladiatorial spectacles ; and yet our forefathers were so delighted with the sight, that an example, the basest of all left us by the Heathens, took such firm hold of the Christians, especially in the city of Rome, that they have not been able at this day to divest themselves entirely of this relique of Paganism.

‘ The abolition of that species of combat, which they distinguish by the name of *tripartite*, we owe to one Telemachus. This good man left the east and came to Rome ; where, entering the theatre, and seeing armed men rushing violently, with an intent to kill each other, he leaped into the midst of them, exclaiming,—“ What are you doing, brothers ? Why do you run headlong, like two wild beasts, to each others destruction ?”

‘ In short while the good natured man was humanely endeavouring to save the lives of the combatants, he lost his own ; for the people stoned him to death : So highly did the unthinking rabble value this cruel diversion, which afforded an object to stare at.

‘ What was the consequence ? The Emperor Honorius, as soon as he heard of the transaction, issued orders to abolish the exhibition of gladiatorial combats.

‘ Now reflect a moment with me, how base an amusement this was, how many thousand lives were lost by it ;

and you will immediately see how much the world is indebted to the death of one individual. For a deed like this, Telemachus was deservedly canonized.

‘But how much more richly would that man deserve this honor, who should put an end to the conflicts of the great potentates, who lord it over this suffering world?’

#### REFLECTIONS.

1st. What intelligent Christian does not now look back with amazement and horror on the gladiatorial exhibitions, in which men murdered one another to make sport for the multitude! What an influence must such a custom have had on the minds and morals of the Romans? What barbarians must the inhabitants of Rome have been, who could “delight” in such murderous amusements!

2d. Will not Christians of future ages, in like manner, review with horror the history of our times! People of the present day have eyes to see, in some particulars, the barbarity of former ages; but are they not generally as blind as the Romans were to the inhumanity of their own customs? What better than gladiators are the armies of Christian nations who meet each other in a field of battle for mutual murder?

3d. How much more to be admired is the heroism and intrepidity of Telemachus, who exposed his own life in a benevolent attempt to put an end to a sanguinary custom, than that of a military butcher, who murders for fame, or who will hire himself out for money as a mankiller!

4th. The fact that the gladiatorial spectacles have lost their popularity and become abhorrent to Christians, affords ground of assurance that other sanguinary customs may be rendered disreputable, and of course be abolished.

5th. It is a point which demands the most serious consideration of Christians and of philanthropists, whether the popular modes of mimicking sanguinary combats have not an influence on the human character similar to that of the gladiatorial exhibitions.

If familiarity with sanguinary combats will harden the heart, or diminish the kind sympathies of the soul, and render cruelty a sport,—what reason can be given why sportive imitations of cruelty should not gradually callous

the mind and prepare young people to perpetrate the deeds which have been thus familiarized?

When they have been long accustomed to seeing murderous heroism represented as the glory of human nature, can it be wonderful if they should have imbibed its spirit? The savage who has been taught from his infancy, that revenge is glory, will delight and glory in revenge; and a similar education will have a similar effect on those who are called civilized.

Is it not then to be suspected that there are now more of the "reliques of paganism" and of a savage state still popular in Christendom, than is generally supposed?

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LINES ADDRESSED TO LORD CHANCELLOR KING.

'Tis not the splendor of the place,  
 The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,  
 And all the pompous train of state,  
 That make you happy, make you great :  
 But when mankind you strive to bless,  
 With all the talents you possess ;  
 When all the joys you can receive  
 Flow from the benefits you give :  
 This takes the heart, this conquers spite,  
 And makes the heavy burden light :  
 True pleasure, rightly understood,  
 Is only labor to do good.

*Elegant Extracts.*

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No. 73. Meteors.

ON the 21st of March, 1676, two hours after sunset, an extraordinary meteor was seen to pass over Italy. Its perpendicular altitude was at least 38 miles. At all the places near its course, it was heard to make a hissing noise as it passed, like that of artificial fireworks.

In passing over Leghorn it gave a very loud report like that of a cannon; immediately after which another

sort of sound was heard, like the rattling of a deeply-loaded wagon passing over the stones.

A blazing meteor was, on the 19th of March, 1719, seen in every part of England. In the metropolis, about a quarter after eight at night, a sudden, powerful light was perceived in the west, far exceeding that of the moon.

Where it had passed, it left behind a track of a cloudy or faint reddish yellow colour; this continued more than a minute, seemed to sparkle, and kept its place without falling. It was agreed by all the spectators in the capital that the splendor of this meteor was little inferior to that of the sun.

The perpendicular height of this surprising meteor was estimated at 64 geometrical miles; and it was computed to have run about 300 of these miles in a minute. It was seen not only in every part of Great Britain and Ireland, but likewise in Holland, in the hither parts of Germany, in France, and in Spain nearly at the same instant of time.

The accounts from Devonshire, Cornwall, and the neighbouring counties, were unanimous in describing the wonderful noise which followed its explosion. It resembled the report of a large cannon, or rather of a broadside, at some distance, which was followed by a rattling noise, as if many small arms had been promiscuously discharged.

*Clarke.*

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### No. 74. Aerolites.

METEORIC stones have been ascertained to be connected with the fire balls described above. The stony bodies, when found immediately after their descent, are always hot.

On the 7th of Nov. 1492, a little before noon, a dreadful thunder clap was heard in Alsace; instantly after which a child saw a huge stone fall on a field newly sown with wheat. On searching, it was found to have penetrated the earth about 3 feet, and weighed 260 pounds.

On the 24th of July, 1790, between nine and ten at night, a shower of stones fell near Agen, in Guienna.



First a luminous ball was seen traversing the atmosphere with great rapidity ; soon after, a loud explosion was heard ; this was followed by the fall of stones over a considerable extent of ground.

In Normandy, early in the afternoon, of the 26th of April, 1812 ; a fiery globe of a very brilliant splendor, which moved in the air with great rapidity, was followed in a few seconds by a violent explosion, that lasted five or six minutes, and was heard to the extent of more than 50 leagues, in every direction.

Three or four reports, like those of a cannon, were followed by a discharge resembling a fire of musquetry ; after which a dreadful rumbling was heard, like the beating of a drum. The air was calm, the sky serene, with the exception of a few clouds.

A multitude of meteoric stones were seen to fall at the same time. The district in which they fell, forms an elliptical extent of about two leagues and a half in length, and nearly one in breadth.

The number of these stones was reckoned to exceed three thousand ; and the largest of them weighed nearly 20 pounds. They were friable some days after their fall, and smelt strongly of sulphur. They subsequently acquired the degree of hardness common to these stones.

*Clarke.*

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## No. 75. Scene at Beresina, between the French and Russians.

WE pass over many affecting scenes, and come to what took place at Beresina. Two bridges had been constructed, "one for the carriages and the other for the foot soldiers." About 8 o'clock (Nov. 28,) the bridge for the carriages and the cavalry broke down ; the baggage and artillery then advanced towards the other bridge and attempted to force a passage.

"Now began a frightful contention between the foot soldiers and the horsemen. Many perished by the hands of their comrades, but a greater number were suffocated

at the head of the bridge; and the dead bodies of men and horses so choaked every avenue, that it was necessary to climb over mountains of carcasses to arrive at the river.

Some who were buried in these horrible heaps still breathed, and struggling with the agonies of death caught hold of those who mounted over them; but these kicked them with violence to disengage themselves, and without remorse trod them under foot."

"At length the Russians advanced in a mass. At the sight of the enemy, the artillery, the baggage wagons, the cavalry and the foot soldiers, all pressed on, contending which should pass first. The stronger threw into the river those who were weaker, and hindered their passage, or unfeelingly trampled under foot all the sick they found in their way.

"Many hundreds were crushed to death by the wheels of the cannon. Thousands and thousands of victims, deprived of all hope, threw themselves headlong into the Beresina, and were lost in the waves."

"The division of Girard made its way by force of arms, and climbing over the mountains of dead bodies, gained the other side. The Russians would soon have followed them, if they had not hastened to burn the bridge."

"Then the unhappy beings on the other side of the Beresina abandoned themselves to absolute despair. The destruction was now inevitable; and amidst all their former disasters never were they exposed to, or can imagination conceive, horrors equal to those which encompassed them during that frightful night.

The elements let loose, seemed to conspire to afflict universal nature, and to chastise the ambition and the crimes of man. Lamentable cries and groans alone marked the place of these miserable victims."

"More than 20,000 sick and wounded fell into the hands of the enemy. Two hundred pieces of cannon were abandoned. All the baggage of the two corps which had joined us, was equally the prey of the conquerors."

*Labaumè.*

No. 76. The Safety Lamp.

For many ages human ingenuity has been much exerted for the invention of instruments and means of human destruction. But it is pleasing to observe, that there have been some philanthropists in the several countries, who have employed their powers of invention, in devising means for saving the lives of men.

“The Safety Lamp” in Britain is a modern invention, and much celebrated for its saving properties, in the coal mines of that country. The following account of its use is from the Percy Anecdotes.

“The effects of those explosions produced in coal mines by what is called the *fire-damp* have been long known; and of late years by their frequency and extent had been peculiarly terrible.

“By a single explosion in Felling colliery, near Newcastle, no less than *one hundred and one persons* were destroyed in an instant, and nearly as many families plunged in the deepest distress.

“To Sir Humphrey Davy was reserved the unrivalled honor of at last discovering a complete protection against this frightful enemy.—It makes the fire-damp itself give warning of the danger which it threatens. This formidable enemy has not only been conquered by science; it is forced to serve, it becomes a sure guide, a submissive slave.

“The result is as wonderful as it is important. An invisible and infallible barrier made effectual against a force the most violent and irresistible in its operations, and a power that in its tremendous effects seemed to emulate the lightning and the earthquake, confined in a narrow space, and shut up in a net of the most slender texture, are facts which might excite a degree of wonder and astonishment, from which neither ignorance nor wisdom can defend the beholder.

“When to this we add the beneficial consequences and the saving of the lives of men, and consider that the effects are to remain as long as coal continues to be dug from the bowels of the earth, it may fairly be said that there is hard-

ly, in the whole compass of art and science, a single invention, of which one would rather wish to be the author.

“It is little that the highest praise, and that even the voice of national gratitude, when most strongly expressed, can add to the happiness of one who is conscious of having done such a service to his fellow men.”

In these extracts we behold our British brethren rejoicing in a discovery for preserving men from the explosions of coal-mine “fire damp.” It may be proper to invite attention to another species of “fire damp,” which has long existed in Britain, in this country, and in every quarter of the globe.

The “fire damp,” to which we allude, is composed of the following ingredients:—avarice, military ambition, and revenge. For distinction sake it may be denominated the *martial* “fire-damp.” The greater the quantity of this in any country, the more its inhabitants are exposed to frequent and fatal explosions.

The explosion in the Felling colliery, which destroyed 101 persons, was regarded as a terrible event. But how very small was this havoc, when compared with the ravages made by the explosion of martial “fire-damps” in Britain! How often has it been the case, that a *hundred thousand* persons have been destroyed by these explosions in a single campaign!

If then the invention of Sir Humphrey Davy be matter of so great rejoicing, who can estimate the worth of a “safety lamp,” which shall secure men from the more fatal explosions of the martial “fire-damps” of every country? And is there no remedy in this case? Has God endowed men with wisdom to guard against the “fire-damps” of HIS creation, and left them without remedy for those which proceed from their own hearts?

No, verily. More than 1800 years ago he sent his Son to reveal a “safety-lamp,” to preserve men from these martial explosions. This lamp is composed of the gospel precepts of love, forbearance, and forgiveness, and the example of the Messiah. This single precept, if duly observed, would be sufficient to secure our whole race against these evils. “All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”

This "safety-lamp" was tried by the first settlers of Pennsylvania, in the midst of a ferocious and savage people. Its effects were wonderful; it so controlled the "fire-damps," that there was not one explosion for *seventy years!* It was indeed effectual, till men rose to power, who set aside the lamp, and adopted another policy.

Sir Humphrey Davy's lamp would have been no protection to the colliers of England, had they treated his directions with as little regard as the rulers of nations have shown to the requirements of the gospel, and the example of the Prince of peace.

Should the colliers extinguish their lamps, or place them at a distance in the open fields, then devise methods for augmenting the quantity of inflammable air in the mines, and multiply the causes of explosion, they would but imitate the policy which has been generally pursued by governments, in respect to the "safety-lamp," provided by the Father of mercies.

To complete the parallel, the colliers and their directors should be made to believe, that conforming to Sir Humphrey Davy's instructions would be a mark of cowardice; that to perish in conflicts with "fire-damps" is to die in "the field of glory and the bed of honor," and that bravely to expose themselves in such a glorious cause is the way to immortal renown.

If the colliers should become thoroughly imbued with such delusive sentiments, they will then resemble a body of regular troops, rushing on death and ruin, in pursuit of military fame.

But if Sir Humphrey Davy is entitled to esteem and gratitude for his saving exertions, what love and praise is due to Him who revealed the more important "safety-lamp," and sealed his testimony with his own blood!

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Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;  
Nor was perfection made for man below;  
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,  
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.

*Beattie.*

**No. 77. Calumny a heinous Crime.**

THERE are but few vices more injurious in their tendency, more frequently forbidden or disapproved in the Bible, or more commonly practised among men, than that of speaking evil one of another.

The following are among the admonitions, precepts, or exhortations, relating to this vice, contained in the scriptures.

“He that uttereth a slander is a fool.”

“Keep not company with a railer.”

“Put them in mind to speak evil of no man.”

“Let all evil speaking be put away from among you.”

David interrogates thus:—“Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?” In answering the question he says—“He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.”

St. Paul exhorts Christians “not to keep company” with any man that is a “*railer*.” He also classes the “*reviler*” with the most odious characters, and assures us that such men “shall not inherit the kingdom of God.”

The benevolent example of Jesus Christ should always be regarded and imitated,—“Who when he was reviled reviled not again.” This temper he displayed while “he went about doing good,” and when he was reviled on the cross.

The practice of reviling, or speaking evil, is forbidden by all the precepts which require men to love one another, and particularly by this—“Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.”

The practice of slander always implies a want of due consideration, or a want of Christian benevolence; and too often envy or malignity is the direct source of calumnious remarks.

This vice ever abounds when men are under the influence of party spirit, whether the parties are formed on account of politics, religion, or particular persons. Under such influence people are little inclined to admit or suspect any evil in their revilings.

As evil speaking generally proceeds from evil passions, so it tends to excite evil passions in others ; and the measure which the slanderer metes out, is very commonly measured to him in return.

Much of the contention, which exist in societies and neighborhoods, is produced by this vice ; and not unfrequently public wars between nations have been excited or accelerated by the same pernicious means.

As kind and soft words turn away wrath and preserve peace ; so unkind and reproachful words excite anger and produce hostilities. Calumnies which originated with a few men, have occasioned the destruction of thousands, and deluged countries in blood.

“ A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.” He therefore, who wantonly or maliciously robs his neighbor of a good name, does a greater injury than the highwayman or pirate, who merely robs a man of his money.

A good name is essential to extensive usefulness ; and he that robs a worthy man of his reputation, does a great injury, not only to the individual whom he defames, but to the community of which he is a member.

The defamer not only injures his neighbor and society, but he injures himself in the view of good men ; for in their esteem his reputation sinks, and the evil which he intended to another falls finally on his own head.

Young people, therefore, who wish to be respected by the good, and to be useful and happy in this world, or to please God and to be happy in the world to come, should be as careful not to defame others, as they wish others to be not to defame them.

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The man who doth his neighbor wrong,  
By falsehood or by force,  
The scornful eye the slanderous tongue,  
I'll drive them from my doors.

The pure, the faithful, and the just,  
My favor shall enjoy :  
These are the friends that I will trust,  
The servants I'll employ.

The wretch who deals in sly deceit,  
 I'll not endure a night ;  
 The liar's tongue I ever hate,  
 And banish from my sight.

Watts.

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## No. 78. Indian Catechising.

Scene—A hut at the foot of the Stony mountains.

*Oronoko*, an Indian Patriarch.

*Susquagawna*, his son, aged 18 years.

*Tallease*, daughter, aged 12 years.

*Wakanista*, son, aged 10 years.

*Oron.* My son, who made you ?

*Wak.* I dont know, father, you never told me.

*O.* Are you made right ? Have you got hands to do with, feet to walk with, eyes to see with, ears to hear with, nose to smell with, teeth to eat with, tongue to talk with ?

*W.* Yes, father.

*O.* Some good spirit made you. The Great Spirit made you. He is greater than all men, stronger than all men, wiser than any man. He made the sun and moon, the earth and the grass, the rivers, and the fishes, the birds and the beasts, and men. He made all things, for all things are made wisely, and good. We must try to please him.

*W.* Father, did he make the white men ?

*O.* He made the white men, and the black men, and the red men. He made all men. He made them to live together in love, and to love him, and behold his wonderful works.

*Tallease.* Father, how shall we know how to please the Great Spirit ; did you ever see him ?

*O.* I have heard him, my child—he speaks to my inward ear.

*W.* What does he tell you, father ?

*O.* He tells me my heart is bad, it must be made clean.

*Tal.* Father, I thought your heart was good, what made it bad ?

*O.* Bad thoughts, my child. We must be humble and



lowly ; we must love the Good Spirit, and all that he has made ; we must be kind to all men, for they are his people.

*W.* Father, must we love the white men ?

*O.* Yes, my son, the white men.

*Tal.* Those that burned our huts, and the corn and meat that the Good Spirit gave us to live on : and turned mother and you, and grandfather, and all of us out in the snow, and drove us, and all our friends from the hunting ground that the Good Spirit gave to our fathers ? Must we love them ?

*O.* Yes, my child, we must forgive them : and if they are cold and hungry, we must take them in and feed them. The Good Spirit says so.

*W.* Father, I can't forgive them. When I get old enough to carry a big bow, and a war-club, I want to help our people to kill them.

*O.* That is because your heart is bad, like the hearts of those bad white men.

*Tal.* Father, does the Great Spirit speak to the white men as he does to you ?

*O.* The Great Spirit talks to all men, to make them do right. But the white men will not be quiet long enough to hear. They have too many things to mind ; too many thoughts of their own.

*W.* Father, I am afraid you were not still, when you thought the Good Spirit told you to love the white men.

*O.* Yes, my son, I was still. When first I thought I heard it, I was not still, for I did not want to hear that word ; my heart was like yours, I wanted to kill the white men.—But the Spirit said, “ No ; you must forgive them. They are my white men. I want them to live, that they may learn to do better.”

*Tal.* Father, you told us the white men had a great book to tell them about the Good Spirit, and to teach them how to please him. Where did they get that book ?

*O.* They say the Great Spirit spoke to their fathers, and told them what to write.

*W.* Why did not the Good Spirit give a book to the Indians ?

*O.* My son, the Good Spirit speaks to the Indians himself. But the white men not being quiet enough to hear

with their inward ears, he gave them a book out of compassion to the weakness of their understanding. When they learn to be still, they wont want a book.

*W.* Father, how long have they had that good book?

*O.* As many moons, my son, as there are grains on a hundred ears of corn.

*W.* Then, father, I'm afraid they'll *never* be still

*T.* Father, does the white men's book speak the same words that the Great Spirit speaks to you?

*O.* If it is a true book it must; for the Great Spirit is one. He does not speak with two tongues.

*T.* Then why don't the white men learn better. They kill their red brethren; and take their land. They steal their black brethren from their country; and make slaves of them. And you say they often kill one another.

*O.* Alas! my children—I am afraid the white people do not understand their book—or that bad men have written something in it that the Good Spirit did not tell them to write. There are many bad things among our white brethren. They have wise men, whom they pay to make their laws and rules plain—and they have other wise men who are paid to make the words of the great book plain—but though they have studied it all themselves, and wrote books to explain it, bigger than the great book itself, they cannot agree about the meaning. They have made both the words of their head men and the words of the Great Spirit harder to be understood than they were before. But that is their trade, for if these were made plain, the wise men would soon have nothing to do.

*Susq.* Father, I have listened to your talk. Now, I want to tell you what I have been thinking. I have thought that the Indians ought to send some good men among the white people, to tell them what the Good Spirit says to the Indians, and to see if it agrees with what is written in their book.

*O.* I fear, my son, they are too proud to listen to the poor Indians. The white nation has grown big and strong. Its top reaches the sky, and its roots are spread over all the land. The Indians are but a little bush that can hardly live in the shade of this big tree.

But there are some good men among the white people

who want all to live like brethren. They want their brethren to let the black people go free, and pay them for their work; and not to kill any more of their red brethren, nor take their land. Perhaps they will listen to these good men. And then it will be a good day—the sky will be clear again—the grass will be green, and the rivers will run sweet and clear.

*Susq.* Alas! my father, if they do not hear soon, I am afraid *there will be no Indians left to see that good day.*

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*Query*—Would it not be well for Christians, while they teach their children the mysteries of Christianity, to give them a practical illustration of its spirit and precept.

*Poulson's A. D. Advertiser.*

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## No. 79. Fable of the Turkey and the Ant.

In other men we faults can spy,  
And blame the mote that dims their eye;  
Each little speck and blemish find;  
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey tir'd of common food,  
Forsook the barn and sought the wood;  
Behind her ran her infant train,  
Collecting here and there a grain.  
Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,  
This hill delicious fare supplies;  
Behold, the busy negro race:  
See, millions blacken all the place!  
Fear not, like me with freedom eat;  
An Ant is most delightful meat.  
How blest, how envied were our life,  
Could we but 'scape the poul'trer's knife!  
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,  
Thus answer'd from a neighb'ring beech:  
Ere you remark another's sin,  
Bid thy own conscience look within;  
Control thy more voracious bill,  
Nor for a breakfast nations kill.

*Gay.*

**No. 80. The love of Martial Glory.**

Our inquiries in this article will relate to a passion which has long been the boast of every nation in Christendom—the *love* of martial glory. This passion has been celebrated as a *virtue*, worthy of the highest admiration and praise.

It is, however, important that its claims to respect should be examined, and its real character impartially displayed. “Every tree is known by its fruit,” whether it be good or bad; and by this criterion we should estimate the love of martial glory. But let us first attend to the meaning of the terms.

What then *is* martial glory? It is that fame and praise, which is bestowed on warriors for their valor and success in attempting to destroy one another. As the terms are commonly used, they have no respect to the right or the wrong, the justice or the injustice of the cause in which the valor is displayed. On either side of a contest, if bravery is successful, the glory is sure to be given.

Men have acquired an astonishing share of this glory in wars the most wanton and murderous; and nothing can be more unjust than the wars of those conquerors whose names have been most celebrated in history. As military glory is acquired only by war, the *love* of this glory must involve a desire of war, as the means for attaining the object.

What then is war? It is an employment which gives ample scope to the vilest passions of men,—it is carried on by the arts of deception, injustice, violence and cruelty,—it sacrifices the lives and happiness of thousands and of millions for the benefit of a few, and fills the countries of the world with extreme suffering, lawless rapine, merciless carnage, frightful desolation, and horrid murder.

Such are some of the genuine fruits of the love of martial glory, as they have appeared in different ages and countries. But human language is too feeble to portray the crimes and sufferings produced by this detestable passion. For no tongue, no pen, no pencil can give an adequate description of the mischiefs and horrors of war.

The love of military glory is one of the principal sources of public war, with all its crimes and calamities. It is the

bane of civil liberty and public happiness, and the cause of despotism, slavery, oppression and national ruin.

The indulgence of this passion is condemned by the spirit and example of the Messiah, by the precepts and prohibitions of his gospel, and by every principle of moral justice and philanthropy. Indeed this passion is a contrast to every thing good in God or man; and it transforms human beings into *devils* to their own species, under the mask of guardians and benefactors.

It resorts to the vilest means for the attainment of its end. The flagitious crimes of pirates, highwaymen and incendiaries, practised on a scale of almost unlimited extent, are the ordinary means by which military glory is achieved.

The love of martial glory is an *expensive* passion. Besides the hundreds of millions of human victims which it has sacrificed to its idol, and the inconceivable amount of property which it has destroyed in its ravages,—the pecuniary expense by which it has been supported, transcends the powers of arithmetic intelligibly to express.

The passion for military fame is as *bewildering* as it is expensive. In the esteem of those who are under its influence, the most atrocious acts of violence and injustice are splendid exploits of virtue,—and the most amiable virtues are regarded as mean and contemptible vices.

This passion treats the benevolent laws of Jehovah as of no authority when they stand opposed to its career for fame. It also inflates the mind of its possessor, and deceives him in regard to his own character and worth.

He often imagines himself to be entitled to high esteem and praise, while in truth he is but a successful robber, pirate, or murderer. Thus the inflated Alexander aspired to divine honors for his wonderful exploits; yet his true character was given by the man who said to him, “Thou art the greatest robber in the world.”

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ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

THE Grecian chief the enthusiast of his pride,  
With rage and terror stalking by his side,  
Raves round the globe; he soars into a God!  
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.

What slaughter'd hosts! what cities in a blaze!  
 What wasted countries! and what crimson seas!  
 With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,  
 And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise  
 The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?  
 Why want we then encomiums on the storm,  
 Or famine, or volcano? they perform  
 Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can slay,  
 And spread their ample deserts in a day.  
 O great alliance! O divine renown!  
 With dearth and pestilence to share the crown.  
 When men extol a wild destroyer's name,  
 Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy is murder by the law;  
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe.  
 To murder thousands, takes a specious name,  
 War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

When after battle, I the field have seen  
 Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men,  
 A nation crush'd! a nation of the brave!  
 A realm of death! and on this side the grave!  
 Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,  
 This human chaos, carry smiles away!

*Young.*

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### No. 81. Mount Etna.

THE elevation of Etna above the level of the sea has been estimated at upwards of two miles. It is the largest burning mountain in Europe. From its sides others arise which have been ejected from its enormous crater.

The most extensive lavas of Vesuvius do not exceed seven miles in length, while those of Etna extend to fifteen, twenty, and some even to thirty miles. The crater of Etna is seldom less than a mile in circuit, and sometimes is two or three miles.

This single mountain contains an epitome of the different climates throughout the world, presenting at once all the seasons of the year, and all the varieties of produce.

It is accordingly divided into three distinct zones or regions—the torrid, temperate, and the frigid—but which are known by the names of the cultivated region, the woody or temperate region, and the frigid or desert region.

The former of these extends through twelve miles of the ascent towards the summit, and is almost incredibly abundant in pastures and fruit trees of every description. It is covered with towns, villages, and monasteries; and the number of inhabitants is estimated at 120,000.

In ascending to the woody or temperate region the scene changes; it is a new climate, a new creation. Below, the heat is suffocating; but here the air is mild and fresh.

The inequality of the soil displays every moment some variety of scene—here, the ash and flowering thorns form domes of verdure; there, the chesnut-trees grow to an enormous size. One of which has a circumference of two hundred and four feet

The desert region commences more than a mile above the level of the sea. The lower part is covered with snow in the winter only; but on the upper half of this sterile district the snows continually lie.

In 1669, the torrent of burning lava inundated a space 14 miles in length and 4 in breadth, burying beneath it a part of Catania, till at length it precipitated itself into the sea.

Ignited rocks, 15 feet in length, were hurled to the distance of a mile; while others of a smaller size were carried three miles. During the night, the red hot lava burst out of a vineyard 20 miles below the crater. In its course it destroyed 5000 habitations and filled up a lake several fathoms deep.

The showers of scoria and sand which, after a lapse of two days, followed this eruption, formed a mountain called Monte Rosso, having a base of about two miles, and a perpendicular height of 750 feet.

*Clarke.*

—Etna roars with dreadful ruins nigh  
 Now hurls a bursting cloud of cinders high,  
 Involved in smoky whirlwinds to the sky; }

With loud dislosion to the starry frame,  
 Shoots fiery globes, and furious floods of flame.  
 Now from her bellowing caverns burst away  
 Vast piles of melted rocks in open day.  
 Her shatter'd entrails wide the mountain throws  
 And deep as hell her flaming centre glows.

*Warton.*

To show that the substances ejected by the Volcano are thrown from vast depths below its base, Dr. Goldsmith says, "that the quantity of matter discharged by Etna alone, is supposed, upon a moderate computation, to exceed twenty times the original bulk of the mountain."

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### No. 82. Useful and Entertaining Anecdotes.

ARISTIDES being judge between two private persons, one of them declared that his adversary had greatly injured Aristides. "Relate rather, good friend," said he, interrupting him, "what wrong he hath done thee, for it is thy cause, not mine, that I now sit judge of."

Anacharsis was wont to deride the endeavours of Solon, whose code of law superseded the bloody one of Draco, to repress the evil passions of his fellow citizens with a few words, which, said he, are no better than spider's webs, which the strong will break through at pleasure.

"So like a fly the poor offender dies,  
 But like a wasp, the rich escapes and flies."

*Denham.*

The reply of Solon was worthy of the law-giver of a refined people. "Men," said he, "will be sure to stand to those covenants, which will bring evident disadvantages to the infringers of them.

"I have so framed and tempered the laws of Athens, that it shall manifestly appear to all, that it is more for



their interest strictly to observe, than in any thing to violate and infringe them."

While Athens was governed by the thirty tyrants, Socrates, the philosopher, was summoned to the Senate House, and ordered to go with some other persons, whom they named, to seize one Leon, a man of rank and fortune, whom they determined to put out of the way, that they might enjoy his estate.

This commission Socrates positively refused. "I will not willingly," said he, "assist in an unjust act." Chercles sharply replied, "Dost thou think, Socrates, to talk in this high tone, and not to suffer?" "Far from it," replied he, "I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly."

During the war with France in 1780, Mr. Fox, a merchant of Falmouth, had a share in a ship, which the other owners determined to fit out as a letter of marque, very much against the wishes of Mr. Fox, who was a quaker. The ship had the fortune to take two French merchantmen, and the share of the prize money which fell to Mr. Fox, was £1500.

At the close of the war, Mr. Fox sent his son to Paris, with the £1500, which he faithfully refunded to the owners of the vessels captured.



## No. 83. Importance of Self-Cultivation.

If it be allowed that character is of essential importance, it will readily be granted that education is the grand means of forming character. The youth assents to this, and replies, he has been so many years at school, states the sciences he has learned, the masters by whom he has been instructed, and possibly too the prizes he has won.

All this sounds well, and the sound will perhaps impose on the inconsiderate, to persuade them that all is done that needs to be done;—all is gained which can ever be wanted. If such a delusion takes place, and is fostered, the character is ruined; it will never rise to eminence; it will lose what already appears promising.

It not unfrequently happens that what has been diligently sought under tuition, is not of the exact nature which will be needful in life, in the occupation to which circumstances lead. Much that is taught to a youth is exactly what he must forget, it being of no use to him.

Knowledge laid up in scholastic instruction may be compared to gold or silver in ingots; valuable, indeed, but not properly useful, till shaped into some vessel, or minted into current coin. A man may be rich, and yet starve, if his riches are not in some transferable property.

This shaping of knowledge to its various uses, will depend on a man's self. A mere knowledge of the learned languages is lumber till a man begins to study some subject for himself; then he finds the value of erudition.

A slight acquaintance with biography will convince us, that it is thus the most eminent characters have arisen to their meridian splendor. All who have increased our knowledge in science, nature, or art, must of necessity be self-taught.

Newton did not learn his sublime discoveries at school; but taught himself by patient attention, acute sagacity and laborious investigation. No giddy, volatile, unobservant mind, could have become a Newton, though trained at fifty universities.

Observe Franklin, a poor printer's lad.—By acute reasoning on electricity, and happy, though simple experiments, he fetches from the clouds the vivid lightnings; rises to the rank at which philosophers look up, and moves in an exalted sphere among statesmen; the honor of his country, the boast of the transatlantic world.

What was Simpson, the great mathematician, author of learned treatises, ranking him with the most scientific men of the age? At first only a poor weaver; but by sedulous attention, he taught himself, and rose from his obscurity to a name of lasting eminence.

Herschel, whose mighty telescopes carry us, as it were, close to the stellar orbs, rose to the patronage of his majesty, and the listening attention of European astronomers, from the low station of a fifer boy in the army.

The names of Chambers, author of the *Cyclopedia*; of Ferguson, eminent in his day as a lecturer in astronomy;

of Sir Humphrey Davy, now deeply searching into the secrets of nature, by the aid of chemistry; of Buchanan, eminent for his researches in India, deserve to be mentioned, as having forced their way upwards, in spite of overwhelming difficulties.

These, and many others, might be adduced, as instances of the wonderful effect of self education; for their own labor and genius has done all for them, in spite of difficulties with which the want of instruction loaded their exertions, in every step of their pursuit.

Reputation and eminence thus acquired, is acquired lawfully. Mankind allow the claim; although when founded on riches, birth, or accident, they are apt to dispute it and to degrade the vain pretender.

Mind alone is not all that is implied in successful eminence; it includes also such assiduous, energetic application of mental powers, as gives them a valuable character.

No seed can be sown of a nature more productive than knowledge—if the soil be good, and the cultivation diligent, careful, and scientific.

It was a mere hint, the dropping of an apple from a tree, which in the mind of Sir Isaac Newton, evolved and ramified, till it embraced and unfolded the planetary system.

Every exertion of the mind, as every exertion of the limbs, makes more and greater exertions easy. New ideas are added with greater facility and greater pleasure; all the store is so much readier for use, and more effective, which ever way applied.

*British Magazine.*

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## No. 84. Good Rulers a substitute for Fleets and Armies.

It is in general but little understood how much the peace and happiness of a nation depend on the character of its rulers. Any intelligent and impartial man, who shall carefully examine history, and observe the characters of those who have ruled over men, will find no difficulty in accounting for the frequency of public wars.

A virtuous community would have considerable influence on the conduct of rulers, but virtuous rulers would have a still greater influence on the conduct of a people. For men in general look up and not down for examples.

It is doubtless true, that false principles have done much to produce war; but false and corrupt hearts have done more. When military ambition, avarice and profligacy are at the helm of a state, to direct its counsels and shape its course,—what better than war and misery can be expected?

We are clearly of opinion, that between nations which have any just claim to be called civilized, there can never be any occasion for war, which does not principally result from the want of good men in power. There may indeed be many subjects of complaint and irritation, which are not to be imputed to rulers; but wise and good rulers in office will not be at a loss for a better mode than war, for the adjustment of differences.

When therefore we find by history, that this and that nation have been for centuries, the greater part of the time engaged in war; we may safely infer, that they have for the greater part of that period been under the dominion of rulers who were more deserving of a state prison than a palace. If any doubt should arise as to the correctness of the inference, examine history, and you will find it amply supported; it will clearly appear, that the sovereigns, or their ministers, were unprincipled and profligate men.

History accords with scripture in teaching, that “when the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked bear rule, the people mourn.” As means of preventing the evils of war, fleets and armies are as nothing, or worse than nothing, when compared with wise and good rulers.

Posterity will probably perceive, that the immense expenditures of christian nations in preparing for war, have been so much employed to supply the defects, or to gratify the ambition of men in power; and that the state of these nations would have been greatly improved, could they have exalted good men to fill the first offices of state, as a substitute for military and naval establishments.

If we have not been misinformed, the annual expense of one of our ships of seventy-four guns is more than eight times the amount of the President's salary. But may it not in truth be said, that the President of the United States,—possessing a truly pacific character, and having formed correct estimates of war and peace—must be a better defence, and afford more security to this nation, than a *hundred* such ships of the line.

Of what immense value, then, would it be to our nation, to have not only such a man for a President, but men of a similar character, to fill all the principal offices of state, and to occupy the seats in the two Houses of Congress! Excluding all considerations of disparity in the expense, we may venture to assert, that such a host of wise, benevolent, and pacific men in power, would be a better defence to this nation against the evils of war, than as great an army as was ever marshalled on land, and as great a fleet as ever traversed the ocean.

If all nations should be blest with such rulers, how could public war again occur? Such rulers, instead of exciting a spirit of hostility, would successfully employ their influence in diffusing the spirit of peace and good will among men; and this would soon preclude the supposed necessity of expensive preparations for war.

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MILITARY GLORY COMPARED TO A WATERFALL.

O glory! glory! mighty one on earth!  
How justly imaged in this waterfall!  
So wild and furious in thy sparkling birth,  
Dashing thy torrents down, and dazzling all;  
Sublimely breaking from thy glorious height,  
Majestic, thundering, beautiful and bright.

How many a wondering eye is turned to thee,  
In admiration lost;—short-sighted men!  
Thy furious wave gives no fertility;  
Thy waters, hurrying fiercely through the plain,  
Bring nought but devastation and distress,  
And leave the flowery vale a wilderness.

O fairer, lovelier is the modest rill,  
 Watering with steps serene the field, the grove—  
 Its gentle voice as sweet and soft and still  
 As shepherd's pipe, or song of youthful love.  
 It has no *thundering* torrent, but it flows  
 Unwearied, scattering blessings as it goes.

*Derzhaven.*

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### No. 85. Cotopaxi.

THIS mountain is the loftiest of those Volcanoes of the Andes which at recent epochs have undergone eruptions. Notwithstanding it lies near the equator, its summits are covered with perpetual snows. Its height is three miles and a half.

The masses of scoriæ and pieces of rock, thrown out of this Volcano, cover a surface of several square leagues, and would form, if heaped together, a prodigious mountain.

In 1738 the flames of Cotopaxi rose upwards of half a mile above the brink of the crater. In 1744, the roarings of this volcano were heard at the distance of 600 miles.

On the 4th of April, 1768, the quantity of ashes ejected at the mouth of Cotopaxi was so great, that it was dark till three in the afternoon.

The explosion which took place in 1803, was preceded by the sudden melting of the snows which covered the mountain. In a single night the subterraneous fires became so active, that at sun-rise the external walls of the cone appeared naked, and of the dark color of vitrified scoriæ.

At the port of Guayquil, observes Humbolt, 52 leagues distant from the crater, we heard day and night, the noise of this Volcano, like continued discharges of a battery; and we distinguished these tremendous sounds even on the Pacific Ocean.

*Clarke.*

Dr. Goldsmith, in speaking of Cotopaxi, quotes from Ulloa an account of an eruption of this Volcano 1748, in which the following facts are stated :

The ignited substances, ejected on this occasion, mixed with a prodigious quantity of ice and snow, melting amidst its flames, were carried down with such astonishing rapidity, that in an instant the valley from Callio to Latatungo was overflowed.

Besides its ravages in bearing down the houses of the Indians and other poor inhabitants, great numbers of people lost their lives.

The river of Latatungo was the channel of this terrible flood; till, being too small for receiving such a prodigious current, it overflowed the adjacent country, like a vast lake, near the town, and carried away all the buildings within its reach.

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## No. 86. A winter evening in Iceland.

A WINTER evening in an Icelandic family presents a scene in the highest degree interesting and pleasing. Between three and four o'clock the lamp is hung up in the principal apartment, which answers the double purpose of a bed-chamber and sitting-room, and all the members of the family take their station, with their work in their hands, on their respective beds, all of which face each other.

The work is no sooner begun, than one of the family advances to a seat near the lamp, and commences the evening lecture, which generally consists of some old saga, or such other histories as are to be obtained on the island.

Being but badly supplied with printed books, the Icelanders are under the necessity of copying such as they can get the loan of, which sufficiently accounts for the fact, that most of them write a hand equal in beauty to that of the ablest writing-masters in other parts of Europe.

Some specimens of their Gothic writing is scarcely inferior to copperplate. The reader is frequently interrupted, either by the head, or some of the more intelligent members of the family, who make remarks on various parts of the story, and propose questions, with a view to exercise the ingenuity of the children and servants.

In some houses the sagas are repeated by such as have

got them by heart; and instances are not uncommon of itinerating historians who gain a livelihood during the winter, by staying at different farms till they have exhausted their stock of literary knowledge.

It is greatly to be deplored, that a people so distinguished by their love of science, and possessing the most favorable opportunities of cultivating it, should be destitute of the means necessary for improving them to advantage.

Surely the learned in Europe who have profited so much from the ancient labors of the Icelanders, and are now in possession of their most valuable manuscripts, are bound in justice to reciprocate, and furnish them with such books in their own language, as would make them acquainted with the more important branches of human knowledge.

The custom just described, appears to have existed among the Scandinavians from time immemorial. The person chosen as reciter was called *Thulr*, and was always celebrated for his knowledge of past events; and the dignity and pathos with which he related them.

Instead of the sagas, some of the more pious substitute the historical books of scripture; and as they always give the preference to poetry, most of these books have been translated into metre, chiefly with a view to this exercise.

At the conclusion of the evening labors, which are frequently continued till near midnight, the family join in singing a psalm or two; after which, a chapter from some book of devotion is read, if the family be not in possession of a bible, but where this sacred book exists it is preferred to every other.

A prayer is also read by the head of the family, and the exercise concludes with a psalm. Their morning devotions are conducted in a similar manner, at the lamp.

When the Icelander awakes, he does not salute any person that may have slept in the room with him, but hastens to the door, and lifting up his eyes towards heaven, adores Him who made the heavens and the earth, the author and preserver of his being, and the source of every blessing. He then returns into the house, and salutes every one he meets, with "God grant you a good day."

*British Magazine.*



AN EPITAPH ON A POOR BUT HONEST MAN.

Stop, reader, here, and deign to look  
On one without a name,  
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book  
Of fortune or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife;  
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;  
His coat of arms "a spotless life,"  
"An honest heart" his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence;  
And thus his motto ran:  
"A conscience void of all offence  
"Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, tho' pride  
Now scorns his pedigree;  
'Thousands shall wish they'd been allied  
To this great family.

*Elegant Extracts.*

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No. 87. *Trophies of Victory.*

TROPHIES of victory or conquest are preserved and exhibited as the pride of individuals and the glory of nations; and they have been employed as means of exciting the same spirit of rapine and violence, as that by which they were obtained. Savages preserve the scalps of those they kill in war. More polished nations preserve standards, statues, paintings, and other articles which they have plundered from the inhabitants of conquered countries. Young men are directed to regard these trophies as proofs of the virtue and prowess of their ancestors. This practice has been adopted by Christian nations; and perhaps the people of every country have treasures of this kind in which they glory.

But what does reason, enlightened by religion, say of

such a practice, and such memorials? It says the practice is barbarous, derived from pagans and savages, unworthy of existence among Christians, and a reproach to any country.

What! shall Christians preserve memorials of the robberies and bloodshed committed by their ancestors, or their cotemporaries, to stimulate the young to follow such examples! With equal propriety they might preserve the *idols* and *altars* of pagan forefathers, to excite in children a veneration for idolatrous worship, and a delight in human sacrifices.

Trophies of victory have generally been trophies of barbarity, injustice, murder, and desolation. What should we think of a band of robbers or pirates, so hardened or so blind, as to preserve trophies of their destructive exploits, to encourage *their* children to imitate *their* examples? This would be as just, as humane, and as wise, as the policy of Christian nations now under review.

Are not the trophies of the Spanish conquest of South America—of the British conquests in India—of Napoleon's conquests in Europe, and of our victories over the natives of this country, in general, Memorials of injustice, rapine, and violence,—as inconsistent with the Christian religion, as the conduct for which pirates and robbers are <sup>at th</sup> ~~do~~ to die?

What essential difference can be discerned in the cases, except on the principle, that rulers may honorably and safely commit such acts of robbery and violence, as would expose common people to infamy and to hell?

Trophies of victory are so far from operating to preserve a nation from war and to promote its prosperity, that they have a direct tendency to its ruin. They are the means of exciting envy, pride, ambition, malignity, and revenge. They tend to intoxicate and bewilder the minds of men,—to make them thirst for war,—to overlook its crimes and calamities,—to seek occasions of strife,—to take offence at trifles, and rashly to expose a people to misery and destruction.

The numerous trophies treasured up in Paris by Napoleon, were fuel to keep alive the fire of war, till France was made to feel the terrible effects of a war policy, and was stript of her Memorials of conquest.

It will perhaps be said that Christian nations do not take the *scalps* of the slain to preserve as trophies. Truly they do not; but when they have deprived men of their lives, it is less inhuman and less unjust to take the scalps of the *dead*, than to add to the misery of survivors, by destroying their dwellings or taking any thing which would be necessary to their subsistence or their comfort.

Christians of this country have been delighted in hearing that the inhabitants of Otaheite had "*burned their idols*," and become worshippers of the living God. Would it not however be matter of still greater joy, if such a reformation should occur in Christendom?

Let no one imagine, that the general consent of nations to the practice of preserving trophies is any evidence in its favour. In former ages there was a general consent of nations to the custom of offering human sacrifices. Both customs are, we believe, an abomination in the sight of God, and utterly unworthy to be associated with the name of a Christian.

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#### DECISION AT THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

A TROOP came next, who crowns and armor wore,  
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore:  
 'For thee, (they cry'd,) amidst alarms and strife,  
 We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;  
 For thee, whole nations fill'd with flames and blood.  
 And swan to empire through the purple flood:  
 Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;  
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.'  
 'Ambitious fools! (the queen replied and frown'd)  
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;  
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,  
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!  
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,  
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;  
 Plain was their dress and modest was their mien  
 'Great idol of mankind! we never claim  
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!  
 But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,

Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen ;  
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight  
 Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.  
 O let us still the secret joy partake,  
 To follow virtue, ev'n for virtue's sake.'

' And live there men who slight immortal fame ?  
 Who then with incense shall adore our name ?  
 But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride  
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.  
 Rise ! muses, rise ! add all your tuneful breath,  
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.'  
 She said : in air the trembling music floats,  
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;  
 So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,  
 Ev'n listening angels lean'd from Heaven to hear :  
 To farthest shores the ambrosial spirit flies,  
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

*Pope.*

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## No. 88. Specimens of Indian eloquence.

Extracts from Captain Pipe's speech to the British commandant at Detroit.

Father ! sometime ago you put a war hatchet into my hands, saying—Take this weapon and try it on the heads of my enemies, the Long Knives, and let me afterwards know if it was sharp and good.

Father ! At the time when you gave me this weapon, I had neither cause nor inclination to go to war against a people who had done me no injury ; yet in obedience to you, who say you are my father and call me your child, I received the hatchet.

Father ! You may perhaps think me a fool for risking my life at your bidding, in a cause too, by which I have no prospect of gaining any thing ; for it is *your* cause and not mine.

It is *your* concern to fight the *Long Knives* ; you have

raised a quarrel amongst yourselves, and you ought yourselves to fight it out. You should not compel your children, the Indians, to expose themselves to danger for *your sakes*.

Father! Many lives have been lost on your account! Nations have suffered and been weakened! Children have lost parents, brothers, and relatives! Wives have lost husbands!

Father! You say you love your children, the Indians. This you have often told them; and it is your interest to say so to them, that you may have them at your service.

Now, Father! Here is what has been done with the hatchet you gave me, (handing the stick with the scalp on it.) I have done with the hatchet what you ordered me to do, and found it sharp. Nevertheless I did not do *all* that I *might* have done.

No, I did not. My heart failed within me. I felt compassion for your enemy. *Innocence* had no part in your quarrels; therefore I distinguished—I spared.

I took some *live flesh*, which, while I was bringing to you, I spied one of your large canoes, on which I put it for you. In a few days you will receive this *flesh*, and *find that the skin is of the same colour with your own*.

*Reported by Rev. J. Heckewelder.*

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CORNPLANT'S SPEECH TO WASHINGTON, IN 1790.

Father, when your army entered the country of the Six Nations, we called you the *Town destroyer*, and to this day, when your name is heard, our women look behind them and turn pale; our children cling close to the necks of their mothers; but our counsellors and warriors, being men, cannot be afraid. But their hearts are grieved by the fears of our women and children; and desire that the hatchet may be buried so deep as to be heard of no more.

Father, we will not conceal from you that the Great Spirit and not man has preserved Cornplant from the hands of his own nation. For they ask continually where is the land which our children and their children are to lie down upon?

You told us, say they, that a line drawn from Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario would mark it forever on the east; and a line running from Beaver Creek to Pennsylvania would mark it on the west. But we see that it is not so. For first one and then another comes and takes it away by order of that people who you told us promised to secure it to us forever. Cornplant is silent, for he has nothing to answer.

When the sun goes down, Cornplant opens his heart before the Great Spirit; and earlier than the sun appears again upon the hills, he gives thanks for his protection during the night; for he feels that among men, become desperate by the injuries they sustain, it is God only that can preserve him. Cornplant loves peace, all he had in store he has given to those who have been robbed by your people, lest they should plunder the innocent to repay themselves.

The whole season which others have employed in providing for their families, Cornplant has spent in endeavors to preserve peace; and at this moment his wife and children are lying on the ground, and in want of food. His heart is in pain for them; but he perceives that the Great Spirit will try his firmness in doing what is right.

Father! innocent men of our nation are killed one after another, though of our best families; but none of your people, who have committed these murders have been punished. We recollect that you did promise to punish those who should kill our people; and we ask, was it intended that your people should kill the Senecas, and not only remain unpunished, but be *protected from the next of kin*.

Father! these to us are great things. We know that you are very *strong*.—We have heard that you are *wise*; but we shall wait to hear your answer to this, that we may know that you are *just*.”

*Dr. Baudinot.*

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## No. 89. A striking example of the power of custom.

IN Judging of right and wrong there is perhaps nothing by which the minds of men are so frequently misled as by the power of custom.

Few persons are aware how much the opinions and conduct of men in general are governed by this influence; and probably no man is free from it, or aware how far his own opinions and conduct are thus governed.

This subject was suggested by reading the Letters of the late Rev. and pious John Newton, in which he gives an account of the remarkable occurrences in his own life.

When young he adopted the most dangerous opinions, and was eminently vicious. While of this character he became in some measure acquainted with seafaring business; and with that of the slave trade.

At length he was suddenly stopped in his career of vice, made to reflect on his past impiety, to renounce his licentious principles, and to turn his thoughts to the concerns of his soul and religion.

After he became, as he believed, and as was probably the fact, a true penitent, he readily engaged in the slave trade, first as a mate, and then as a master of a vessel. This horrible traffic he pursued for several years, buying cargoes of *human beings*, in Africa, transporting them to the West-Indies, and selling them for slaves. Yet in writing his life he could say:—

“During the time I was engaged in the slave trade, I never had the least scruple as to its lawfulness. I was upon the whole satisfied with it, as the appointment Providence had marked out for me; yet it was in many respects far from being eligible.

“It is indeed *accounted a genteel employment*, and is usually very profitable, though to me it did not prove so, the Lord seeing that a large increase of wealth would not be good for me.

“However, I considered myself as a sort of gaoler or turnkey; and I was sometimes shocked with an employment that was perpetually conversant with *chains, bolts and shackles*”

But how was it possible for a good man to follow this barbarous traffic without “the least scruple as to its lawfulness?” How could Mr. Newton daily read the gospel, and be “conversant with” the displays of divine mercy, with the amiable spirit of the Redeemer, and his benignant precepts; and still be “perpetually conversant with *chains, bolts and shackles*?”

How could he every day look to Heaven for mercy, and ask the kind Father of all to prosper him in his pursuits, while his very business was an *unmerciful trade in human beings*?

How could he read the command "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even the same unto them," and still make use of his "chains, bolts and shackles?"

These questions involve difficulties which are not easily obviated, and inconsistencies which no man can reconcile. To admit that Mr. Newton was really a good man, while there was daily such incongruity in his conduct, requires an extent of candor and charity which many may be disposed to censure; and perhaps none more readily than those, who need similar candor on account of similar inconsistencies, of which they are not aware.

The ground on which I feel authorised to extend such candor, is this: good men are imperfect; they know not every thing; they have not examined every subject, and they are in a great measure under the dominion of generally approved opinions and customs.

Mr. Newton had not, it may be presumed, examined the subject when he engaged in the business, but proceeded on the ground of its being an approved employment, and one which was authorized by the government under which he lived.

Does it require greater liberality of sentiment to admit that Mr. Newton was a good man, while "conversant with chains, bolts and shackles," than is requisite to believe, that some good men have been as "conversant with" swords, guns and bayonets, for the *slaughter* of fellow beings?

I see no greater difficulty in the former case than in the latter, excepting what results from these circumstances—the slave trade has ceased to be popular, war has not.

But if it be admitted that there have been good men so misled by custom as to follow the unchristian traffic in slaves, without any "scruple as to its lawfulness," this should teach us candor and caution, in judging of the characters of men whose education has been widely different from our own.



It should also excite suspicions that we may yet be blinded by custom in other particulars; it should lead us to the most careful examination of every opinion and custom which we have adopted by education, and especially of those by which the rights of one class of men are violated by another.

Notwithstanding all that has been said of this "enlightened age," men are still liable to be influenced by custom; and probably many things which are now generally approved, will be abhorred by future generations, and classed with the slave trade.

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ON PRIVATEERING.

"How Custom steels the human breast  
To deeds which Nature's thoughts detest!  
How Custom consecrates to fame  
What Reason else would give to shame!  
Fair Spring supplies the favoring gale,  
The naval plunderer spreads his sail,  
And ploughing wide the watery way,  
Explores with anxious eyes his prey.

"The man he never saw before,  
The man who him no quarrel bore,  
He meets, and Avarice prompts the fight;  
And Rage enjoys the dreadful sight  
Of decks with streaming crimson died,  
And wretches struggling in the tide,  
Or midst the explosion's horrid glare,  
Dispers'd with quivering limbs in air.

"The merchant now on foreign shores  
His captur'd wealth in vain deplores;  
Quits his fair home, O mournful change!  
For the Dark prison's scanty range;  
By Plenty's hand so lately fed,  
Depends on casual alms for bread;  
And, with a father's anguish torn,  
Sees his poor offspring left forlorn.

"And yet—such man's misjudging mind—  
For all this injury to his kind,

The prosperous robber's native plain  
 Shall bid him welcome home again ;  
 His name the song of every street  
 His acts the theme of all we meet,  
 And oft the artist's skill shall place  
 To public view his pictur'd face !

“ If glory thus be earn'd—for me  
 My object glory ne'er shall be ;  
 No, first in Cambria's loneliest dale,  
 Be mine to hear the shepherd's tale !  
 No, first on Scotia's bleakest hill,  
 Be mine the stubborn soil to till !  
 Remote from wealth, to dwell alone  
 And die, to guilty praise unknown !”

*John Scott.*

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**No 90. One Hundred Varieties of Verse.**

1

ADAM was all in tears, and to his guide  
 Lamenting turn'd full sad ;—O what are these ?  
 Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew  
 His brother ! For of whom such massacre  
 Make they but of their brethren, men of men ?

*Milton.*

2

O thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides !  
 Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides !  
 On darkling man, in full effulgence shine,  
 And cheer the clouded mind with light divine !  
 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast,  
 With silent confidence and holy rest ;  
 From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend—  
 Path, motive, guide, original and end.

*Johnson.*

## 3

A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill ;  
 The Lord is advancing, prepare ye his way !  
 The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,  
 And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day;  
 Bring down the proud mountain, tho' tow'ring to heaven  
 And be the low valley exalted on high ;  
 The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,  
 For, Zion ! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.

*Drummond.*

## 4

This earthly globe, the creature of a day,  
 Though built by God's right hand must pass away !  
 And long oblivion creep on mortal things,  
 The fate of empires and the pride of kings ;  
 Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,  
 And drop the curtain o'er all mortal glory.

*Mrs. Barbauld.*

## 5

How bless'd the sacred tie that binds  
 In union sweet, according minds !  
 How swift the heavenly course they run  
 Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !  
 Together both they seek the place  
 Where God reveals his glorious face :  
 How high, how strong, their raptures swell,  
 There's none but kindred souls can tell.

*Mrs. Barbauld.*

## 6

Great God, the heaven's well ordered frame  
 Declares the glories of thy name—  
 There thy rich works with wonder shine,  
 A thousand starry beauties there,  
 A thousand radiant marks appear,  
 Of boundless power and skill divine.

*Watts.*

## 7

I'll bless Jehovah's glorious name,  
 Whose goodness heaven and earth proclaim  
 With every morning light ;  
 And at the close of every day,

To him my cheerful homage pay,  
Who guards me through the night.

*Miss Daye.*

8

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.  
His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste  
But sweet will be the flower.

*Cowper.*

9

Praise to thee thou great Creator,  
Praise to thee from every tongue ;  
Join my soul with every creature,  
Join the universal song.  
For ten thousand blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,—  
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,  
Sound Jehovah's name on high.

*Fawcett*

10

Sovereign Lord of light and glory !  
Author of our mortal frame !  
Joyfully we bow before thee,  
And extol thy holy name :  
Hallelujah !  
Ever sacred be the theme.

*Exeter Collection.*

11

Far from these scenes of night,  
Unbounded glories rise,  
And realms of infinite delight,  
Unknown to mortal eyes :  
There sickness never comes ;  
There grief no more complains ;  
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
And purest pleasure reigns.

*Mrs. Steele.*

12

Behold the trees in bloom—  
The fields all dress'd in green—  
The melody of birds—  
Transporting is the scene !  
Awake ye sons of men,  
Appointed lords of earth,  
Your Maker's name adore,  
Who gave all nature birth.

*Repository.*

13

All glory be to God on high,  
To him all praise is due ;  
The promise is seal'd  
The Savior's reveal'd,  
And proves that the record is true.

*Madan's Collection.*

14

A soul sincere,  
Scorns fraud and fear,—  
Within itself secure ;  
For vice will blast,  
But virtue last,  
While truth and time endure.

*Carey.*

15

Ye tribes of Adam join !  
With heaven, and earth and seas,  
And offer notes divine  
To your Creator's praise.  
Wide as he reigns  
His name be sung  
By every tongue  
In endless strains.

*Watts.*

16

Let us awake our joys,  
Strike up with cheerful voice  
Each creature sing ;  
Angels—begin the song ;  
Mortals—the praise prolong,—

In accents sweet and strong—  
Jesus is King.

*Kingsbury.*

17

One there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of FRIEND ;  
His is love beyond a brother's  
Costly, free, and knows no end :  
They who once his kindness prove  
Find it everlasting love.

*Newton.*

18

Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
Your pride with disdain I survey ;  
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
And pass in a moment away :  
The crown that my Savior bestows,  
Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;  
My joy everlastingly flows—  
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

*Francis.*

19

Come thou Almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise :  
Father all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us  
Ancient of days.

*Madan's Collection.*

20

Watch, remember, seek and strive,  
Exert thy former pains,  
Let thy timely care revive,  
And strengthen what remains.  
Cleanse thy heart, thy works amend,  
Former times to mind recall,  
Lest my sudden stroke descend  
And smite thee once for all.

*Cowper.*

21

My shepherd's crook I'll give to thee ;—  
 O no ! my father gave it me—  
 And treasures by a parent given,  
 From a fond child should not be riven—  
 O no ! my father gave it me.

*Bogdanovich.*

22

Glory to God in full anthems of joy ;  
 The being he gave us, death cannot destroy.  
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,  
 If tears were our birthright and death were our end,  
 But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sorrow,  
 And bade us, immortal to heaven ascend ;  
 Lift then your voices in triumph on high,  
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

*Christian Disciple.*

23

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,  
 To One, supremely good and wise,  
 Raise hallelujahs ! God is just,  
 And man most happy when he dies !  
 His winter past,  
 Fair spring at last  
 Receives him on her flowery shore,  
 Where pleasure's Rose  
 Immortal blows,  
 And sin and sorrow are no more !

*Mallet.*

24

You gave me last week a young linnet,  
 Shut up in a fine golden cage ;  
 Yet how sad the poor thing was within it—  
 O how it did flutter and rage !  
 Then he moped and he pined  
 That his wings were confined,  
 Till I open'd the doors of his den :  
 Then so merry was he,  
 And, because he was free,  
 He came to his cage back again.

*Garrick.*

25

How pleasant 'tis to see,  
 Kindred and friends agree,—  
 Each in his proper station move  
 And each fulfil his part,  
 With sympathizing heart,  
 In all the cares of life and love.

*Watts.*

26

No war nor battles sound  
 Was heard the world around—  
 No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;  
 But peaceful was the night  
 In which the prince of light,  
 His reign of peace upon the earth began.

*Milton.*

27

Praise to God, immortal praise,  
 For the love that crowns our days ;  
 Bounteous source of every joy !  
 Let thy praise our tongues employ ;—  
 For the blessings of the field—  
 For the stores the gardens yield ;  
 For the vine's exalted juice,  
 For the generous olive's use.

*Mrs. Barbauld.*

28

O Light! thou fairest first of things  
 From whom all joy, all beauty springs ;  
 O praise the Almighty Ruler of the globe  
 Who useth thee as his imperial robe.  
 Let the wide world his praises sing,  
 From whom its various blessings spring :  
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known  
 On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne.

*Roscommon.*



29

My soul praise the Lord,  
 Speak good of his name !  
 His mercies record,  
 His bounties proclaim ;  
 To God their Creator,  
 Let all creatures raise  
 The song of thanksgiving,  
 The chorus of praise.

*Park.*

30

At the portals of thy house,  
 Lord ! we leave our mortal cares ;  
 Nobler thoughts our souls engage,  
 Songs of praise and fervent prayers.  
 Pure and contrite hearts alone  
 Find acceptance at thy throne.

*Taylor.*

31

Hail, thou once despised Jesus—  
 Thou didst free salvation bring ;  
 By thy death thou didst release us  
 From the tyrant's deadly sting ;  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Lend your loudest, noblest lays ;  
 Join to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 And to celebrate his praise.

*Rippon's Collection.*

32

And we are told by wisdom's knowing ones,  
 That there are multitudes of worlds like *this* !  
 That yon unnumber'd lamps are glowing suns,  
 And each a link amidst creation is ;—  
 There dwells the Godhead too—there shines his wisdom's  
 essence,—  
 His everlasting strength—his all supporting presence.

*Lomonosov.*

33

The evening-wind waking,  
 Called up their soft sounds from the leaves as it roved :  
 The green branches shaking,  
 It kisses the harp—but the heart is unmoved ;

Spring came, sweetly bringing  
Her eloquent train,  
And nature was ringing

With rapture, enkindling gay smiles through the train.

*Zhukovsky.*

34

No more let men who bear the Christian name,  
By fell ambition rouse the world to flame;  
Correct, O God, the wrongs which fill the world with wo;  
Let public robbers from their seats be hurled,  
And men of virtue rise to rule the world,—  
Then streams of love and peace, shall through the nations  
flow.

*Repository.*

35

O my very soul is faded  
Joy and sympathy are fled,  
Nature is in darkness shaded,  
Love and friendship both are dead.  
The hope that brightened my days is gone!  
O whither, my angel, art thou flown?  
Too blest was I, too wild with bliss,  
For I lived and loved, and loved for this!

*Zhukovsky.*

36

Vexatious world, thy flattering snares  
Too long have held my easy heart;  
And shalt thou still engross my cares?  
Vain world, depart.

*Mrs. Steele.*

37

The poor man hung his head  
And to himself he said—  
“This is indeed beyond my comprehension;”  
Then looking round  
One friendly face he found,  
And said—“Pray tell me, why is wealth preferr’d  
To wisdom?”—“That’s a silly question, friend!”

Replied the other—" have you never heard,  
A man may lend his store  
Of gold and silver ore,  
But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

*Khemnitzer.*

38

O when will Christians know their Lord and Master?  
When will they reverence his divine example,  
And cease—like Pagans—to bestow their praises,  
On princely robbers!  
Soon may that time come—then will martial glory,  
By just conceptions, lose its fatal lustre—  
Then shall the nations, freed from war volcanoes,  
Sing—Alleluia.

*M. S.*

39

The laws they were made for the little,  
The laws they were made for the little ;—  
In the hands of the strong  
All the ties that belong  
To justice and honor are brittle.

*Brooke.*

40

Hail, peaceful retirement, thy shades how serene!  
With thee in all ages the wise have sought pleasure,  
Meditation and converse the sweet varied scene  
(Alternately measure.  
Here freely expatiate the rational powers,  
Thy aid, O divine contemplation, inspiring  
While wisdom and knowledge unlock their bright stores.  
The mind still desiring.

*Mrs. Steele.*

41

Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,  
Away from sense and every outward show;  
Now let my thoughts to lasting themes aspire,  
My knowledge now on wheels of fire,  
May mount and spread above, surveying all below.

*Watts.*

42

I'm tired with visits, modes, and forms,  
And flatteries paid to fellow worms ;—  
Their conversation cloy ;

Their vain amours, and empty stuff,—  
 But I can ne'er enjoy enough  
 Of thy blest company, my Lord, thou chief of all my joys.  
*Watts.*

43

And must the man of wondrous mind,  
 Now his rich thoughts are just refined,  
 Forsake our longing eyes?  
 Reason at length submits to wear  
 The wings of Faith; and lo! they rear  
 Her chariot high, and nobly bear  
 Her prophet to the skies.

*Watts.*

44

Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative,  
 To take what first it deigned to give,  
 Thy tributary breath:  
 In awful expectation placed,  
 Await thy doom, nor impious haste,  
 To pluck from God's right hand, his instruments of death.  
*Warton on Suicide.*

45

Ye shades where sacred truth is sought,  
 Groves where immortal sages taught,  
 Where heavenly visions Plato fir'd,  
 And Epicurus' lay inspir'd;  
 In vain your guiltless laurels stood,  
 Unspotted long with human blood;  
 War, horrid war, your thoughtless walks invade,  
 And steel now glitters in the muses' shade.

*Pope.*

46

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,  
 Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come,  
 And pray that my sins be forgiven:  
 Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,  
 That when death turns me out of this prison of clay,  
 I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

*Watts.*

47

Just such is the Christian : his course he begins  
Like the sun in the mist, when he mourns for his sins  
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,

And travels his heavenly way :

But when he comes nearer to finish his race,  
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,  
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,

Of rising in brighter array.

*Watts.*

48

The traveller doubtful of his way,

Upon the pathless forest wild ;—

The huntsman, in the heat of day

And with the tedious chase o'er toiled ;

Wide their view around them cast,

Mark'd the distant rustic tower,

And sought and found the festive bower,

And shared the free repast.

*J. Scott.*

49

Though Fortune all her gifts denied,

Though Learning made him not her choice,

The Muse still placed him at her side,

And bade him at her smile rejoice—

Description still her pen supplied,

Pathos his thought, and melody his voice !

*J. Scott.*

50

Ah, how silly is the drinker,

Swallowing more than he can need,

To the eye of every thinker

He must seem a fool indeed.

So he hurts his constitution,

Adding drunkenness to thirst ;

All for want of resolution,

Not to yield to drink at first.

*Author Unknown.*

51

Come, heaven-born faith, fair seraph, come ;

How weak the muse's power without thy aid !

Thy radiant eye can pierce the gloom,

Can guide the doubtful flight  
 Beyond the seats of night,  
 And point afar  
 The morning star  
 Which cheers with heaven's sweet dawn this mortal shade!

*Mrs. Steele.*

52

Fancy ever fond of change,  
 Free and unconfined would range ;  
 New wishes still, new hopes, new ardor rise ;  
 From joy to joy she flies,  
 Restless, insatiate—the short rapture past,  
 She hates this moment, what she loved the last,  
 Of one vast world exhausts the mighty store,  
 Then, like the Macedonian, sighs for more.

*Rev. Henry Moore.*

53

Forced from home and all its pleasures,  
 Afric's coast I left forlorn ;  
 To increase a stranger's treasures,  
 On the raging billows borne.  
 Men from England bought and sold me,  
 Paid my price in paltry gold ;  
 But though slave they have enroll'd me,  
 Minds are never to be sold.

*Cowper.*

54

The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower  
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd,  
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower  
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.  
 The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,  
 And it seem'd to a fanciful view,  
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

*Cowper.*

55

I hate that drum's discordant sound  
 Parading round, and round, and round ;

To me it talks of ravaged plains,  
 And burning towns and ruin'd swains,  
 And mangled limbs, and dying groans,  
 And widows' tears, and orphans' moans,  
 And all that misery's hand bestows,  
 To fill the catalogue of human woes.

J. Scott:

56

United, let us all those blessings find,  
 The God of nature meant mankind ;  
     Whate'er of error, ill redrest,  
     Whate'er of passion, ill repress,  
     Whate'er the wicked have conceived,  
     And folly's heedless sons believed,—  
 Let all be buried in oblivion's flood,  
 And our great cement be,—the public good.

Whitehead.

57

Parent of life ! refulgent lamp of day !  
 Without, whose genial animating ray  
 Men, beasts, the teeming earth, and rolling seas,  
     Courts, camps, and mighty cities, in a trice,  
 Must share one common lot, intensely freeze,  
     And all become one solid mass of ice ;  
 Ambition would be froze, and Faction numb,  
 Speeches congeal'd, and Orators be dumb.

Jenyris:

58

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,  
     Or brightest firmament was made,  
     Ere matter, time, or place was known,  
 Thou, *Monarch Darkness*, sway'd these spacious realms  
     alone.

Valden:

59

Happy the man whose wish and care,  
 A few paternal acres bound,  
 Content to breathe his native air  
     In his own ground.  
 Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,

Whose trees in summer yield him shade—  
In winter fire.

*Pope.*

60

Bid Truth arise confest,  
In all her pure unborrowed graces drest,  
Darting full radiance o'er my ravish'd soul !  
Let each idea there  
Her lov'd resemblance wear  
Enlarg'd, sublime, and rapt beyond the pole.

*Rev. H. Moore.*

61

Come let us arise,  
And aim at the prize,  
The hope of our calling on this side the skies.  
By works let us show,  
That Jesus we know ;  
While steadily on to perfection we go.

62

The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,  
The rain is gone, the winter's past,  
The lovely vernal flowers appear,  
The feather'd choirs invite our ear ;  
Now with sweetly pensive moan  
Coos the turtle dove alone.

63

Jesus, transporting sound !  
The joy of earth and heaven !  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have ;  
But Jesus came the world to save.

64

By faith we are come,  
To our permanent home,  
By hope we the rapture improve ;  
By love we still rise,  
And look down on the skies ;  
For the heaven of heavens is love.



65

Sing we the host of heaven  
Reconciled  
By a child  
Who to us is given.  
Glory be to God the giver ;  
Peace and love  
From above  
Reign on earth forever !

66

Head of thy church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore Thee,  
Till Thou appear, Thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory.  
We lift our hearts and voices  
With blest anticipation ;  
And cry aloud, and give to God  
The praise of our salvation.

67

Wearry world, when will it end,  
Destined to the purging fire ?  
Fain I would to heaven ascend,  
Thitherward I still aspire.  
Saviour, this is not my place,  
Let me die to see thy face.

68

Come let us anew,  
Our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear ;  
His adorable will,  
Let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.\*

69

Weep with me, all you that read  
This little story ;  
And know for whom a tear you shed  
Death's self is sorry.

\* The last eight varieties were from *Harmonia Sacra* ; authors not named.

'Twas a child that so did thrive  
 In grace and feature,  
 As heaven and nature seem'd to strive  
 Which own'd the creature.

*Ben Johnson.*

70

Let the wide world his praises sing,  
 From whom its various blessings spring:  
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known,  
 On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne.

*Roscommon.*

71

They smote thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,  
 With the cold spear thy shuddering side they pierced;  
 The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm,  
 They gave, t'enhance thy unslaked, burning thirst:  
 Thou, at whose words of peace  
 Did pain and anguish cease,  
 And the long buried dead their bond of slumber burst.

*Milman.*

72

Sing to the Lord! no more the dead are laid  
 In cold despair beneath the cypress shade,  
 To sleep the eternal sleep that knows no morn:  
 There, eager still to burst death's brazen bands,  
 The Angel of the Resurrection stands;  
 While on his own immortal pinions borne,  
 Following the Breaker of the imprisoning tomb,  
 Forth springs the exulting soul, and shakes away its gloom.

*Milman.*

73

Now glory to the God, whose throne,  
 Far from this world obscure and dim,  
 Holds its eternal state alone  
 Beyond the flight of seraphim:  
 The God, whose one omnific word,  
 Yon orb of flame obedient heard,  
 And from the abyss in fulness sprang,  
 While all the blazing heavens with shouts of triumph rang.

*Milman.*

74

Oh Jesus! by the strength thou givest still,  
 And by our cheerful scorn of infamy and ill,  
 Son of the highest, are thy children known :  
 By all the exulting joy we inly feel  
 Beneath the lictor's rod, or headman's biting steel.  
 'Triumphant Savior! are we not thine own?  
 Oh Lord of glory, to the sire ascended,  
 Like thine, our anguish soon shall be in rapture ended,  
 And we shall stand thy starry host among,  
 And round the sapphire throne swell high the Hosanna song.

*Milman.*

75.

Glory! glory! glory! the Lord Almighty liveth,  
 The Lord almighty doth but take the mortal life he giveth.  
 Glory! glory! glory! the Lord Almighty reigneth  
 He who forfeits earthly life, a life celestial gaineth.

*Milman.*

76

ODE TO THE OLIVE TREE.

Man, from his early Eden driven,  
 Received thee from relenting Heaven,  
 And thou the whelming surge above,  
 Symbol of pardon, deign'd to rear  
 Alone thy willow head, to cheer  
 The wandering dove.

*Charlotte Smith.*

77

As Spring to Summer hours gave way,  
 And June approach'd beneath whose sway  
 My lovely Fanny saw the day,  
 I mark'd each blossom bower,  
 And bade each plant its charms display  
 To crown the favor'd hour.

*Charlotte Smith.*

78

Forbear, rash man, forbear!  
 While yet thy rebel head the thunders spare :  
 Ere yet the dread avengers of their Lord,  
 The light'nings hear th' irrevocable word  
 To blast that impious thought,  
 Which dares to charge Perfection with a fault.

*Rev. H. Moore.*

79

There is sorrow in thine eye,  
 Ah! that look but feigns repose.  
 Not with rapture swelling high,  
 Thou mayst smile,—but in thy sigh,  
 There was sadness as it rose.

*Dr. Brown.*

80

All glows, and lives, with mingled fire.—  
 Warm to the Sun, that wafts his warmth divine,  
 Hark! Nature's thousand hymns aspire!  
 She heaps the blazing shrine:  
 Nor cold the kindling incense shed  
 The fire-quick odours rise, and share the flame they spread.

*Dr. Brown.*

81

Upon a day as Love lay sweetly slumbering,  
 All in his mother's lap;  
 A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murmuring,  
 About him flew by hap.

Whereof when he was wakened by the noise,  
 And saw the beast so small;  
 What's this! quoth he, that gives so weak a voice,  
 That wakens men withal?

*Spenser.*

82

Little thing,  
 I would sing,  
 Lofty song,  
 Measure long:  
 But I fear  
 That thine ear  
 Such a poem could not bear.

*Gay.*

83

God save the King and Parliament,  
 And eke his Prince's highness,  
 And quickly send  
 The wars an end,  
 As here my song has—*Finis.*

*Butler.*

84

As when the dove  
Laments his love  
All on the naked spray,  
When he returns  
No more she mourns,  
But loves the livelong day:  
    Billing, cooing,  
    Panting, wooing,  
Melting murmers fill the grove,  
Melting murmers; lasting love.

*Gay.*

85

'Tis not your beauty can engage,  
    My wary heart;  
The sun, in all his pride and rage  
    Has not that art;  
And yet it shines as bright as you,  
If brightness could our soul subdue.

*Waller.*

86

'Twas in a land of learning,  
The Muses' favorite city,  
Such pranks of late  
Were play'd by a rat  
As tempt one to be witty.

All in a college study  
Where books were in great plenty,  
This rat would devour  
More sense in an hour  
Than I could write in twenty.

*Shenstone.*

87

Go, lovely rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
    That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

*Waller.*

88

Guard thou the sheep  
To her so dear ;  
My own, alas !  
Are less my care.

But of the wolf  
If thou'rt afraid  
Come not to us  
To call for aid.

*Prior.*

89

## ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands,  
Girt in thy purple swaddling bands :  
On the fair tulip thou dost doat ;  
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-coloured coat.

With flame condens'd thou dost thy jewels fix,  
And solid colours in it mix ;  
Flora herself envies to see  
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

*Cowley.*

90

Sweet Peace, divinely mild !  
Fair Innocence's child !  
With looks of rapture such as seraphs wear  
Come, graceful in thy hand,  
Waving thy olive wand,  
And speaking melody, that charms Despair !  
Come, and my busy passions' strife control  
Breathe thy soft airs, and smooth my ruffled soul !

*Rev. H. Moore.*

91

What wight is he,  
To me unknown  
That wakes my sense  
To trouble new ?  
Snow'd o'er with snōws  
By showers beat  
All drench'd with dews  
Dead lay along.

*Descent of Odin.*

92

Without a sigh  
 He bid the world adieu :  
 Without one pang  
 His fleeting spirit flew.

*Porter's Journal.*

93

THOU, who wast moved with Mary's grief.  
 And by absolving of the thief  
 Hast given me hope, now give relief.  
 Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,  
 My GOD! my FATHER! and my FRIEND,  
 Do not forsake me in my end.

*Roscommon.*

94

Heaven! is thy vengeance then a sounding name?  
 Sleep all thy thunders? quench'd is all thy flame?  
 Shall bold oppression still defy,  
 The wrath and justice of the sky?  
 No! There's an awful hour,  
 When injured Innocence shall mourn no more;  
 This doom Eternal justice has decreed  
 "Proportioned wrath to every guilty deed."

*Rev. H. Moore*

95

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire  
 Rise the rapturous choirs among;  
 Hark 'tis Nature strikes the lyre,  
 And leads the general song:  
 Warm let the lyric transports flow,  
 Warm as the ray that bids it glow,  
 And animates the vernal grove  
 With health, with harmony and love.

*Gray.*

96

But, Friend! the glory that proceeds  
 From noble aims, from generous deeds,  
 Will ever flourish fresh and fair,  
 In the bright gardens of the sky;  
 Old time can never enter there,  
 And envy cannot soar so high,

*Rev. H. Moore.*

97

What constitutes a state ?  
 Not high raised battlements or labour'd mound,  
 Thick wall or moated gate ;  
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd ;  
 Not bays and broad arm'd ports,  
 Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,  
 Not starr'd and spangled courts,  
 Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.

*Sir W. Jones.*

98

Or we sometimes pass an hour  
 Under a green willow,  
 That defends from a shower,  
 Making earth a pillow ;  
 Where we may  
 Think and pray,  
 Before death  
 Stop our breath.  
 Other joys  
 Are but toys  
 And to be lamented.

*Author not recollected.*

99

The numerous charms of spring are fruits of heavenly love,  
 Their language is to men—Praise ye the Lord above.  
 Then let our hearts unite, his goodness to proclaim,  
 And Alleluia sing, to our Jehovah's name.

*Repository.*

100

Yet while in sweet accordant measures move,  
 The planetary choirs above ;  
 While all to our great centre draw  
 Of Love, their universal law ;  
 Shall violence that scorns a bound  
 Still waste this mourning world around ?  
 Shall rebel vice make void the grand design,  
 And wild disorder break the plan divine.

*Rev. H. Moore*



## No. 91. Dangerous influence of Party Passions.

SINCE the people of the United States became an independent nation, there has probably never been a period in which the influence of party passions was less predominant than at the present time.

In regard both to politics and religion, a more kind, dispassionate, and conciliatory spirit now prevails than in many of the former years.

Ardent spirits and the spirit of party are similar in their effects when taken to excess. Each of them deprives men of their reason, and exposes them to manifold evils, inconsistencies and calamities.

If any one desires to see a full length portrait of party spirit, with its genuine fruits, he may find it in the history of the French Revolution—in the conduct of the several parties which successively rose to power and filled France with appalling scenes of carnage and horror.

Each party made high professions of patriotism, of regard to public welfare, and of love of liberty and equality—while each regarded the other not only as a rival but an enemy, which must be sacrificed on the altar of public good.

Similar portraits may be found in the history of England, in the sanguinary contests between the families of York and Lancaster, and also in the reign of Charles I.

Seldom have the residents of a mad house evinced a more perfect privation of reason and sound judgment, than did thousands of the people of England and France in the times of their insurrections and civil wars.

It may be said, that parties have long existed in the United States; and that party spirit has often raged among us, but without producing such direful consequences.

All this may be true, but it will not follow that party spirit among us has been of a different nature from that which produced such terrific effects in France and England. A difference of circumstances may occasion different results.

The population of our country has not been so great as the population of France or England; and the lower classes of people among us have been generally better informed than in either of those countries.

We have indeed reason to be thankful that our country has hitherto been spared from such awful and revolting scenes as those witnessed among our French and English brethren. Our history however is not unstained by records of bloodshed, which resulted from party passions.

It must therefore be desirable, if possible, to prevent the recurrence of such evils, and to prolong the present season of tranquillity and friendly feeling.

Party spirit, whether in politics or religion, generally originates with a few men. A small number of ambitious or envious men, of popular talents, can fill almost any country with confusion, mischief, and dismay, under the pretext of patriotism.

Bewildering the mind as to right and wrong, in the manner of pursuing an object, and in estimating characters and motives, are the more common and immediate effects of the dreadful disease.

Party spirit is the spirit of war; it tramples under foot, as of no authority or use, the sacred requirements and prohibitions of the gospel. The laws of truth and equity, love and peace, are set aside as inapplicable to persons under the dominion of party passions.

Let any one review the course of events in any country during the rage of these passions, and then inquire whether the partisans gave the least evidence of due regard to the command—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them?"

If not, we may rationally infer, that party spirit is anti-christian and subversive of moral principle. As in public war, so in party contests, much is done by deception and falsehood, calumny and reviling; yet each party will condemn these means when employed by the other, and they deserve to be condemned by all men.

In the contests of parties in this land, thousands have been made to war against each other who really aimed at the same end—the good of their country; and thou-

sands more have been enlisted who were ignorant of the grounds of controversy and of the real objects of their leaders.

When party spirit is once excited in society, it is kept alive and increased by mutual accusation, recrimination, and indiscriminate censure.

By such means the minds of the multitude are misled; the best characters are often considered as the worst, and the worst as the best; and the feelings even of good people, of the different parties, become embittered one towards another.

In consequence of the various means of irritation and excitement, the passions of parties are often raised to such a pitch, that, like some kinds of chemical powder, they are ready to explode with a trifling agitation.

A nation is a great family; and a family of fifteen or twenty persons is a nation in miniature. Would party spirit be useful in such a family? or would it be desirable to divide the family into parties, that they might mutually watch each other and correct each other's errors?

What would be the effect of their mutual jealousies, accusations, and revilings? Every man of common sense can see, that party spirit would be a bad thing in a family of such a small number of persons. How then can it be otherwise than a pernicious thing in a nation?

But what can be done to eradicate this evil or to prevent its prevalence and mischievous effects? Among the many means which may be used for such a purpose, the following are perhaps worthy of some attention;

First. Let all teachers, whether ministers of the gospel, officers of colleges, or instructors of schools, unite their influence to bring party spirit into disrepute—by showing its pernicious tendency and effects, and by faithfully inculcating obedience to the benevolent precepts of the Messiah.

Second. Let the public Newspapers of our country be devoted to *truth* and peace; let every thing of the nature of calumny or reviling be excluded; and let these papers be truly vehicles of good will to man, without distinction of nation or party.

Third. Let our rulers regard themselves as fathers and guardians—as having been appointed to office, not to make

them rich or great, but that they may be ministers of God for good to the family, in protecting its interests and advancing its happiness.

And let it be the care of all in subordinate situations so to treat those in office, as shall be best adapted to encourage and induce them to discharge their duties in a faithful, impartial manner, without regard to party names or interests.

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ON GOVERNING THE PASSIONS.

*“He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty ;  
and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.”*  
SOLOMON.

“THE man who rules with absolute control  
The angry passions, which deform the soul,  
A more important victory can boast  
Than he whose might has overcome a host.

The soul is sicken'd and the heart is pain'd  
To trace the course of anger unrestrain'd,  
Blasting the pleasures of domestic life  
With bitter brawls, and scenes of savage strife.

The wretched wight, who yields to anger's power,  
Has no security a single hour ;  
His life may e'en be forfeited for guilt  
Of guiltless blood, in furious transport spilt.

Behold how bright the warrior's wreath appears,  
Planted in carnage, fertiliz'd with tears !  
And trace his trophies of heroic ire  
Through seas of blood, and pyramids of fire !

Behold the conqueror, who won the world,  
By ruthless rage from glory's zenith hurl'd  
Tost like a feather on the mountain wave,  
Lord of the globe, but passion's paltry slave !\*

\* Alexander the Great, in a fit of anger, slew his foster brother Clytus, for which flagitious act he was struck with such remorse, that he attempted to starve himself.

Then he who rules with absolute control  
The angry passions, which deform the soul,  
A more important victory can boast  
Than if his might had overcome a host."

*Vermont Intelligencer.*



## No. 92. Volcanoes in the Island of Java.

THERE are in Java 38 large mountains which agree in the general attribute of Volcanoes—having a broad base, which gradually verges towards the summit, in the form of a cone.

Papandayang was formerly one of the largest volcanoes in that island; but in August, 1772, the greatest part of it was swallowed up by a dreadful convulsion of the earth.

It was estimated that an extent of ground belonging to the mountain itself, and to its immediate environs, fifteen miles in length, and six in breadth, was by this commotion swallowed up in the bowels of the earth.

Tankuban-Prahu is not only one of the largest mountains in the island, but a most interesting Volcano. Its crater is large, and has in general the shape of a funnel. The bottom of the crater has a diameter of nine hundred feet.

Near the centre it contains an irregular oval lake or collection of water, the greatest diameter of which is nearly 300 feet. The water being white, it exhibits the appearance of a lake of milk, boiling with a perpetual discharge of large bubbles, occasioned by the development of fixed air.

Towards its eastern extremity are the remaining outlets of the subterraneous fires—from which an uninterrupted discharge of sulphurous vapours takes place. These vapours rush out with incredible force, with violent subterraneous noises, resembling the boiling of an immense cauldron in the bowels of the mountain.

The explosions of mud are a great curiosity. This volcanic phenomenon is in the centre of a limestone district, and is first discovered, on approaching it from a distance, by a large volume of smoke, which rises and disappears at intervals of a few seconds.

On a nearer approach, a large hemispherical mass is observed, consisting of black earth mixed with water, about 16 feet in diameter, rising up to the height of 20 or 30 feet in a perfectly regular manner.

This mass suddenly explodes with a dull noise, and scatters in every direction a volume of black mud. After an interval of a few seconds, the hemispherical body of earth or mud again rises and explodes.

In the same manner this volcanic ebullition goes on without interruption, throwing up a globular body of mud, and dispersing it with violence through the neighboring plain.

This volcanic phenomenon is situated near the centre of the large plain which interrupts the series of the more considerable volcanoes.

Tomboro is a mountain in the island of Sumbawa, one of the Javanese cluster. An eruption of this mountain in April, 1815, was felt over the whole of the Molucca islands, over Java, and a considerable portion of Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, to a circumference of a thousand statute miles from its centre.

On Java, a distance of 300 miles, it seemed to be awfully present. The sky was overcast at noon day with a cloud of ashes; the sun was enveloped in an atmosphere, the palpable density of which it was unable to penetrate.

Showers of ashes covered the houses, the streets, and the fields, to the depth of several inches; and amidst this darkness, explosions were heard at intervals, like the report of artillery, or the noise of distant thunder.

Every one conceived that the effects experienced might be caused by eruptions of some of the volcanoes on the island; but no one could have conjectured that the shower of ashes which darkened the air and covered the ground of the eastern district of Java, could have proceeded from a mountain in Sumbawa, at the distance of three hundred miles.

The first explosions were heard at Java the 5th of April. On the evening of the 10th the eruptions were loud and more frequent. On the following day, the explosions were so tremendous as to shake the houses perceptibly in the more eastern districts.

In the island of Sumbawa itself, there was a great loss of lives, and the surviving inhabitants were reduced to extreme misery. The whole mountain appeared like a body of liquid fire, extending itself in every direction.

Stones and ashes were precipitated; and a whirlwind ensued, which blew down the greater part of the houses in an adjoining village. It tore up by the roots the largest trees, and carried them into the air, together with men, horses, cattle, and whatever came within its influence. It is calculated that 12,000 individuals perished.

*Clarke.*

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### No. 93. Natural and Martial Volcanoes compared.

IN preceding Numbers some account has been given of the desolations made by natural volcanoes. Such descriptions excite a degree of astonishment, sympathy and horror.

But there is another species of volcano, far more destructive to mankind than those which have been described; many of which have existed in Europe, and in other quarters of the globe.

An ambitious, blood thirsty war maker, is a martial volcano, whose eruptions have been more horrible than any which have been recorded of Etna, Cotopaxi, or any other natural volcano of the earth.

One Tamerlane or Ghengis Khan—one Alexander or Cesar—one Edward III, or Charles V.—one Frederic of Prussia, or Philip of Spain—one Louis XIV or Napoleon of France, has probably caused more misery and desolation, than all the volcanoes of Europe, or of any other quarter of the world.

An earthquake which should swallow up all Europe, would produce less misery, and less destruction of human life, than has been caused by the martial volcanoes of that part of the globe.

Yet such has been the infatuation of our race, that no other men have been so much praised as these military destroyers. The murderers of millions have long been held in admiration, if not adored, by a deluded world.

Who is not astonished when he hears that Etna or Coptoxi has sent forth rivers of burning lava to the extent of 20 or 30 miles, spreading ruin and horror throughout its course?

But what is all this when compared with the extent to which the flaming lava has spread, which has issued from the crater of a wanton volcanic Prince!

The eruptions of one martial volcano have desolated whole provinces, and spread the flames of destruction for hundreds, and even thousands of miles in various directions.

In one eruption of Tomboro the ashes of the explosion extended to Java, a distance of 300 miles, and filled the inhabitants with consternation and dismay; but the explosions of a martial volcano have caused the death and ruin of multitudes of men, more than 3000 miles from the crater.

“Volcanoes bellow ere they disembugue!”

Their eruptions too are preceded by terrific, menacing smoke, which indicates an explosion. It is thus with volcanic Princes.

For a considerable time previous to a violent eruption, such Princes cause to be heard in all the adjacent countries loud bellowings of complaints, and cries of insult and danger.

Next is seen a smoking manifesto—“breathing out threatenings and slaughter”—the heat of which clearly indicates an infernal origin.

This is soon followed by the explosion of volcanic, ignited substances, and boiling lava, which overspreads whole countries with misery, death, and horror, lamentation and wo.



Thus one martial volcano not more than six feet high, with a crater less than six inches in circumference, has done more mischief in *one year*, than Etna has done in *ten centuries*, with a height of two miles, and a "crater seldom less than a mile in circuit."

The name volcano was probably derived from Vulcan, the fabulous "god of subterranean fire." It may then with justice be applied to the military destroyer, whose "tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity, that setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell."



## No. 94. The Wild Girl.

IN 1731, as a nobleman was shooting, at Songi, near Chalons, in Champagne, he saw at a distance in the water, something which he took for a couple of birds, and at which he fired.

The supposed birds avoided the shot by diving, and rising at another place, made to the shore, when it appeared that they were two children, nine or ten years of age.

One of these children returned to the river and was never afterwards seen; the other went to the village of Songi. The inhabitants were frightened at her singular appearance.

They set a great dog at her; but she waited his attack without stirring from her place, and as soon as he was within reach, gave him such a blow with her club, as laid him dead on the spot.

Unable to gain admission into any house, she returned into the fields, climbed up a tree, and there took her repose.

The Viscount d'Epinoÿ offered a reward to any one who would catch this wild girl. At length she was allured to come down by a woman who walked under the tree with a child in her arms, and offered her fish and roots.

When she had descended, some persons lying in wait seized her and conveyed her to the Viscount's seat. At first she was taken into the kitchen, where she fell upon

some wild fowl, and ate them up before the cook missed them.

The Viscount delivered her to the care of a shepherd, recommending to him to be extremely attentive to her, under a promise of paying him well for his trouble.

It cost a great deal of trouble to render her a little tame. Once she eloped in a severe frost, during a heavy fall of snow, and after a long search was found sitting on a tree in the open fields.

Nothing was more astonishing than the swiftness and agility with which she ran. She did not take long steps like other people, but her run was rather a flying trip, which was more like gliding than walking.

Several years after she had been caught she was capable of outstripping wild animals, which she proved to the queen of Poland in 1737: being taken out on a hunting party, she ran after rabbits and hares that were started, caught them presently, and brought them to the queen.

In her savage state she had no language, but a sort of wild scream, which sounded frightfully when she was in anger, and particularly when a stranger attempted to take hold of her.

Long afterwards her speech had something wild, abrupt, and childish; but when she was a little civilized, she appeared to be a quick, lively girl.

There was nothing, from which she was more difficult to be weaned, than eating flesh and vegetables raw. Her stomach could not bear dressed victuals.

Once the Viscount had a great deal of company and she sat at table with them. None of the high seasoned dishes being to her taste, she started up, vanished like lightning, filled her apron with live frogs from the nearest pool, hastened back, and bestowed them among the guests with a liberal hand, joyfully exclaiming—"here, here, take some!"

In the year 1732, this remarkable maiden was baptized by the name of Maria le Blanc. On account of the change in her mode of life she was often ill, and, after the death of her patron, spent the remainder of her days in a convent.

How this child came into that wild state, and in what country she was born, could never be known with certainty. It was conjectured that she was an Esquimaux, brought to Europe in some ship.

For when she had learned to talk, she said that she had twice crossed the sea—gave a description of boats resembling the Esquimaux; and when she was shown a series of delineations of people of different countries, she seemed agreeably surprised on coming to that in which the Esquimaux were represented.

*Pleasing Preceptor.*



## **No. 95. Amiable traits in the character of the Indians.**

THERE IS NO nation in the world who pay greater respect to old age than the American Indians. From their infancy they are taught to be kind and attentive to aged persons, and never to let them suffer for want of necessaries or comforts.

The parents spare no pains to impress upon the minds of their children the conviction that they would draw down upon themselves the anger of the Great Spirit, were they to neglect those whom, in his goodness, he had permitted to attain an advanced age.

It is indeed a moving spectacle to see the tender and delicate attentions which, on every occasion, they lavish upon aged and decrepid persons.

When going out a hunting they will put them on a horse or in a canoe, and take them into the woods to their hunting ground, in order to revive their spirits, by making them enjoy the sight of a sport in which they can no longer participate.

At home, the old are as well treated and taken care of as if they were favorite children. They are cherished and even caressed; indulged in health and nursed in sickness; and all their wishes and wants anticipated.

Their company is sought by the young, to whom their conversation is considered an honor. Their advice is asked on all occasions, their words are listened to as oracles.

Nay, even the second childhood often attendant on extreme old age, is never with the Indians a subject of ridicule or laughter. Respect, gratitude and love are too predominant in their minds to permit any degrading idea to mix with these truly honorable and generous feelings.

Insanity is not common among the Indians; yet I have known several who were afflicted with mental derangement. Men in this situation are always considered as objects of pity.

Every one, young and old, feels compassion for their misfortune; to laugh or scoff at them would be considered as a crime, much more so to insult or molest them.

The nation or color of the unfortunate object makes no difference; the charity of the Indian extends to all, and no discrimination is made in such a lamentable case.

Suicide is not considered by the Indians either as an act of heroism or of cowardice, nor is it with them a subject of praise or blame. They view this desperate act as the consequence of mental derangement, and the person who destroys himself is to them an object of pity.

The first step that parents take towards the education of their children, is to prepare them for future happiness, by impressing upon their tender minds, that they are indebted for their existence to a great, good, and benevolent Spirit, who not only has given them life, but has ordained them for certain great purposes.

The parents next proceed to make them sensible of the distinction between good and evil, that good acts are pleasing to the good Spirit, all that is bad proceeds from the bad Spirit who has given them nothing.

Instruction is given in the gentlest and most persuasive manner; nor is the parent's authority ever supported by harsh, compulsive means; no whips, no punishments, no threats are ever used to enforce commands or compel obedience.

A father needs only say in the presence of his children, "I want such a thing done; I want one of my chil-

dren to go upon such an errand, let me see who is the *good* child that will do it."

This word *good* operates, as it were, by magic, and the children vie with each other to comply with the wishes of their parent. In this manner of bringing up children the parents are seconded by the whole community.

If a child is sent from his father's dwelling to carry a dish of victuals to an aged person, all in the house will join in calling him a *good* child. If a child is seen leading an old person, the villagers call on one another to look on and see what a *good* child that must be. When a child has committed a *bad* act, the parent will say, "O! how grieved I am that my child has done this *bad* act. I hope he will never do so again." This is generally effectual, particularly if said in the presence of others.

*Heckewelder.*



## No. 96. The benevolent John Howard.

THIS celebrated philanthropist, who devoted his life to the benevolent object of meliorating the condition of those who were confined in prisons, was born in the year 1726.

That our young readers may have some correct views of this eminent man, and that they may learn to admire the benefactors of mankind, I shall give them an extract from Mr. Burke's eulogy:—

"I cannot," says Mr. Burke, "name this gentleman without remarking, that his labors and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind.

"He has visited all Europe,—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts:—but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depres-

sion and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries.

“His plan is original; it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labor is felt more or less in every country: I hope he will anticipate his final reward, by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own.”

Mr. Howard often said that “he had no wish for life but as it gave him the means of relieving his fellow creatures.” When he was about to leave England for the last time, a friend expressed his concern at parting with him, from an apprehension that they should never meet again.

He cheerfully replied, “We shall soon meet in heaven,” and as he rather expected to die of the plague in Egypt, he added “The way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London.” He however did not die in Egypt, but at Cherson in Russia. The following lines were written, on the occasion of his death by Dr. Aiken.

Howard, thy task is done! thy Master calls,  
 And summons thee from Cherson's distant walls.  
 “Come, well-approv'd! my faithful servant, come!  
 No more a wanderer, seek thy destined home,  
 Long have I mark'd thee with o'er-ruling eye  
 And sent admiring angels from on high,  
 To walk the paths of danger by thy side,  
 From death to shield thee, and through snares to guide.  
 My minister of good, I've sped thy way,  
 And shot through dungeon glooms a leading ray,  
 To cheer, by thee, with kind, unhop'd relief,  
 My creatures lost and whelm'd in guilt and grief.  
 I've led thee, ardent, on through wondering clines  
 To combat human woes and human crimes.  
 But 'tis enough! thy great commission's o'er,  
 I prove thy faith, thy love, thy zeal, no more:  
 Nor droop that far from country, kindred, friends,  
 Thy life, to duty long devoted, ends.  
 What boots it where the high reward is given,  
 Or whence the soul triumphant springs to heav'n!”

## No. 97. *Effects of Christianity on an Indian Chief.*

IN the year 1742, a veteran warrior of the Lenape nation and Monsey tribe, renowned among his own people for his bravery and prowess, and equally dreaded by their enemies, joined the Christian Indians who then resided at this place—Bethlehem. This man, who was then at an advanced age, had a most striking appearance, and could not be viewed without astonishment.

Besides that his body was full of scars, where he had been struck and pierced by the arrows of the enemy, there was not a spot to be seen, on that part of it which was exposed to view, but what was tattooed over with some drawing relative to his achievements, so that the whole together struck the beholder with amazement and terror.

On his whole face, neck, shoulders, arms, thighs, and legs, as well as on his breast and back, were represented scenes of the various actions and engagements, he had been in; in short, the whole of his history was there deposited, which was well known to those of his nation, and was such that all who heard it thought it could never be surpassed by man.

Far from murdering those who were defenceless or unarmed, his generosity, as well as his courage and skill in the art of war, was acknowledged by all. When, after his conversion, he was questioned about his warlike feats, he frankly and modestly answered,

“That being now taken captive by Jesus Christ, it did not become him to relate the deeds he had done while in the service of the evil spirit; but that he was willing to give an account of the manner in which he had been *conquered*.”

At his baptism, on the 23d of December, 1742, he received the name of Michael, which he preserved until his death, which happened on the 24th of July 1756. He led the life of a true Christian, and was always ready and willing to relate the history of his conversion, which I heard myself from his own mouth. His age, when he died, was supposed to be about eighty years.

*Heckewelder.*

## AN INDIAN'S ADDRESS TO AMERICANS.

I DWELL with the tempest, and rock'd by the storm,  
 No pillow of luxury come I to crave,  
 Sole lord of the brute, in whose furs I am warm—  
 Yet pity the Red Man, ye sons of the wave.

Ere the wide-spreading ocean, now rolling so blue,  
 Your ancestors bore from afar to our shore,  
 These forests comprised all of pleasure we knew,  
 Then pity the Red Man, thus happy no more!

Enamour'd of freedom, where cities arise,  
 No bonds of confinement these limbs should annoy;  
 Yet there lies in your hands a superlative prize,  
 Oh! pity the Red Man, and bid him enjoy.

You have laws which the beauty of order afford,  
 Which the savage ferocious compel to be tame;  
 You speak,—and the passions are still at the word!  
 Then pity the Red Man,—and teach him the same.

What is that which excites th' ineffable sigh,  
 When the wretched their burdens of sorrow reveal,  
 And expresses communion of joy by the eye?  
 Declare to the Red Man, that he too may feel.

You drink at the fountain of mental delights,  
 Where streams intellectual deliciously roll;  
 And while the rich banquet so sweetly invites,  
 Ah! pity the Red Man,—he too has a soul!

The comforts which civiliz'd manners impart,  
 And the arts and the sciences blossom to give,  
 Shine full on your breasts, and ennoble the heart;  
 Then pity the Red Man, and teach him to live.

But chief,—the blest name, to Christians so dear!  
 Your passport to mansions of glory on high,  
*That Name* which supports you in death without fear!  
 Make known to the Red Man, and teach him to die.

*Evan. Mag.*



## No. 98. Mistakes of Men of humane feelings.

It will to some appear singular, that the Slave Trade should have originated in an act of humanity ; yet such was the fact, and it exhibits an instance of one of the best and most humane of men being guilty of cruelty, when his mind was under the influence of prejudice.

Barthelemi de las Casas, the Bishop of Chiapa, in Peru, witnessing the dreadful cruelty of the Spaniards to the Indians, exerted all his eloquence to prevent it.

He returned to Spain, and pleading the cause of the Indians before the Emperor Charles V. in person, suggested that their place as laborers might be supplied by negroes from Africa, who were then considered as beings under the proscription of their Maker, and fit only for beasts of burden.

The Emperor, overcome by his forcible representations, made several regulations in favor of the Indians ; but it was not until the slavery of the African Negroes was substituted, that the American Indians were freed from the cruelty of the Spaniards.

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Persons who reflect on the deeds of horror with the recollection of which the name of the guillotine must ever be associated, may be apt to regard as a monster the man who invented it.

It is a curious fact, however, that it was the device of one of the most gentle and humane of men ; and that its introduction was solely prompted by a desire of diminishing the severity of capital punishment.

M. Guillotin, whose name was transferred to his invention, was a physician at Paris ; and being appointed a member of the National Assembly, attracted attention chiefly by a great mildness of disposition.

On the first of Dec. 1789, he made a speech on the penal code, remarkable for its philanthropic views ; and concluded by a proposal for substituting, as less cruel than the halter, the machine which has given to his name an odious immortality

Nobody, we have been assured, deplored more bitterly

than M. Guillotin, the fatal use which was speedily made of his invention.

When he perceived the course which the revolution was taking, he withdrew from all share in its direction, to the practice of his profession, in which he became distinguished as much by his humanity as his skill.

*Percy Anecdotes.*

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## No. 99. Remarkable Works of Art.

*The Coliseum at Rome* is upwards of 1,600 feet in circumference, and of such an elevation that "the human eye scarcely measures its height."

Its extent, as well as its elevation, may be estimated by the number of spectators it contained, amounting according to some accounts to 80,000, and others to 100,000.

Thirty thousand captive Jews are said to have been employed in its construction, by Vespasian. It was not finished, however, till the reign of Titus.

*The Roman Amphitheatre at Nismes* is of an oval figure, 1,080 feet in circumference, sufficiently capacious to contain 20,000 spectators. It was built in the reign of Antonius Pius.

*St. Peter's Church at Rome* is the largest and most beautiful Church in the world. It is 720 feet long, 510 broad, and 500 high. The height of the body of the church, from the ground to the upper part of the ceiling, is 432 feet.

Sixteen persons may place themselves in the globular top over the dome, which is annually lighted on the 29th of June, by 4000 lamps and 2000 fire-pots, presenting a most delightful spectacle.

*St. Paul's Cathedral at London.*—The length of the Church, including the portico, is 510 feet; the breadth 282; the height to the top of the cross 404; and the entire circumference of the building 2292 feet. The *Whispering Gallery* is a very great curiosity. It is 140 yards in circumference. A stone seat runs round the gallery along the foot of the wall.

On the side opposite the door by which the visiter enters, several yards of the seat are covered with matting, on which the visiter being seated, the man who shows the gallery whispers, with the mouth close to the wall, at the distance of 140 feet from the visiter, who hears his words in a loud voice, seemingly at his ear.

The mere shutting of the door produces a sound to those on the opposite seat like violent claps of thunder. The effect is not so perfect if the man sits half way between the door and the matted seat, and still less so if he stands near the man who speaks, but on the other side of the door.

*Great Wall of China.* This stupendous wall is conducted over the summit of high mountains, across deep vallies, and over wide rivers, by means of arches. Its extent is computed at 1500 miles; in some parts it is 25 feet in height, and at the top about 15 feet thick.

*Dr. Herschel's Grand Telescope.* The tube is 39 feet 4 inches in length, and 4 feet 10 inches in diameter, every part being made of iron. It was begun in 1785 and completed August 28th, 1789. It magnifies *six thousand times*.

*English Telegraph.* By this invention "a message from London to Portsmouth"—distance upwards of 70 miles,—is usually transmitted in about 15 minutes; but, by an experiment, tried for the purpose, a single signal has been transmitted to Plymouth and back again in three minutes, which by the Telegraph route is at least 500 miles."

*A new Printing Press or Printing Engine,* in London, "is wrought by the power of steam, and, with the aid of three boys, perfects nearly 1000 sheets per hour."

*London Water Works.* The *New River Works*, at Islington, "discharge every 24 hours 214,000 hogsheads of sixty three gallons each." This exceeds the rate of 8916 hogsheads every hour, or 165 hogsheads every minute.

*The Steam Engine* consists of a large cylinder or barrel, in which is fitted a solid piston like that of the forcing pump. An engine, having a cylinder of 31 inches diameter, and making 17 double strokes a minute, performs the work of 40 horses, working night and day, for which three relays, or 120 horses, must be kept.

*The Diving Bell* is founded on the elasticity of air ; by the means of which an operator descends to any depth of water, and remains there several hours. Weights are placed at the bottom to prevent it from turning, and a forcing pipe sends in fresh air.

*Clarke's Wonders.*

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## No. 100. Fire of Baku.

The city of Baku, on the borders of the Caspian sea, has long been famous for its springs of *naphtha*, a species of bitumen, or fossil oil which is white, light, fluid, and highly inflammable.

About two miles from one of the purest *naphtha* springs is a singular spot, called the *Place of Fire*. The place is near three quarters of a mile over; in the middle of it may be seen a strong bluish yellow flame.

At a little distance from this flame, the Guebres, an Asiatic people, and other poor persons have built little stone habitations. The ground within the room, which these huts contain, is covered with a floor of clay, a foot thick, rammed down hard, that the flame may not burst through.

In one place, however, a hole is left in the clay floor, to furnish fire when necessary. When the host has occasion to boil his coffee, or dress his food, he holds a lighted candle or a bit of burning paper over the hole, and a flame is immediately produced, which he knows how to employ better than he would a fire made of coals or wood.

The smaller the opening is, with the more force rises the flame. When the fire is no longer wanted, the host blows it out with a fan, or the flap of his garment, and then covers the hole.

These people procure light in the same manner. Into a slender hole made through the clay floor, they stick a reed of a proper height, coated inside and outside with clay, and kindle the vapor as it issues out at the top.

The weavers have several such round their looms, which afford them an ample supply of light, without requiring to be trimmed or renewed.

Besides this consuming fire, there is another kind at Baku, which does not burn. After a warm autumnal rain, the fields round Baku appear in flames. It frequently seems as though huge volumes of fire rolled down the mountains with incredible velocity.

In October and November, on clear moonlight nights, all the mountains west of Baku often appear enveloped in a blue flame. In warm and dark nights, innumerable flames cover the plains; and then the mountains are free from them.

This fire burns nothing. The dry grass and reeds remain unscorched, though the whole country appears in flames. It does not even yield the least heat. This fire, as it is called, must be merely a luminous appearance, and totally distinct from the other.

*Pleasing Preceptor.*

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## No. 101. Monitions on the flight of Time.

WHATEVER we see on every side reminds us of the lapse of time, and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines, and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and the year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood.

The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night with its silence and darkness shews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undis-

tinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course.

If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not show that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year; quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved.

If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power, to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is observed even by the birds of passage and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct.

There are human beings whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for summer and winter.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life: Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and after an absence of twenty years, wonder at our return, to find her faded.

We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction.

And let him, who purposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and the night cometh when no man can work.

*Johnson.*

## No. 102. Pitch Lake and Mud Lake.

IN the island of Trinidad is a lake, which at first view appears to be an expanse of water, but is found to be an extensive plain of mineral pitch, with frequent crevices or chasms filled with water.

On its being visited in the autumnal season, the surface of the lake was of an ash-colour—not polished or smooth so as to be slippery, but of such a consistence as to bear any weight.

In the summer season, however, the surface is much more yielding, and in a state approaching to fluidity. The chasms being filled with water in the wet seasons, present the only obstacle to walking over the surface.

These cavities are in general deep in proportion to their width, many of them unfathomable. The water they contain is not contaminated by the pitch, and is the abode of many fishes.

The main body of the lake is estimated at about three miles in circumference.

The following details relative to the volcanic springs of boiling mud in Java, are extracted from the Penang Gazette. Having received an extraordinary account of the *Bluddugs*, as the Javanese call them, a party set off to examine them.

“ We found them,” says the narrator, “ to be an elevated plain of mud about two miles in circumference, in the centre of which immense bodies of soft mud were thrown up to the height of ten or fifteen feet, in the form of bubbles, which, bursting, emitted great volumes of smoke.

These large bubbles, of which there were two, continued throwing up and bursting seven or eight times in a minute; at times they threw up two or three tons of mud.

As the bubbles burst, they threw the mud out from the centre, with a pretty loud noise, occasioned by the falling of the mud on that which surrounded it, and of which the plain is composed.

It was difficult and dangerous to approach the large bubbles, as the ground was all a quagmire, except where the surface had become hardened by the sun; upon this, we approached cautiously to within 50 yards of one of the largest bubbles.

Clarke,

**No. 103. Leviathan or Crocodile.**

THE Crocodile is supposed by modern writers to be the terrible animal mentioned in the book of Job by the name of Leviathan.

“This animal,” says Dr. Goldsmith, “grows to a great length, being sometimes found thirty feet long; its usual length, however, is eighteen.

“The strength of every part of the Crocodile is very great; and its arms, both offensive and defensive, irresistible. The back bone is jointed in the firmest manner; and its whole form calculated for force.

“Its teeth are sharp, numerous and formidable; its claws long and tenacious; but its principal instrument of destruction is the tail; with a single blow of this, it has often overturned a canoe, and seized its conductor.”

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The doors of his face, who will tear open  
 The rows of his teeth are TERROR :  
 The plates of his scales, TRIUMPH !  
 His body is like emboss'd shields,  
 They are joined so close one upon another  
 The very air cannot enter between them.  
 Each is inserted into its next ;  
 They are compact and cannot be separated.  
 His snortings are the radiance of light ;  
 And his eyes, as the glancings of the dawn.

*Dr. Harris.*

Behold he yawns, the hideous valves disclose  
 Death's iron teeth, embattled rows on rows.  
 Proud o'er his mailed back, his scales are class'd  
 Like serried shields, lock'd each in each so fast,  
 And seal'd together, that no breath of wind  
 Insinuates ; so close the plates are join'd,  
 So solder'd that the stoutest force were vain  
 To pierce the tight wedg'd joints, and burst the chain.

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Strength on his neck is thron'd ; whene'er he turns,  
 Woe springs before him, and the carnage churns.



His flesh coheres in flakes, with sinews barr'd,  
Compact as steel, indissolubly hard :  
His heart is from the quarry hewn, compress'd  
Hard as the nether mill-stone is his chest,  
The valiant tremble when he lifts his head,  
Down sink the mighty, impotent with dread.

*Scott.*

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### No. 104. Archbishop Sharpe and the Robber.

IT was a custom with Archbishop Sharpe in his journeys, generally to have a saddle horse attending his carriage, that in case of feeling fatigued with sitting, he might take the refreshment of a ride. In his advanced age, and a few years before his death, as he was going in this manner to his episcopal residence, and was got a mile or two in advance of his carriage, a decently dressed, good looking young man on horseback came up to him, and with a trembling hand, and faltering tone of voice, presented a pistol to his Grace's breast, demanding his money.

The archbishop, with great composure turned round, and looking stedfastly at him, desired that he would remove that dangerous weapon, and tell him fairly his condition. "Sir, Sir," cried the youth with great agitation, "no words, 'tis not a time for words now, your money instantly." "Hear me, young man," said the venerable prelate, "come on with me. I, you see, am a very old man, and my life is of little consequence; yours seems far otherwise. I am Sharpe, the Archbishop of York; my carriage and servants are behind, but conceal your perturbations, and tell me who you are and what money you want, and on the word of my character, I will not injure you, but prove a friend.

"Here, take this, (giving him a purse of money) and now tell me how much you want, to make you independent of so dangerous and destructive a course as you are now engaged in." "Oh, sir," replied the man, "I detest the ba-

siness as much as you do; I am—but—but—at home there are creditors who will not wait; fifty pounds, my lord, would indeed do what no thought or tongue besides my own can feel or express.”

“Well, sir, I take it at your word; and upon my honor, if you will compose yourself for a day or two, and then call on me at —, what I have now given you shall be made up that sum; trust me, I will not deceive you.”

The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went off; and, at the time appointed, actually waited on the Archbishop, received the money, and assured his lordship that he hoped his words had left impressions which no inducement could ever efface. Nothing more transpired of him for a year and a half; when one morning a person knocked at his Grace’s gate, and with a peculiar earnestness of voice and countenance, desired to see him.

The Archbishop ordered the stranger to be introduced. He had scarcely entered the room, when his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he sunk almost breathless on the floor. On recovering, he requested an audience in private: this being granted, he said, “My lord, you cannot have forgotten the circumstance of relieving a highwayman. God and gratitude will never suffer it to be obliterated from my mind. In me, my lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind: but now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior, to millions. Oh, my lord, ’tis you, ’tis you that have saved me, body and soul; ’tis you that have saved a much loved wife, and a little brood of children, whom I loved dearer than my own life.

“Here, my lord, is the fifty pounds; but never shall I find language to express what I feel; God is your witness, your deed itself is your glory; and may heaven be your present and everlasting reward.” The archbishop was refusing the money, when the gentleman added, “My lord, I was the younger son of a wealthy man; your Grace knew him, I am sure, my name is —; my marriage alienated the affections of my father, who left me to sorrow and penury.

“My distresses—but your grace already knows to what they drove me. A month since my brother died a bache-

lor, and intestate; his fortune has become mine; and I, spared and preserved by your goodness from an ignominious death, am now the most penitent, the most grateful, and the happiest of human beings." *Percy Anecdotes.*

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Shenstone the poet, and Rev. Rowland Hill, were each of them robbed, and each of them by kindness rescued his robber from impending destruction, and placed him in circumstances to provide for himself and his family.

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### No. 105. Golden Verses of Pythagoras.

FIRST, the Supreme doth highest rev'ence claim;  
Use with religious awe his sacred name.  
Honor thy parents and thy next of kind;  
And virtuous men wherever thou canst find.

Useful and steady let thy life proceed,  
Mild every word, good natur'd every deed;  
Oh, never with the man thou lov'st contend!  
But bear a thousand frailties from thy friend.

O'er lust, o'er anger, keep the strictest rein,  
Subdue thy sloth, thy appetite restrain.  
One way let all thy words and actions tend,  
Reason their constant guide, and truth their end.

Would'st thou be justly rank'd among the wise,  
Think ere thou dost, ere thou resolv'st, advise.  
Among the various ends of thy desires,  
'Tis no inferior place thy health requires.  
Firmly for this from all excess refrain,  
'Thy cups be moderate, and thy diet plain.  
Each night, ere needful slumber seals thy eyes,  
Home to thy soul let these reflections rise;  
How has this day my duty seen express'd?  
What have I done, omitted, or transgress'd?  
Then grieve the moments thou hast idly spent,  
The rest will yield thee comfort and content.

Be these good rules thy study and delight,  
 Practise by day and ponder them by night;  
 Thus all thy thoughts to virtue's height shall rise,  
 And truth shall stand unveil'd before thy eyes.

*Fitzgerald.*

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**No. 106. A glorious example of  
 Washington.**

IN 1754, Washington was stationed at Alexandria with a regiment, of which he was Colonel. At an election for members of the Assembly, Washington was in favor of Colonel G. Fairfax, and Mr. W. Payne headed the friends of William Elzey.

In the course of the contest, Washington *grew warm*, and said something offensive to Mr. Payne, who elevated his shelalah, and at one blow, extended our hero on the ground.

News was soon carried to the regiment that their commander was murdered by the mob. In a moment the whole regiment was under arms, and in rapid motion towards the town, burning for vengeance. During this time Washington was so far recovered as to go out and meet his enraged soldiers, who crowded around him with joy to see him alive.

After thanking them for such evidence of attachment, he assured them that he was not hurt, and begged them by their love to *him* and their *duty*, to return peaceably to their barracks.

Feeling himself the aggressor, he resolved to make Mr. Payne the honorable reparation of asking his pardon. Early next morning he wrote a polite note to Mr. Payne, to meet him at the tavern.

Payne took it for a challenge, and repaired to the tavern in full expectation of smelling gunpowder. But what was his surprize, on entering the chamber, to see in lieu of a brace of pistols, a decanter of wine and a pair of glasses on the table.

Washington rose to meet him, and offering his hand with a smile, began—"Mr. Payne, to err sometimes is nature, to rectify error is always glory: I believe I was wrong in the affair of yesterday; you have had, I think, some satisfaction, and if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand, let us be friends."

An act of such sublime virtue, produced its proper effect on the mind of Mr. Payne, who from that moment became the most enthusiastic admirer and friend of Washington.

*Abridged from the Baltimore Patriot.*

REMARKS.

"He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he who taketh a city." In the first instance Washington was overcome by his passions: but in the second, he was the conqueror. Of the many anecdotes of this great man, I recollect no one in which he appears to better advantage.

In no other instance, perhaps, did he ever make a greater display of true courage and magnanimity. Compared with the course which he adopted, how mean and contemptible would he have appeared, had he sought revenge by a duel, and added sin to sin!

How cowardly and barbarous then is the conduct of duellists in general, when compared with the just, humane, and dignified conduct of Washington, in retracting his own wrong and presenting the hand of friendship to one who had rendered to him evil for evil—a severe blow for an offensive word.

Let it be the care of Christians to give proper celebrity to such examples of magnanimity and self command—such elevation of mind above the influence of barbarous customs: then duelling and war will soon cease to be popular, and be banished from the world.

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Lord, shall thy bright example shine  
In vain before my eyes?  
Give me a soul akin to thine,  
To love my enemies.

*Watts.*

**No. 107. Sleep.**

AMONG the innumerable mortifications that way-lay human arrogance, may well be reckoned our ignorance of the most common objects and effects.

Sleep is a state in which a great part of every life is passed. No animal has yet been discovered, whose existence is not varied with intervals of insensibility.

Yet of this change, so frequent, so great, so general, and so necessary, no searcher has yet found either the efficient or final cause; or can tell by what power the mind and body are thus chained down in irresistible stupefaction; or what benefits the animal receives from his alternate suspension of its active powers.

Whatever may be the multiplicity or contrariety of opinions upon the subject, nature has taken sufficient care that the theory shall have little influence on practice.

The most diligent inquirer is not able long to keep his eyes open; and once in twenty four hours the gay and the gloomy, the witty and the dull, the clamorous and the silent, the busy and the idle, are all overpowered by the gentle tyrant, and all lie down in the equality of sleep.

Philosophy has often attempted to repress insolence by asserting, that all conditions are levelled by death. It is far more pleasing to consider that sleep is equally a leveler with death.

The time is never at a great distance, when the balm of rest shall be diffused alike upon every head,—when the diversities of life shall stop their operation, and the high and the low shall lie down together.

It is somewhere recorded of Alexander, that in the pride of conquests, and intoxication of flattery, he declared that he only perceived himself to be a man by the necessity of sleep.

I know not what can tend more to repress all the passions that disturb the peace of the world than the consideration that there is no height of happiness or honor, from which man does not eagerly descend to a state of unconscious repose.

All envy would be extinguished, if it were universally known that there are none to be envied, and surely none can be much envied who are not pleased with themselves.

There is reason to suspect that the distinctions of mankind have more show than value, when it is found that all agree to be weary alike of pleasures and of cares, and implore from nature's hand the nectar of oblivion.

Alexander himself added intemperance to sleep, and so-laced with the fumes of wine the sovereignty of the world ; and almost every man has some art by which he steals his thoughts away from his present state.

It is not much of life that is spent in close attention to any important duty. Many hours of every day are suffered to fly away without any traces left upon the intellects.

We suffer phantoms to rise up before us, and amuse ourselves with the demon of airy images, which, after a time, we dismiss forever, and know not how we have been busied.

It is easy in these semi-slumbers to collect all the possibilities of happiness, to alter the course of the sun, to bring back the past, and anticipate the future, to unite all the beauties of all seasons, and all the blessings of all climates, to receive and bestow felicity, and forget that misery is the lot of man.

All this is a voluntary dream, a temporary recession from the realities of life to airy fictions, and habitual subjection of reason to fancy.

*Johnson.*

Eternal Source, of every joy !  
 Well may thy praise our lips employ ;  
 Whilst in thy temple we appear,  
 Thy goodness crowns the circling year.  
 Wide as the earth and planets roll,  
 Thy hand supports and cheers the whole ;  
 By thee the sun is taught to rise,  
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring, at thy command,  
 Embalms the air and paints the land ;  
 The summer rays with vigor shine,  
 'To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Seasons and months and weeks and days  
 Demand successive hymns of praise ;  
 Still be the cheerful homage paid ;  
 With morning light and evening shade.

*Liverpool Collection.*

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## No. 108. The Boa Constrictor.

AMONG serpents, the Boa is distinguished by its vast size, as well as its prodigious strength. It also claims superiority by the beauty of its colors.

It was in all probability an enormous specimen of this serpent which once threw a whole Roman army into dismay. The fact is recorded by Valerius Maximus, who quotes it from one of the lost Books of Livy.

Near Bagrada, in Africa, a snake was seen of so enormous a magnitude as to prevent the army of Regulus from the use of the river ; and which after having snatched up several soldiers, and killed several others with his tail, was at length destroyed by military engines.

It was regarded by the army as a more formidable enemy than even Carthage itself.

The whole adjacent region was tainted with the effluvia proceeding from its remains, as were the waters with its blood, so as to oblige the army to remove its station.

The skin of this monster, measuring in length 120 feet, was sent to Rome as a trophy, and was there suspended in the temple, till the time of the Numidian war.

Ye too in other climes who harmless rove  
 In gilded scales, the guardians of the grove,  
 In horrid Afric's pestilential air,  
 Acquire new natures from the burning glare :  
 Ride through the blaze of noon on sable wing,  
 Quick on th' affrighted herds with fury spring,  
 And gathering all your folds in wreathings dire,  
 Bid the huge ox beneath your crush expire :  
 Th' enormous elephant by force can slay,  
 And need no poison to secure your prey.

*Clarke's Wonders.*



Dr. Goldsmith says that destroying such monsters, "was the original occupation of heroes," and that those who thus "obtained the name, gained it much more deservedly than their successors, who acquired their reputation only for their destroying each other."

In later times those who acquired most renown as *heroes*, were themselves the great serpents of the earth—the devourers of their own species.

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## No. 109. Means for diminishing the Crimes and Miseries of Man.

THAT crimes and miseries abound on earth, is well known in every country; and whatever may tend to diminish these evils should be ardently sought for by every philanthropist.

As a great portion of human misery is the natural result of vices or crimes, those means which tend to diminish crimes, or promote virtue, will also tend to diminish the aggregate of human wretchedness.

A general diffusion of the means of virtuous education, may justly be placed at the head of all the means for improving the condition of human society.

To advance and diffuse these means should be a principal object of pursuit with every human government—with all who are exalted to rule over men.

In the next place, it should be the special care of those in authority, by their own temper and conduct, to give examples of true virtue to all within the circle of their influence.

Evil examples of men in power are of the most pernicious tendency. How can rulers reasonably expect that subjects will be orderly and virtuous, while their own examples are adapted to lead them in the road to perdition.

How odious it must be in the sight of a just God, to see rulers violate his laws and the laws of the land, while for

similar vices they punish their subjects with severity and perhaps with death.

The same remark is applicable to wicked parents, who by their own examples lead their children into the very crimes for which they punish them.

Let due attention be paid to forming the minds and habits of the young; let rulers and parents be examples of virtue, self government and benevolence; then may it be expected that the crimes and miseries of mankind will rapidly diminish.

Then too will the havoc of war be banished from the world, justice and beneficence will abound, and the future generations of men will be blessed with peace and happiness.

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If but one corse,  
With murders sign upon it, meet the eye  
Of pale discovery in the lone recess,  
Justice begins the chase: When high are piled  
Mountains of slain, the large enormous guilt,  
Safe in its size, too vast for laws to whip,  
Trembles before no bar.

How long shall it be thus? say Reason, say,  
When shall thy long minority expire?  
When shall thy dilatory kingdom come?

*Fawcett.*

Ye who direct the social state,  
Which tauntingly ye civil call,  
Who whip the crimes yourselves create,  
Yourselves most criminal of all!

Instructed in this genial school,  
Mellow your crude, inclement plan,  
Copy mild Nature's gentle rule,  
And learn, like her, to smile on man.

*Fawcett.*

## No. 110. The Vulture's Farewell Lecture to her Children.

MANY naturalists are of opinion, that the animals which we commonly consider as mute, have the power of imparting their thoughts to one another. That they can express general sensations is very certain; every being that can utter sounds, has a different voice for pleasure and for pain. The hound informs his fellows when he scents his game; the hen calls her chickens to their food by her cluck, and drives them from danger by her scream.

Birds have the greatest variety of notes; they have indeed a variety, which seems almost sufficient to make a speech adequate to the purposes of a life which is regulated by instinct, and can admit little change or improvement. To the cries of birds, curiosity or superstition has been always attentive; many have studied the language of the feathered tribes, and some have boasted that they understood it.

A shepherd of Bohemia has, by long abode in the forests, enabled himself to understand the voice of birds; at least he relates with great confidence a story, of which the credibility is left to be considered by the learned.

"As I was sitting," said he, "within a hollow rock, and watching my sheep that fed in the valley, I heard two vultures, interchangeably crying on the summit of the cliff. Both voices were earnest and deliberate. My curiosity prevailed over my care of the flock. I climbed slowly and silently from crag to crag, concealed among the shrubs, till I found a cavity where I might sit and listen without suffering or giving disturbance.

"I soon perceived that my labour would be well repaid; for an old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence, with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by the last lecture, for their final dismissal to the mountains and the skies.

"My children," said the old vulture, "you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes; you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl, you have seen me seize the leveret in

the bush, and the kid in the pasture ; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey.

“ ‘ But you remember the taste of more delicious food : I have often regaled you with the flesh of man.’ ‘ Tell us,’ said the young vultures, ‘ where man may be found, and how he may be known ; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture. Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest ?’

“ ‘ He is too bulky,’ said the mother : ‘ when we find a man we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground.’ ‘ Since man is so big,’ said the young ones, ‘ how do you kill him ? You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear, by what power are vultures superior to man ? is man more defenceless than a sheep ?’

“ ‘ We have not the strength of man,’ returned the mother, ‘ and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtlety ; and the vultures would seldom feed upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth.’

“ ‘ Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another ; you will then find the ground smoking with blood and covered with carcasses, of which many are dismembered and mangled for the convenience of the vulture.’

“ ‘ But when men have killed their prey,’ said the pupil, ‘ why do they not eat it ? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it till he is satisfied himself. Is not man another kind of wolf.’

“ ‘ Man,’ said the mother, ‘ is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species.’ ‘ If men kill our prey and lay it in our way,’ said the young one, ‘ what need shall we have of labouring for ourselves ?’

“ ‘ Because man will, sometimes,’ replied the mother, ‘ remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vul-

tures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together, like a flock of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood.'

" ' But still,' said the young one, ' I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I could not eat.' ' My child,' said the mother, ' this is a question which I cannot answer, though I am reckoned the most subtle bird of the mountain.

" ' When I was young, I used frequently to visit the aerie of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks; he had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly between the rising and setting of the summer sun; he had fed year after year on the entrails of men.

" ' His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten upon the falling acorns, so men are by some unaccountable power, driven one against another, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed.

" ' Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these mischievous beings; and those that hover more closely round them, pretend, that there is, in every herd, one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wide carnage.

" ' What it is that entitles him to such pre-eminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the swiftest, but he shows, by his eagerness and diligence, that he is, more than any of the others, a friend to the vultures.' "

*Johnson.*

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THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Well does the raven love the sound of war—  
Amid those plains where Danube darkly rolls,

The theatres, on which the kingly play  
 Of war is oftenest acted, there the peal  
 Of cannon-mouths summons the sable flocks  
 To wait their death-doom'd prey; and they do wait:  
 Yes, when the glittering columns, front to front,  
 Drawn out, approach in deep and awful silence,  
 The raven's voice is heard hovering between.  
 Sometimes upon the far deserted tents  
 She boding sits, and sings her fateful song.  
 But in the abandon'd field she most delights,  
 When o'er the dead and dying slants the beam  
 Of peaceful morn; and wreaths of reeking mist  
 Rise from the gore-dew'd sward; from corpse to corpse,  
 She revels, far and wide; then, sated, flies  
 To some shot-shiver'd branch, whereon she cleans  
 Her purpled beak; and down she lights again,  
 To end her horrid meal.

*Graham.*

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### No. 111. Remarkable reformation of a Prince.

THE "Scots Magazine," for Jan, 1761, contains a Review of a work, entitled, "Introduction to the Art of Thinking." The following account is an abstract of a narrative quoted from that work.

"Henry, Duke of Saxony, was by nature fierce and haughty, eager in his pursuits, impatient of disappointment or control. The outrages committed by this prince were without end; every thing was sacrificed to his lust, cruelty, and ambition; and at his court, beauty, riches, honors became the greatest misfortunes.

"His horrid enormities filled him with suspicion. At enmity with every one, and least of all at peace with himself, feeling the agonies of reproving conscience, which haunted him when waking, and left him not when asleep.

"In a melancholy fit, under the impression of a wicked action recently perpetrated, he dreamed that the tutelar an-

gel of the country stood before him with anger in his looks, mixed with some degree of pity. Ill fated wretch! said the apparition, listen to the awful command I bear. Upon this the angel reached a scroll of paper, and vanished. The scroll contained the following words—*After six.*

“Here the dream ended; for the impression it made broke his rest. The prince awaked in the greatest consternation, deeply struck with the vision. He was convinced that the whole was from God, to prepare him for death—which he concluded was to happen in six months, perhaps in six days; and that this time was allotted him to make his peace with his Maker, by an unfeigned repentance of all his crimes.

“Thus, in the utmost torments of mind, six days, six weeks, and six months passed away; but death did not follow. Now he concluded that six years were to be the period of his miserable life. Hitherto the supposed shortness of his warning had not left it in his power to repair the many injuries he had committed, which was the greatest load upon his mind. Now he resolved to make the most ample reparation.

“In this state of mind, when hope prevailed and some beams of sunshine appeared breaking through the cloud, he addressed his Maker”—in a solemn and fervent prayer.

“His first endeavors were to regain the confidence of his nobles, and love of his people. With unremitting application, he attended to their good; and soon felt that satisfaction in considering himself as their *father*, which he never knew while he considered them as his *slaves*.

After tasting such misery, how did he bless the happy change! Now always calm and serene, diffusive benevolence gilded every thought of his heart, and action of his life. It was his delight to be seen, and to lay open his whole soul, for in it dwelt harmony and peace,

“Fame blazed his virtues all around; in distant regions was the good prince known, where his vices had never reached.—In all disputes, he was the constant mediator between sovereigns, and betwixt them and their subjects, and he gained more authority over neighboring princes by esteem and reverence, than they had over their subjects.

“ In this manner elapsed the *six years*, till the fatal period came. The vision was fulfilled ; but very differently from what was expected. For at this precise period, a vacancy happening, he was unanimously elected EMPEROR OF GERMANY.”

We are not disposed to encourage a superstitious respect to dreams ; but when a dream of a character so uncommon is regarded and improved by the dreamer, as a divine admonition to him, to forsake the paths of vice and cruelty, and to adopt a course of active benevolence, the hand of God may justly be acknowledged.

Happy will be the effects of this narrative, should it be the means of exciting unprincipled rulers suitably to reflect on the benefits which would result to themselves, as well as to others, should they change their course, and act the part of just and beneficent *fathers*. Let them duly reflect on the admonitory message—“ *After six*”—lest they, when weighed in the balances, should be found wanting.

## No. 112. Dialogue between Romulus and Numa Pompilius.

(From Fenelon's 'Dialogues of the Dead.')

*Romulus*. So, you have arrived at last. Your reign, my friend, has been a long one.

*Numa Pompilius*. Because it has been tranquil. The way, I found, to make it so, was to use the world kindly ; never to misapply my influence ; to act in such a manner that none might wish for my death.

*R*. Yes ! to live in obscurity, and die without glory. The display of authority has no attractions at this rate. According to you, it is equally idle to make a conquest, and to keep it : to disregard death, and to be ambitious of immortality.

*N. P.* What, let me ask, has befallen your immortality ? How comes it that I find you here ?



*R.* To speak the truth, the senate placed me among the gods merely to rid themselves of my interference in their affairs as a mortal. They chose to deify me, rather than practise the obedience due to a king.

*N. P.* Do you tell me the assertions of Proculus were false ?

*R.* Proculus, who knew that nothing is easier than to make men credit what coincides with their wishes, when he saw the people disturbed by my death, contrived the fable you allude to, in order to quiet them.

*N. P.* Thus without a doubt it was ; and instead of gaining immortality, you died a violent death.

*R.* And yet on the other hand, altars were raised, priests appointed, sacrifices offered, and incense burned, in honor of me.

*N. P.* And what in truth are these things worth ? They have not hindered you from appearing in this place, where at the present moment you will probably allow that the happiness at least of a monarch is best founded on his moderation and justice, and the love of his subjects.

*R.* If I mistake not, you did not handle the sceptre early in life ?

*N. P.* No. It was well that I did not get into power, inexperienced and ignorant, at a time when the indulgence of the passions is most dangerous ; a misfortune to which you, who slew your brother in a fit of anger, and made yourself hated by your subjects, were exposed.

*R.* The faithfulness of a guard perhaps preserved you from a death like mine.

*N. P.* So far from that, my first act after ascending the throne, was to abolish those whom you had chosen, and distinguished by the name of Celeres. A man forced upon the seat of royalty, who remains there actuated by no motive but that of doing good, and would willingly quit it at any time, can have little fear of being put to death like a tyrant.

The people looked upon me as a friend and a father, and in their affection I confided for the safety of my property and peace, and therefore of my life. This confidence was mutual.

*R.* Would you have me suppose it was against your will that you ascended the throne, when you afterwards made use of the whole power the Romans had given you, to impose upon them your private principles of religion?

*N. P.* When their representatives came to me in my retreat of Cures, I professed my unfitness to govern a nation familiarized with conquest; told them to seek another Romulus; and added, that the manner of your death and that of Tattius was enough to deter me from accepting their offer: moreover, I urged that I had not ever seen a single action. Nothing however would do but my compliance, and I was made a king, but never departed from my first plain, temperate mode of living, nor was known from my fellow-citizens except by the title of a sovereign. The Sabine and Roman states were so firmly united by the means I took, that few accidents will be able to divide them.

*R.* Peace and affluence only foster pride, rebellion, and dissoluteness in the people, and unfit them for incurring the fatigues and dangers of war. If it had so happened that your territories had been attacked, what step would you have taken, who are unacquainted with arms?

*N. P.* If I did not understand the art of war so well as you, I always found it possible to avoid it, and I obtained the respect and esteem of my neighbors. I gave the Romans laws that, enforcing probity, industry and sobriety, made them a match for any opponent.



### No. 113. The Mirage.

DR. CLARKE in his interesting travels, introduces the following animated description of this phenomenon. Here, at the village of Utko, we procured asses for our party, and setting out for Rosetta, began to recross the desert, appearing like an ocean of sand, but flatter and firmer as to its surface, than before.

The Arabs, uttering their harsh guttural language, ran chattering by the side of our asses; until some of them

calling out "Raschid!" we perceived its domes and turrets, apparently upon the opposite side of an immense lake or sea, that covered all the intervening space between us and the city.

Not having in my own mind, at the time, any doubt as to the certainty of its being water, and seeing the tall minarets and buildings of Rosetta, with all its groves of dates and sycamores, as perfectly reflected by it as by a mirror, insomuch that even the minutest detail of the architecture, and of the trees, might have been thence delineated, I applied to the Arabs to be informed in what manner we were to pass the water.

Our interpreter although a Greek, and therefore likely to have been informed of such a phenomenon, was as fully convinced as any of us that we were drawing near to the water's edge, and became indignant, when the Arabs maintained, that within an hour we should reach Rosetta, by crossing the sands in the direct line we then pursued, and that there was no water. "What," said he, giving way to his impatience, "do you suppose me an idiot, to be persuaded contrary to the evidence of my senses?"

The Arabs, smiling, soon pacified him and completely astonished the whole party, by desiring us to look back at the desert we had already passed, where we beheld a precisely similar appearance. It was, in fact, *the Mirage*, a prodigy to which every one of us were then strangers, although it afterwards became familiar.

Yet upon no future occasion did we ever behold this extraordinary illusion so marvellously displayed. The view of it afforded us ideas of the horrible despondency to which travellers must sometimes be exposed, who, in traversing the interminable desert, destitute of water, and perishing with thirst, have sometimes this deceitful prospect before their eyes.

This appearance is often seen, when the sun shines, upon the extensive flat sand upon the shores of the Bristol channel, in Somersetshire, and probably on the sea-shore in other parts of England; the cause is, we believe, the evaporation of water.

*Clarke's Wonders.*

**No. 114. The Man of Ross.**

“ But all our praises why should lords engross ?  
Rise, honest muse, and sing THE MAN OF ROSS.”

*Pope.*

Mr. John Kyrle, so celebrated by Mr. Pope for his active benevolence as the Man of Ross, was a bachelor possessed of no more than five hundred pounds a year.

“ Blush, grandeur, blush ! proud courts, withdraw your  
blaze,

Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays.  
Behold the market-place, with poor o’erspread,  
The man of Ross divides the weekly bread ;  
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,  
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate.  
Him portion’d maids, apprentic’d orphans blest,  
The young who labor, and the old who rest.  
Is any sick ? The Man of Ross relieves,  
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.  
Is there a variance ? enter but his door,  
Balk’d are the courts, and contest is no more.”

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Blest is the man whose tender heart  
Feels all another’s pain ;  
To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never raised in vain.

Whose breast expands with generous warmth,  
A stranger’s woe to feel ;  
And bleeds in pity o’er the wound  
He wants the power to heal.

To gentle offices of love,  
His feet are never slow ;  
He views, through mercy’s melting eye,  
A brother in his foe.

Peace, from the bosom of his God,  
Peace shall to him be given ;  
His soul shall rest secure on earth,  
And find its native heaven.

*Mrs. Barbauld.*

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## No. 115. Progress of Public Opinion.

PUBLIC opinion in every country has a controlling influence over laws, usages, and customs. In its progress, it first brings an inhuman law or custom into disrepute ; then causes it to be cancelled or abolished.

But such are the prepossessions of men in favor of the opinions of their ancestors, that the progress of light is slow ; and few valuable improvements are made but at the risk of reputation, and the expense of encountering strong opposition.

Still it is true that the progress of opinion has abolished many barbarous customs, which were once popular ; and caused many laws to be repealed which had long been deemed just and necessary, and rendered others inefficient which are still retained in statute books.

Within a short time it has been publicly stated that the present criminal code of England contains more than two hundred capital felonies. Yet but a small number of those laws can be executed, on account of the advances in public sentiment.

In our own country many such laws have been long since repealed, or rendered nugatory. As light advances sanguinary laws and customs become more and more unpopular and abhorrent.

Of the many cruel customs and usages which the progress of public opinion has abolished, or rendered odious, the following may be enumerated, as deserving particular attention.

1. Offering human sacrifices, to appease the anger, or to procure the favor of supposed offended deities. In ancient times this practice prevailed in England and in all the European countries.

2. There was a time when the *ordeal* of fire or water was thought to be a rational and just method of determining whether an accused person was innocent or guilty. An accused person must take up a stone sunk in boiling water, or carry red-hot iron to a certain distance. If after three days his hand was found to be injured, he was deemed guilty; if not injured, he was deemed innocent.

3. The Judicial combat, or duel, was also instituted for a similar purpose, or to decide which of two persons was guilty, the accused or the accuser. The person who fell in the combat was supposed to be guilty, while his murderer was deemed innocent.

4. In Europe, propogating the gospel by the sword was for a considerable time regarded as a laudable practice; and a minister of the gospel could acquire glory by marching at the head of an army with the Bible in one hand, and the murderous sword in the other.

5. Punishing men, and even burning them to death, for supposed errors in religious opinions, was long a popular custom in Christendom, as well as among pagans. Millions, perhaps, of professed Christians have perished by the hands of each other, in consequence of this monstrous delusion.

6. In the reign of Henry VII, the people of England,—the country of our ancestors—had a regular market for the sale of their children to their Irish neighbors. At a much later period the African slave trade was popular in Europe and America.

7. For a long period private wars among the barons or noblemen of Europe prevailed to a great extent. If two barons of the same kingdom had a quarrel, they would arm their respective families, tenants, and vassals and decide their contest by the sword—just as the barbarous rulers of Christian nations have done in our own times.

8. Some of the cruel laws and usages of national war, have also been abolished by the progress of public sentiment. Killing captives was once deemed honorable; it is now practised only by barbarians. Enslaving captives was for ages deemed just and reasonable. This practice is wholly abolished in all civilized countries.

All these savage customs have sunk into disrepute and contempt in the esteem of the wise and good of all Christian nations. So much has been effected by the progress of public opinion, the influence of Christian principles, and the exertions of humane and enlightened men.

There are however many barbarous laws, usages, and customs which are still popular among the most civilized nations. But what has already been effected affords just ground of hope, that the progress of public opinion will gradually abolish all sanguinary laws and customs.



### No. 116. The Shepherd's Way to Wisdom.

The daily labors of the bee  
Awake my soul to industry.  
Who can observe the careful ant  
And not provide for future want?  
My dog (the truest of his kind)  
With gratitude inflames my mind;  
I mark his true his faithful way,  
And in my service copy Tray.  
In constancy and nuptial love,  
I learn my duty from the dove.  
The hen, who from the chilly air,  
With pious wing protects her care,  
And every fowl that flies at large,  
Instructs me in a parent's charge.  
From nature, too, I take my rule  
To shun contempt and ridicule.  
I never with important air,  
In conversation overbear:  
Can grave and formal pass for wise,  
When men the solemn owl despise?  
My tongue within my lips I rein,  
For who talks much must talk in vain:  
We from the wordy torrent fly:  
Who listens to the chattering pie?

Nor would I with felonious flight,  
 By stealth invade my neighbor's right :  
 Rapacious animals we hate :  
 Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.  
 Do not we just abhorrence find  
 Against the toad and serpent kind ?  
 But envy, calumny, and spite,  
 Bear stronger venom in their bite :  
 Thus every object of creation  
 Can furnish hints for contemplation.  
 And from the most minute and mean,  
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.

*Gay.*


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**No. 117. Time.**

Who needs a teacher to admonish him  
 That flesh is grass ?—That earthly things are mist ?  
 What are our joys but dreams ? and what our hopes  
 But goodly shadows in the summer cloud ?  
 There's not a wind that blows but bears with it  
 Some rainbow promise : not a moment flies  
 But puts its sickle in the fields of life,  
 And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.  
 'Tis but as yesterday since on yon stars,  
 Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd gaz'd,  
 In his mid-watch observant, and dispos'd  
 The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.  
 Yet in the interim what mighty shocks  
 Have buffeted mankind,—whole nations raz'd—  
 Cities made desolate,—the polish'd sunk  
 To barbarism, and once barbaric states  
 Swaying the wand of science and of arts ;  
 Illustrious deeds and memorable names  
 Blotted from record, and upon the tongue  
 Of grey tradition voluble no more.

Where are the heroes of the ages past ?  
 Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones



Who flourish'd in the infancy of days !  
 All to the grave gone down. On their fallen fame  
 Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,  
 Sits grim *Forgetfulness*.—The warrior's arm  
 Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame ;  
 Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd the blaze  
 Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name  
 Was mighty on the earth—To day—'tis what ?  
 The meteor of the night of distant years,  
 That flash'd unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld,  
 Musing at midnight upon prophecies,  
 Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam  
 Point to the mist-pois'd shroud, then quietly  
 Clos'd her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up  
 Safe in the charnel's treasures.

H. K. White.



### No. 118. Clement and his Son Zima.

*Clement.* My son, I rejoice to see you ; but why this unexpected visit ? Has any misfortune happened to you ?

*Zima.* No misfortune, Sir, has occurred to me ; I came from a sense of duty to consult you on a subject of importance. I have the offer of a Captain's commission in the regular army ; the emoluments of the office I need ; and should I be fortunate, the honor may be worth something to me and mine.

*C.* Your filial respect is gratifying ; and you know, my son, I have not been in the habit of needlessly opposing your inclinations. I cannot, however, say that I am *willing* you should assume the profession of the warrior. It is true that I had formerly an esteem for the military profession, as necessary and honorable ; but I now regard war with horror, as totally antichristian.

*Z* I did not expect to hear such sentiments from my father. You must have reasons for such a change in your views, which have not occurred to my mind. It is, however, certain that while there are wars, there must be war-

rriors, and should I decline, another will accept the commission.

*C.* It is equally true, my son, that while there is gambling, robbery, and murder, there must be gamblers, robbers, and murderers. But should all men refuse to engage in such enterprizes, what would be the consequences?

*Z.* The consequences must involve the abolition of those enormities. But I hope my father does not rank the feats of war with such atrocious crimes.

*C.* I doubt not, my son, that your feelings revolt at the thought of adopting any of these courses of private and unpopular wickedness, and had I been seasonably enlightened, so as to give you a thorough Christian education, I think you would have felt an equal aversion to becoming a professed warrior.

*Z.* I hope I have no such thirst for money or fame, as will prevent a proper deference to your advice, or due attention to any light you may offer on the subject of war; but I am not a little surprised at your remarks.

*C.* I will endeavour to illustrate some of my views more clearly. Your house stands near the line which separates the United States from Canada. If, during your absence, a gang of robbers from Canada should kill your hired men, your children, your wife, and, having plundered your property, should consume your buildings by fire,—what would be your views of their conduct?

*Z.* The case, sir, is too horrible for contemplation. The perpetrators of such deeds must be monsters in the scale of wickedness.

*C.* Suppose then that on some pretext a war should be proclaimed between Great Britain and the United States, and that a regiment of military men should cross the line and commit just such acts of violence and outrage, as was supposed to be done by the gang of robbers: would the injury and the injustice be less, for having been done by military men, and by order of their government.

*Z.* In either case the calamity would be dreadful, and such as I hope never to endure.

*C.* Why then, my son, would you accept a commission to prepare men to inflict such evils on others? War is

usually carried on by a course of havoc and rapine, as perfectly unjust as would be the slaughter of your family and the devastation of your property by a gang of robbers.

Z. But have not rulers a better right to make war than private individuals ?

C. They doubtless think they have such a right, but I do not see any source whence it could possibly be derived. If private individuals do not possess such a right for themselves, they surely cannot delegate such a right to their rulers, however many might combine for the purpose ; and the God of heaven has required rulers, as well as other men, to love their neighbors as themselves. The commands, "Thou shalt not kill"—"Thou shalt not steal," are as obligatory on *kings* as on any other class of men.

Z. Still it is a fact that rulers do wage war ; and when a war is declared, are not military officers and soldiers free from blame in killing and destroying, according to the orders of government ?

C. If rulers have a right to wage war whenever they please, and soldiers are guiltless in obeying their bloody mandates, it will follow that the whole human race might be exterminated by their wars on each other, and yet no one be guilty of murder, or any violation of the law of love.

Z. I cannot deny the correctness of your reasoning ; and principles which admit of such consequences must be founded in delusion. I shall cheerfully decline the proffered honors and emoluments, and free you from anxiety on my account. But how awful the delusions which have prevailed on this subject ! On both sides of a contest, the pleas of justice and necessity are urged with confidence, and each glories in the slaughter of the other.

C. It is equally true that each party has accused the other of *injustice*, *robbery*, and *murder* ; and these mutual accusations have been much better founded than their mutual pleas of *justice* and *necessity*.

**No. 119. Address to Mothers.**

HEAR, ye fair mothers of our isle,  
 Nor scorn your poet's homely style.  
 You judge it of important weight,  
 To keep your rising offspring straight,  
 For this such anxious moments feel,  
 And ask the friendly aids of steel ;  
 For this import the distant cane,  
 Or slay the monarch of the main.

And shall the soul be warp'd aside  
 By passion, prejudice, and pride ?  
 Deformity of heart I call  
 The worst deformity of all.  
 Your cares to body are confin'd ;  
 Few fear obliquity of mind.  
 Why not adorn the better part ?  
 This is a nobler theme for art.  
 For what is form, or what is face,  
 But the soul's index, or its case ?

Now take a simile at hand,  
 Compare the mental soil to land.  
 Shall fields be till'd with annual care,  
 And minds lie fallow every year ?  
 Oh, since the crop depends on you,  
 Give them the culture which is due :  
 Hoe every weed, and dress the soil,  
 So harvest shall repay your toil.

*Cotton.***No. 120. Anecdotes of Humanity.**

THE Areopagites or Senators of Athens being assembled in the open air, a sparrow pursued by a hawk flew into the bosom of one of them for refuge. He seized the little trembler and threw it from him with such violence that it was killed on the spot.

The whole assembly, filled with indignation, arraigned him as destitute of that mercy which is necessary to the

administration of justice, and degraded him from the senatorial dignity, which he had so disgraced.

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Alphonso, King of Naples, celebrated for his clemency, was once asked why he was so favorable to all men, even those notoriously wicked. He answered, "Good men are won by justice; the bad by clemency."

On another occasion, when some of his ministers complained to him of his lenity, he exclaimed, "What, then! would you have lions and tigers to reign over you? Know you not that cruelty is the attribute of *wild beasts*—Clemency that of MAN?"

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In the reign of Charles IX, orders were sent to the several Governors of France to put to death all the protestants in their respective districts. One catholic governor, whose memory will ever be dear to humanity, had the courage to disobey the cruel mandate, and to write thus in a letter to the king:—

"SIRE, I have too much respect for your majesty, not to persuade myself that the order I have received must be *forged*; but if—which God forbid—it should be really your order, I have too much respect for the personal character of my sovereign to obey it."

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A Russian, suspected of having wilfully set fire to a house, was doomed to the torture, and expired under its torments. Alexander was no sooner acquainted with the circumstance, than he published an edict, by which the torture is for ever abolished in Russia.

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The Duke of Orleans, being appointed Regent of France, insisted on possessing the power of pardoning. "I have no objection," said he, "to having my hands tied from doing *harm*, but I will have them free to do *good*."

*Percy Anecdotes.*

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## No. 121. The Mimic or Mocking Bird.

THE plumage of this bird has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; but his figure is well proportioned and even hand

some. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays, in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation, within his hearing, are really surprising.

To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation. In the measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them.

In his native groves, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminet over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative.

His native notes, which are easily distinguishable, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued for half an hour or an hour at a time.

His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the bouyant gaiety of his action arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear, he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy.

While exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of their skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect,—so perfect are his imitations.

He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him after birds which, perhaps, are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates.

In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cesar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wing and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood.

The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully.

He runs over the quiverings of the Canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia Nightingale, or Red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority and become silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

*Abridged from A. Wilson.*

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INGENUITY OF BIRDS.

It wins my admiration,  
To view the structure of that little work—  
A bird's nest. Mark it well within, without,  
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,  
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,  
No glue to join : his little beak was all,  
And yet how neatly finished ! What nice hand  
With every implement and means of art,  
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,  
Could make me such another ? Fondly then  
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill  
Instinctive genius foils.—

*Village Curate.*

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**No. 122. The Wild Boar and the Ram.**

A FABLE.

AGAINST an elm a sheep was tied,  
The butcher's knife in blood was dyed ;  
The patient flock, in silent fright,  
From far beheld the horrid sight :  
A savage Boar, who near them stood,  
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.

All cowards should be serv'd like you.  
 See, see, your murderer is in view !  
 With purpled hands and reeking knife,  
 He strips the skin yet warm with life :  
 Your quarter'd sires, your bleeding dams,  
 The dying bleat of harmless lambs,  
 Call for revenge, O stupid race !  
 The heart that wants revenge is base.

I grant, an ancient Ram replies,  
 We bear no terror in our eyes ;  
 Yet think us not of soul so tame,  
 Which no repeated wrongs inflame,  
 Insensible of every ill,  
 Because we want thy tusks to kill.

Know those who violence pursue,  
 Give to themselves the vengeance due ;  
 For in these massacres they find  
 The two chief plagues that waste mankind.  
 Our skin supplies the wrangling bar ;  
 It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war ;  
 And well revenge may rest contented,  
 Since drums and parchment were invented.

*Gay.*

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### **No. 123. Pliny's Eulogy of the Earth.**

“ It is the earth that, like a kind mother, receives us at our birth, and sustains us when born. It is this alone of all the elements around us, that is never found an enemy to man.

The body of waters deluge him with rains, oppress him with hail, and drown him with inundations ; the air rushes in storms, prepares the tempest, or lights up the Volcano.

But the Earth, gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walks with flowers, and his table with plenty ; returns with interest every good committed to her care.



And though she produces the poison, she still supplies the antidote; though constantly teased more to furnish the luxuries of man than his necessities, yet, even to the last, she continues her kind indulgence, and when life is over, she piously hides his remains in her bosom."

*Nat. Hist.*

In view of this Eulogy of the Earth, the following lines from a poem called "Vicissitude" may be properly introduced:—

Detested War! thy desolating strife  
Sprinkles with blood the gloomy walks of life.  
'Tis thy delight to hear the orphan cry,  
And to behold the widow's heaving sigh,  
'To see the father and the husband bleed,  
And look with pleasure on each murd'rous deed;  
Famine and Sickness are to thee allied,  
And Guilt and Outrage riot at thy side;  
Grim Devastation moves at thy command,  
And turns a paradise to heaps of sand!

Ye Sons of Adam! when shall Reason's ray  
Prompt you to drive the demon war away,  
And cultivate the sacred arts of Peace,  
That smile to see the human race increase?  
O say, does mother earth (too scant of room)  
Compel to chase our neighbours to the tomb?  
Millions of acres yet untill'd remain,  
In forest-wilds, on common, heath and plain;  
Where undisturb'd the timid wild fowl flies,  
And the sweet flow'ret flourishes and dies;  
Or is it that the high born sons of pride  
Hate to behold an equal by their side?  
Vicissitude can bring their greatness down,  
And mould to dust the sceptre and the crown,  
O'er humble life a royal robe can fling,  
And lead the shepherd to become a king.

*Millhouse.*

**No. 124. A Paraphrase on Psalm  
LXXIV. 16. 17.**

*“ The day is thine, the night also is thine.”*

My God ! all nature owns thy sway,  
Thou giv’st the night, and thou the day !  
When all thy lov’d creation wakes,  
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,  
And bathes in dew the opening flower,  
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;  
And when she pours her choral song,  
Her melodies to thee belong !  
Or when, in paler tints array’d,  
The evening slowly spreads her shade ;  
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,  
Can more than day’s enlivening bloom  
Still every fond and vain desire,  
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;  
From earth the pensive spirit free,  
And lead the soften’d heart to thee.

In every scene thy hands have dress’d  
In every form by thee impress’d,  
Upon the mountain’s awful head,  
Or where the shelt’ring woods are spread,  
In every note that swells the gale,  
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,  
The cavern’s depth, or echoing grove,  
A voice is heard of praise, and love.  
As o’er thy work the seasons roll,  
And scoth, with change of bliss the soul,  
Oh never may their smiling train  
Pass o’er the human scene in vain !  
But oft, as on the charm we gaze,  
Attune the wond’ring soul to praise ;  
And be the joys that most we prize  
The joys that from thy favor rise !

*Miss Williams.*

## No. 125. On Gaming.

WHENCE sprung th' accursed lust of play,  
 Which beggars thousands in a day?  
 Speak, sorc'ress speak, for thou canst tell,  
 Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell:  
 Now man profanes his reas'ning pow'rs,  
 Profanes sweet friendship's sacred hours;  
 Abandon'd to inglorious ends,  
 And faithless to himself and friends;  
 A dupe to every artful knave,  
 'To every abject wish a slave:  
 But who against himself combines,  
 Abets his enemy's designs.

When rapine meditates a blow,  
 He shares the guilt who aids the foe.  
 Is man a thief who steals my pelf—  
 How great his theft who robs himself!  
 Is murder justly deem'd a crime?  
 How black his guilt who murders time!

Cotton.

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 No. 126. Curiosities of Chili.

*Salt River.* In Copiapo, one of the provinces of Chili, there is a river, called from its saltness *Salado*, which has its source in the Andes, and falls into the Pacific Ocean.

The water of this river is very clear and extremely salt; and its specific gravity is, according to the season of the year, from fifteen to eighteen degrees.

The salt crystallizes naturally upon the shores; it is excellent and fit for use without any preparation, as it is very pure and not mixed with calcareous earth, or any heterogeneous salt.

*Salt springs, and Salt plain.* In a valley of the Andes, inhabited by the Pehuenches, are eleven springs of very clear and limpid water, which overflows the surface, and becomes crystallized into salt as white as snow.

This valley is about 15 miles in circumference, and is entirely covered, for the depth of six feet, with a crust of salt, which is collected by the inhabitants in large pieces and used for all domestic purposes.

*Salt Plant.* In the province of St. Jago is found a species of wild *basil*.—This plant continues to increase in growth from the first opening of spring to the commencement of winter, and is every morning covered over with saline globules that are hard and shining.

The husbandmen collect and make use of this salt instead of the common kind, which it far exceeds in taste. Each plant produces daily about half an ounce,—a phenomenon, the cause of which I am not able to explain, as it grows in a very fertile soil, exhibiting no other appearance of salt, and at more than sixty miles from the sea.

*Transparent Fish.* The river Talten, which waters the Araucanian provinces, produces a small fish called *paye*, which, as I have been assured by those who have seen them, is so diaphanous, that if several are placed upon each other, any object beneath them may be distinctly seen.

*The great Spider.* This is found in the vicinity of St. Jago, and lives under ground. The body is as large as a hen's egg, and covered with soft hair. The claws are very long and large. In the middle of the forehead are four large eyes, disposed in the form of a square, and at the sides of the head two others that are less.

The mouth is furnished with two pincers of a shining black, about two lines in length, turned back towards the forehead. Notwithstanding this formidable appearance, this spider is not dangerous, and serves as an amusement for children.

*The Penguin.* This bird, on the part of the feathered tribe, forms a link of union between birds and fishes, as the flying-fish does on the part of the finny race.

The feet are palmated like those of a duck, but its plumage is so fine that it appears more like hair than feathers; and instead of wings it has two pendant fins, covered with very short feathers resembling scales, which are of great use in swimming, but much too small for the purpose of flying.

It is of the size of a common duck, but its neck is much longer. It walks in an erect posture with its head elevated like that of a man, keeping it in constant motion to preserve its equilibrium. This gives it, at a distance, the appearance of a child just beginning to walk—whence the Chilians denominated it the Child-bird.

*The Condor or Manque.* The bird known in Peru by the name of *Condor*, is in Chili called *Manque*. It is unquestionably the largest bird which has the power of supporting itself in the air.

Linneus makes its wings, when extended, sixteen feet from one extremity to the other; but the largest that I have seen was but fourteen feet and some inches. Its body is much larger than that of the royal eagle.

The beak is four inches long, and very large and crooked. The greater quills of the wings are usually two feet nine inches long, and one third of an inch diameter. The foot is furnished with four toes—the hindmost of which is but about two inches long. The middle toe is nearly six inches long, and is terminated by a crooked whitish nail of two inches;—the other toes are a little shorter, armed with strong and crooked talons.

*Molina.*

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## No. 127. The Village Preacher.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild;  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
 A man he was, to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;  
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
 He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain.  
 The long remembered beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
 The ruined spendthrift now no longer proud,  
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed.  
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.  
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;  
 But in his duty prompt at every call,  
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;  
 And as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
 'To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies ;  
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
 Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last falt'ring accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
 Ev'n children followed with endearing wile,  
 And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their care distrest ;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on his head.

*Goldsmith.*

## No. 128. The Thumb.

THE whole frame of the human body so clearly evinces design, and, of course, an All-Wise Designer, that atheism would appear the extreme of folly, if even there were no other arguments to confute it, than those which are in a manner forced upon us whenever we take a careful survey of ourselves.

The mechanism of the eye is marvellously complex, and yet nothing in it is superfluous; every part bearing a necessary and obvious relation to the purpose for which it was formed. Nor is the mechanism of the ear less adapted in every part to the design of its formation. These wonderful organs of sense are given to us, however, in common with the lower animals, of which there are some that far excel us in clearness of sight and quickness of hearing.

But the human body has one appendage, which belongs not to any of the brutal creation, and which evidences design or contrivance, as clearly as the eye or the ear: I mean the *Thumb*. This puny limb, which is seldom noticed by poet or philosopher, has been the main stay of the human family, in all ages and countries.

Had the human body lacked this little limb of labor, man would have been the most helpless of all animals and indeed the whole race must nearly have perished thousands of years ere the present time. He neither could have tilled the ground, nor drawn a fish from the water.

He neither could have felled the forests, nor furnished himself with weapons of defence against the ferocious beasts with which they are inhabited. He would have been alike incapable of *making* and of *using* any of the instruments necessary for his sustenance, clothing or defence.

Suppose the thumb and *that only*, had been overlooked in the general contrivance of the human body, suppose that all the organs and members of the body, and particularly the *hands*, were exactly as they are now, save that instead of four fingers and a thumb, there were five fingers standing parallel to each other; the body, in that case, would have been a machine wonderfully curious, but utterly inadequate to the purposes of human life.

Suppose further, that as a recompense for the want of a thumb, man had been gifted with a double or treble portion of intellect; he, notwithstanding, must have been helpless and wretched; for it would be out of the power of finite intellect to supply that deficiency, or even so much as to provide for the mere necessary wants of the body.

Man upon his expulsion from paradise, was cast into a wilderness world, and a wilderness it must have remained to this day, but for the thumb upon the hand. He was commanded to subdue the earth, and was authorized to have dominion over the beasts of the field;—things as much out of his power, had he been thumbless, as arresting the stars in their courses.

But this feeble being, through the constant aid of the thumb, what wonders has he wrought! See the forests he has felled; see blooming gardens, and fields waving with golden wheat; see villages, towns, cities, the spacious and well-finished tenements of man; see his convenient and comely attire, the fulness of his cup and the comforts of his table; see thousands of ships proudly traversing the ocean, freighted with the superfluities of some countries for the supply of the wants of others; see the finer works of art, pictures, statuary, engravings, embroidery:—see all these and a thousand other things, and you will recognize in every one of them the agency of the thumb.

Nay all our books of Divinity, Law, Physic, Surgery, History, Biography, Philosophy, Poetry, or of whatever name or description, were first *thumbed* out by the laborious penman of them. So true is it, that as the hand is instrument to all other instruments, it is the thumb chiefly that ministers ability to the hand.

The thumb points to duty. Its admirable contrivance manifests both the wisdom and the goodness of the Contriver. It plainly shows at the same time, that man is destined by his Maker to employments of manual labor; and, consequently, that manual labor, so far from being a reproach to him, is one of the essential duties of his nature and condition, and ought rather to be held in honor than disgrace.

And if there be some exceptions, they include but a very diminutive proportion of the human family; for, of the



whole world, there are not more perhaps than a hundredth part, who are fairly exempted, by rank, or fortune, or mental occupations, from the necessity of laboring with their hands.

*Sucking the thumbs* is a proverbial phrase, denoting a total neglect of employing them in any useful way, answerable to the design for which they were made. A great many of this "untoward generation" have the naughty trick of sucking their thumbs;—a great many, too, whose circumstances imperiously demand a better use of them.

It is a pitiful practice, whether in man or woman; directly leading to poverty and want, and, not unfrequently, to the worst of vices. Parents and tutors should keep a sharp look out, lest their boys and girls get into this way, so dangerous to their morals, so deadening to all their faculties, and so destructive to their future prospects in life.

But there is one use of the thumb, that is infinitely worse than not using it at all; it is employing it in spreading abroad falsehood and moral poison, with the pen, and with the type. It were far better to be born without thumbs, than to use them so abominably.

*Sampson.*

The above is from a well-written and excellent American publication, called "The Brief Remarker"—a work worthy to be read in every school and every family.

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## No. 129. Farewell to Young Readers.

ON parting or taking leave, men are in the habit of saying to each other—*Farewell*. This is often done without much consideration of the import of the word, and as little concern for each other's welfare.

At other times and by other persons, the ardent desires of the soul are expressed in this short, comprehensive, parting address; and a sincere prayer is implied for whatever may be necessary to happiness.

In taking leave of you, my young readers, I wish to remind you of some of the great principles on which your present and future welfare must depend.

As God, your heavenly Father, is the source of all the blessings which can make you happy, your first and your constant care should be, to honor and please him—by obedience to his commands, by avoiding whatever he forbids, and by a grateful improvement of his mercies.

Under the wise government of God duty and enjoyment are so connected, that “In keeping his commandments there is great reward”—great happiness; while the way of transgressors is hard, and leads to ruin.

Your happiness depends much more on your possessing a pious, benevolent, and candid mind, than on great wealth and worldly honors. “For a man’s life—or happiness—consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth”—not in what is *about* him, but what is *in* him.

Men are formed to be active in doing good one to another. We have such constitutions that activity and industry conduce to the health both of body and mind,—while idleness and dissipation tend to enervate all our powers, diminish our happiness, and ruin our souls.

For many reasons I would recommend, that you make the precepts and the example of Jesus Christ so familiar to your minds, that they shall on all occasions occur as a light, to guide you in the path of duty and safety.

So cordial was his devotion to God, that he could say—“It is my meat and drink to do the will of him that sent me.” So fervent was his love to mankind, that he “went about doing good,” and found it “more blessed to give than to receive.”

Though he was always engaged in doing good, he was not always well treated by men. But such was his meekness, benevolence, and self-command, that “when he was reviled, he reviled not again.” In no instance did he render evil for evil, but sought the good of all, even those who derided him while suffering on the cross.

I can wish you nothing more important, than that “the same mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus.” Such a temper would prepare you for all the trials of life, insure

pleasure in doing good, render you blessings in the world, and prepare you for the society of heaven.

Though now in the bloom of youth, your life is even as a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. Early religion will prepare you for early death, or a useful life. God will be your friend, and make all things work for your good.

Should it be the lot of any of you to be poor, still the temper of Christ will render you "rich in good works," and dispose you to lay up "treasures in heaven," far more important than worldly possessions.

Or if riches shall be your lot, such a temper will direct you to employ them for making others happy; it will also enable you to enjoy their happiness, or to be comforted in their comfort. This is perhaps the most Godlike felicity that can be enjoyed by men.

You will have opportunity to witness both good and bad examples, and from both you may derive profit to yourselves. When you shall see men or women, old or young, losing the confidence and respect of their neighbors by any course of vice, take warning, and resolve to avoid habits which thus injure others.

But when you see any one commanding the confidence and esteem of all around him, by his diligence, integrity, honesty, fidelity, and beneficence; then resolve, that you will "go and do likewise."

Some persons are remarkable for a mixture of good and bad qualities in their characters. Of one and another of these, you will hear it said by good people—"He might be one of the most amiable and useful men, were it not for this or that vice;—what a pity it is that he should so injure his reputation and usefulness!"

Such remarks you should regard, as designed by Providence for your admonition; and beware lest you expose yourselves to similar observations. Never content yourselves with your attainments in virtue, while any one vice is indulged—while any one sin has dominion over you.

"He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city"—more worthy of honor and esteem. A victory over your own passions and vices, will eventually

afford you more pleasure, and secure to you more deserved esteem, than was acquired by Alexander in all his bloody and boasted achievements.

To possess the good opinion of the communities to which you severally belong, may be regarded as desirable; because it affords opportunity for greater usefulness. But the approbation of God and your own consciences, is of far more value than the praise of men.

Human applause is too dearly purchased when it is obtained by a violation of moral principle, or an ignoble compliance with the whims of party spirit, or the caprice of fashionable vices. He who by such means seeks popular favor, exposes himself to the displeasure of that God who can easily turn such glory into shame.

In a few years, such of you as may be saved from early death will occupy the places of those who are now the fathers and mothers in society. And what does the Lord require of you in any situation of life, but "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God?"

This comprehends all he requires of any one; and this he requires of every one. A due regard to these requirements, if general among men, would fill the world with love, peace and joy,—and give to society on earth a glorious resemblance to the society of heaven.

A compliance with the counsels which have now been suggested, will be of infinite importance to you as individuals, to the several societies of which you may be members, and to the generations which shall succeed you in the world. With ardent desires that you may pursue such a course to usefulness and felicity, I now bid you—  
*Farewell.*

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Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground,  
Another race the following spring supplies,  
They fall successive, and successive rise;  
So generations in their course decay,  
So flourish these, when those are past away.

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